This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

NYPL RESEARCH LIBRARIES
3 3433 06926449 1

Works

THE WORKS OF THE GREEK AND ROMAN POETS,

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH VERSE.

VOL. XV.

CONTAINING

GRAINGER'S VERSION OF TIBULLUS,

AND

THE POEMS OF SULPICIA.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR SUTTABY, EVANCE, AND FOX, STATIONERS COURT; SHARPE AND HAILES, MUSEUM, PICCADILLY; TAYLOR AND HESSEY, FLEET-STREET; AND R. JENNINGS, POULTRY.

1813.

TILDEN LIBRARY
1895

Whittingham and Rowland, Printers, Goswell Street, London.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR, LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

[illegible]

[redacted]

[redacted]

THE

WORKS

OF

TIBULLUS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE LATIN,

BY

JAMES GRAINGER, M.D.

VOL I.

LONDON:
Printed at the Stanhope Press,
BY WHITTINGHAM AND ROWLAND,
Goswell Street;
PUBLISHED BY SUTTABY, EVANCE, AND FOX, STATIONERS' COURT, LUDGATE STREET; SHARPE AND HAILES, PICCADILLY; AND TAYLOR AND HESSEY, FLEET STREET.

1812.

CONTENTS.

Page

Dedication 5

Advertisement 8

Life of Tibullus 14

ELEGIES. BOOK I.

Elegy I. 37

—— II. 42

—— III. 44

—— IV. 48

—— V. 51

—— VI. 53

—— VII. 54

—— VIII. 58

—— IX. 60

—— X. 63

—— XI. 66

NOTES ON THE ELEGIES.

s on Elegy I. 70

—— II. 82

—— III. 92

—— IV. 102

CONTENTS.

Page
ry V..... 108
— VI..... 115
— VII..... 118
— VIII..... 126
— IX..... 136
— X..... 145
— XI..... 150

DEDICATION.

TO JOHN BOURRYAU, ESQ.

SIR,

WHEN I first thought of prefixing your name to this translation of Tibullus, I found myself considerably embarrassed, as I would choose to avoid the strain of adulation (so common in addresses of this kind), on the one hand, without suppressing the just sense I have of your rising merit, on the other. I shall not, however, I flatter myself, incur the imputation of the first, by declaring, even in this public manner, my satisfaction at the progress you have made in every branch of useful and polite literature; and this too, at a time of life, when young men of fashion are generally engrossed by the idle amusements of an age abounding in all the means of dissipation.

If your maturer years answer (as I am convinced they will) so favourable a dawn, I need not a moment to hesitate, to foretel the happiness of your friends, in an agreeable companion, and polite

But while you peruse Tibullus as a poet, let not his integrity, as a member of the commonwealth, be forgotten. In this light he merits your highest regard: for though he justly obtained a distinguished rank among the great writers of the Augustan age; yet ought it more especially to be remembered to his honour, that neither the frowns of a court, nor the distresses of fortune, could ever induce him to praise those powerful but wicked men, who had subverted the liberties of his country: and this at a time, when the practice of the poets, his cotemporaries, might have countenanced in him the most extravagant adulation.

I am,

SIR,

Your most obedient humble servant,

JAMES GRAINGER.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The following version of Tibullus was begun and completed several years ago, when the author was in the army. A military man, even in the most active campaign, has many hours of leisure; and as these cannot be spent more rationally than in some literary pursuit, he employed that part of his time, which was not devoted to his profession, in perusing the classics.

Time and place influence us more in our opinions of and relish for particular writers, than is commonly imagined. Amid the horrors of war, the translator could most readily sympathize with and best account for his poet's aversion to a military life; and while exposed to all the hurry and tumult of a camp, could not but taste with a peculiar relish all descriptions of the unruffled and tranquil scenes of the country: besides these, every motive conspiring to make him regard the fair sex as the chief ornaments of society, was it surprising that Tibullus, who abounds in sentiments of this kind, should soon become a favourite: and *that* what delighted him, he should at last be *tempted to translate?*

A pleasing employment is seldom neglected. Those elegies which particularly touched him were first rendered into English; and as these make the greater part of Tibullus's poems, he was contented afterwards to complete the work, by finishing as a task, what he began as an amusement.

A favourite author, on whom some labour has been employed, is not easily forgotten; the version, therefore, was retouched as often as opportunity served. All this while, indeed, the translator had no intention to make the public acquainted with his poetical amusements; he knew his poet too well, and admired him too much, to think he had done him justice: yet when Mr. Dart's translation of Tibullus was sent him, he was resolved to publish his own; that those who did not understand the original, might not form an idea of the most exact, elegant and harmonious of the Roman elegiac poets from the most inaccurate, harsh, and inelegant verses of the present century.

The translator hopes he will be acquitted of vanity, in preferring his own performance to Mr. Dart's: indeed that gentlemen often missed the meaning of his author, while his poetry always escaped him. Neither does he appear to have been a competent judge of his own language; and from the little tenderness transfused into his verses, it may be concluded, that he was an utter stranger to that passion, which gave rise to most of the elegies of Tibullus.

What advantage the present translator may have over his predecessor in these respects, it does not become *him to* determine: yet he is well ap-

prised, that no translator, however qualified, can give Tibullus the genuine air of an Englishman.

It is true, that amorous elegy is less local than many other of the minor kinds of poetry, the passion of love operating pretty nearly the same upon the human mind in all ages. Yet as the modes of expressing that passion differ much in different countries, so these modes must not be confounded: a Grecian ought to make love like a Grecian, and a Roman like a Roman. Besides this, Tibullus abounds in images of rural theology. He has even preserved some superstitious usages, which are to be met with in no other poet: but as these are also characteristical, and must be preserved in the version, who can hope to give a translation of Tibullus the easy air of a modern original?

Verbal translations are always inelegant, because always destitute of beauty of idiom and language; for by their fidelity to an author's words, they become treacherous to his reputation: on the other hand, a too wanton departure from the latter often varies the sense, and always alters the manner.

The translator chose the middle way, and meant neither to tread on the heels of Tibullus, nor yet to lose sight of him. He had not the vanity to think he could improve on his poet: and though he has sometimes endeavoured to give a more modern polish to his sentiments, he has seldom attempted to change them. To preserve the sense of his original was his first care; his next was, to clothe it in as elegant and becoming a dress as possible. Yet he must confess, that he has now and then

taken the liberty to transpose, and sometimes paraphrastically to enlarge the thoughts. Where a sentiment was too much contracted by the closeness of the Latin idiom, to be unfolded in a correspondent expression in English; or from its peculiarity, might, in a modern language, seem flat, he has endeavoured to inspirit it by collateral thoughts from other poets; and where its colours were languid, to heighten them—with what success, the reader must determine.

The Hexameter and Pentameter is said to be peculiarly suited to plaintive subjects. The English have no stanza correspondent to that, but the alternate, which is supposed to possess a solemnity and kind of melancholy flow in numbers. This Mr. Hammond chose for his imitation of Tibullus; and it must be confessed, that he has happily succeeded. Yet, as in this stanza, the sense naturally ends at the fourth line, the translator thought he could not in general have adopted it, without violence to the original: he therefore preferred the heroic measure, which is not better suited to the lofty sound of the epic muse, than to the complaining tone of elegy. The reader, however, will find one or two elegies rendered in the alternate stanza, which is by no means so difficult as the heroic.

As Tibullus wrote love-poems like a Roman, any translation of them without notes would have been extremely obscure to an English reader: most of his commentators are mere philologers, or at best they have only displayed their erudition in the history of a heathen god, or the topography of a river. From this censure, however, Broek-

husius, his Dutch editor, and Vulpius, his Italian commentator, may in part be exempted: they have indeed sometimes entered into the propriety of our poet's thoughts. Yet even their chief excellence consists in arranging the text; in selecting the most approved readings; and in giving those passages, which they suppose Tibullus either borrowed from his predecessors, or the moderns copied from him. The design of the translator is very different; he has commented on his author as a Roman poet, and as a Roman lover: and although he owns himself enamoured of his beauties, (as who can draw a pleasing resemblance of a face which disgusts him?) he hopes he has not been blind to his imperfections. These, indeed, he has touched upon with the tenderness of a friend, not the acrimony of a critic.

Yet as most of the commentators were consulted, the translator has taken from each of them, such notes, as he imagined would be most serviceable to an English reader, always ascribing them however to the author who furnished them. Thus, beside Broekhusius and Vulpius, the name of Mr. Dart will sometimes be found at the bottom of an observation. Nor must it be forgotten, that the translator has been obliged to that gentleman for ten or twelve lines in his version.

It has been judged necessary to print the Latin text along with the version: this the translator would willingly have declined, as his work can hope to find favour with those only who understand not the original. Yet, when he considered, that the English press had afforded no one accurate edition of Tibullus: and that even the best of

those printed abroad were not exempted from material errors; he surmounted his scruples, and has endeavoured to give a less exceptionable text of his poet, than any hitherto published [1].

Before he concludes, the translator must return his sincere thanks to a worthy friend, for his elegant version of the first elegy, and of Ovid's poem on the death of Tibullus. By what accident his own translation of the first elegy was lost, is of no consequence; especially too, as the reader, from a perusal of Mr. P***'s specimen, will probably be induced to wish, that more of those now published had undergone a like fate, provided the same gentleman had likewise translated them.

Nor is that the only good office which challenges his gratitude: the translator is particularly obliged to his friend, for having procured him the valuable acquaintance of another learned gentleman; who not only took the trouble to compare his version of the three last books with the original; but who also favoured him with some notes, which constitute the chief ornament of the second volume. Thus, like the Britons of old, the translator has called in auxiliaries to conquer him.

[1] The insertion of the Latin text has been dispensed with in this edition.

THE

LIFE OF TIBULLUS.

We are not only unacquainted with the prænomen of Tibullus, but with the year of his birth. The biographers, from a line[1] in the fifth elegy of his third book, indeed, inform us, that Ovid and he were born the day that Hirtius and Pansa were killed, *viz.* on the tenth of the calends of April, A. U. C. 710. This was the opinion of the learned for many centuries; nor was it controverted till Joseph Scaliger first entertained some doubts of it; and Janus Dousa the younger, about a hundred and seventy years ago, was induced, by comparing what our poet had said of himself, with what Ovid and Horace have wrote concerning him, to reject that line as spurious, and to assert that Tibullus must have been born almost twenty years sooner. Although we think some considerable objections may be raised against Dousa's opinion[2], yet as the old account is liable

[1] *Natalem nostri primum videre parentes*
Quum cecidit fato consul uterque pari.

[2] See the arguments on both sides of the question, in the notes to the fifth Elegy of the third book.

to still greater, we shall venture with that critic, to inform the reader, that Albius Tibullus, the prince of elegiac poets, was born at Rome, A. U. C. 690, six years after the birth of Virgil, and one after that of Horace.

Tibullus might say with his great admirer, Ovid,

> ——— *usque a prodavis vetus ordinis hæres,*
> *Non modo militiæ turbine factus eques* [3];

being descended from an equestrian branch of the Albian family: and though some of the old biographers [4] assert, that his ancestors made a figure in the forum and in the field, yet as history makes no mention of them, posterity would have been unacquainted with this branch of that illustrious house, had it not been for our poet.

As the ancient writers of Tibullus's life have favoured us with no particulars of his infancy, it is probable it was distinguished by nothing remarkable. The human mind does not always blossom at the same period; and it by no means follows that his childhood must have flourished, whose maturer age has produced fair fruits of science. Perhaps too, details of early excellence are less useful than is commonly imagined, as they often dispirit those who would otherwise in due time have expanded into an extensive reputation.

But if such accounts are less useful, it would have been no unprofitable gratification of curiosity to have known by what plan his studies were conducted, and who were his preceptors. Anti-

[3] Amor. lib. iii. El. 14. [4] Crinitus, &c.

quity, however, having left us in the dark with regard to these matters, we can only suppose that as his father's condition was considerable, so nothing was omitted to render our poet a useful and elegant member of society.

The Romans possessed a real advantage over the moderns in point of education; for as the same citizen might plead causes, command armies, and arrive at the first dignities of the priesthood, so their literary institutions were made to comprehend these several objects. It is easy to see of what vast utility so general a plan must have been to a state; and perhaps it is not paying letters too high a compliment, to say, that the successes of the Romans were in a great measure owing to this advantage.

In the year of Rome 705, the civil war broke out between Cæsar and Pompey. The army and corrupt part of the legislature followed Cæsar; while the majority of the senate and of the knights, with all those who dreaded a perpetual dictator, sided with Pompey; as the person from whom the republic had less danger to apprehend. Of this number was the father of Tibullus: and there is reason to suspect, that he either fell in the field, or was butchered by proscription; for we know that a considerable part of his estate was left a prey to the rapacious soldiery[5]. These events probably determined our author's public attachments; but without these motives to revenge, it is not unlikely that Tibullus had, before this time, adopted the political opinions of his father.

5 Vide Panegyr. ad Messalam, lin. 191. Jan. Dousa Sched Succid.

At what actions in the civil war our young knight was present, as it was not prudent in him to mention in his poems, so historians do not inform us; but as principle and revenge equally conspired to rouse his courage (and courage he certainly possessed[6]), may we not safely infer, that Tibullus did not run away, like his friend Horace, from Philippi[7]; at which battle he was present with his patron the illustrious Messala Corvinus?

But the fortune of Octavius prevailing over the better cause of Brutus and Cassius, Messala too (who was next in command to these patriot citizens) going over with his forces to the conqueror, Tibullus, although he paid the greatest regard to the sentiments of that excellent soldier and orator, yet determined to leave the army: for as he would not fight against the party which his friends had now espoused, so neither could he appear in arms against those whom his principles taught him to regard as the assertors of liberty. Besides, the bad success of the patriot party, and his own experience, had now inspired him with an abhorrence of the war: he therefore retired, A. U. C. 712, to his country seat at Pedum, there, by an honest industry, to raise his impaired fortune to its ancient splendor, while his hours of leisure were either devoted to philosophy or the muses[8].

But we are not to imagine that rural objects and study solely engaged our poet's attention; for being formed with a natural tenderness of dispo-

[6] Tibull. lib. i. El. 8.

[7] Vell. Patercul. lib. ii. cap. 71.

[8] Panegyr. Tibull. ad Messalam, lin. 184.

sition, he began to enlarge the sphere of his pleasures by conversing with the fair sex. The first object of his affection was probably Glycera; and we have Horace[9] on our side, when we add, that she at first gave him hopes of success: but though his person was elegant[10], his fortune not contemptible, and his life was then in the prime, Glycera deserted him for a younger lover[11]. As he entertained a real affection for that lady, her infidelity gave him much uneasiness: he therefore endeavoured, by exerting his elegiac genius, to reclaim her. But his poems producing in Glycera no change to his advantage, his friend and old fellow-soldier, Horace, advised him to abate of his sorrow for her loss, and send her no more elegies.

None of these elegies having come down to our times, Lilio Gyraldi[12] supposes that Nemesis and Glycera were the same:—but the poems which are inscribed to Nemesis[13] do not favour this supposition; and, indeed, it seems more likely that Tibullus was so piqued at the ill success of his first amour, that he destroyed all those elegies which it gave rise to.

Some time after this (A. U. C. 718) the fierce inhabitants of Pannonia rebelling, and Messala being one of the generals appointed by Augustus to reduce them, that nobleman invited Tibullus

9 Lib. i. Ode 33.

10 Horat. lib. i. Ep. 4.

11 Horat. lib. i. Ode 33.

Albi ne doleas plus nimio, &c.

No more in elegiac strain
Of cruel Glycera complain.

12 Dialog. de Poet.

13 Lib. ii.

to attend him in the expedition. As this service was not against the Pompeian party [14], and as he hoped in the hurry of a military life to find a remedy for his melancholy, he complied with his noble friend's request, and in every action behaved with his usual bravery. In proof of this, the commentators quote our poet's description of the old soldier of Arupinum.

Testis Arupinas, et pauper natus in armis.
Quem si quis videat, vetus ut non fregerit ætas,
Terna minus Pyliæ miretur sæcula famæ,
Namque senex longæ peragit dum sæcula vitæ,
Centum fecundos Titan renovaverit annos:
Ipse tamen velox celerem super edere corpus
Audet equum, validisque sedet moderator habenis [15].

Besides these verses, some others may be brought from the panegyric, and in particular the three following, to strengthen their assertion:

Nam bellis experta cano, testis mihi victæ
Fortis Japidiæ miles, testis quoque fallax
Pannonius, gelidas passim disjectus in Alpes [16].

In this manner did our poet subdue his passion for Glycera: but being by nature addicted to the love of the fair sex, at his return from the army he fixed his affections on Delia.

Cyllenius, in his commentary on Tibullus [17], conjectures, that she obtained the name of Delia from the Greek word δηλαν, on account of her surpassing in beauty the Roman ladies. But we

[14] An amnesty was granted by the triumvirate to all Pompey's party, A.U.C. 715.

[15] Panegyr. ad Messalam, lin. 110. [16] Ibid. lin. 107.

[17] This commentary was published at Venice, A.D. 1487.

ve the more respectable authority of Apuleius[18], asserting that Delia was an appellation given by our poet, her real name being Plania.

Some critics[19] contend, that Delia was a woman the town:—but many passages in the elegies dressed to her[20] contradict this assertion. Which these poems were first written, cannot now determined; but it is certain, they were not nposed in the order they are now printed.

t would seem, that some time after his attachnt to Delia, Messala invited our poet to accomy him in some military expedition; but he was n too deeply enamoured of Delia to attend the of honour. Tibullus, therefore, composed first elegy; in which, as he prefers a country

In the year of Rome 725[21], Messala being intrusted by Augustus Cæsar with an extraordinary command over Syria, insisted on Tibullus's accompanying him thither, to which our poet consented. This sacrifice to friendship was not, however, obtained without much reluctance; for Delia, it would seem, opposed his departure. But as Messala, in this expedition, was to visit Greece, Asia, &c. and as Tibullus, in his panegyric, had said,

Pro te vel rapidas ausim maris ire per undas,
Adversis hyberna licet tumeant freta ventis.
Pro te vel solus densis subsistere turmis:
Vel pavidum Ætnæ corpus committere flammæ
Sum quodcunque tuum est[22], &c.

He embarked with his patron. He, however, had not been long at sea, before he was taken so ill, that Messala was obliged to put him ashore, and eave him in Phæacia[23]. In this island, so famous for the gardens of Alcinous, our poet composed the third elegy of the first book; which shows, that whatever effect this sickness had upon his constitution, it did not in the least impair his poetical talents.

From the sentiments of tenderness expressed in that beautiful poem, it would not have been surprising, had Tibullus on his recovery returned to Italy: but he had too sincere a regard for his friend to desert him. He therefore, as soon as he was able to renew his voyage, hastened after Messala, and with that nobleman[24] travelled

[21] Norris Cenotaph. Pisan. Diss. ii. cap. 16. § 7.

[22] Panegyr. ad Messalam, lin. 198.

[23] Now Corfu.

[24] Lib. i. El. 8. Also Broekhusius's notes on the third Elegy of the first book.

expedition, historians do not mention: consequences to Tibullus were highly able; for, if any stress in this point is t on his elegies, there is reason to suspect married before his return.

This, doubtless, occasioned much une and rendered our poet the less unwilli brace another offer made him soon afte sala, of going to Aquitaine; which provi revolted (A. U. C. 726) Augustus had that excellent officer with the importa of its reduction [26].

The Romans, says an elegant writ with other nations for glory, but with for liberty. This observation was at le at this time: for it was not till after n actions, in which both the general and distinguished themselves, that Messala the service he was sent upon. In all th our poet signalized his courage in so

For which reason, he had military honour conferred on him; *militaribus donis ornatus est*, as the old writer of his life informs us[28].

The reduction of Aquitaine was so acceptable to the Emperor, that Messala had a triumph decreed him the year after[29]: and as our poet had borne so distinguished a share in the war, it is not to be supposed but he was present at that superb solemnity; which, as an ancient inscription[30] acquaints us, was celebrated on the seventh of the calends of October.

But his Gallic expedition not having banished Delia from his breast, he again paid his addresses to her: and, from some passages in the second and seventh elegies of the first book, it would seem that they were but too successful.

When a woman has once so far forgot herself, as to bestow improper favours on a lover, nothing is more natural than for that lover to suspect he is not the only favourite. Our poet is an instance of the truth of this observation; for to such a height did his ungenerous suspicions of Delia arise (notwithstanding all her protestations of innocence), that he made her husband acquainted with his intrigue[31]. Whether Delia was innocent or not, she could never forgive this discovery; or had she been willing to forget the past, we cannot suppose that her husband would ever admit Tibullus again into his house.

[28] In the life prefixed to that edition of Tibullus which was published at Venice, A. D. 1475.

[29] Cenotaph. Pisan. Diss. ii. cap. 16. § 7.

[30] Pighii Annales.

[31] Lib. i. El. 7.

Such, then, was the extraordinary conclusion of our poet's intimacy with Delia; and therefore the poem which furnished these particulars is justly made the last of the poems inscribed to that beauty.

Although the elegies of Tibullus warrant, in some sort, these surmises, yet it ought to be considered, that poets write from imagination more frequently than from reality, because ideal subjects afford greater scope to their faculties, than occurrences in common life:—and indeed, if what Ovid tells us may be depended on, Delia was again enamoured with our poet at the time of his decease, when probably her husband was dead.

Some time elapsed, before Tibullus entered into any new engagements. In this interval, he composed his famous elegy on Messala's Birth-day, the ninth and the following elegies of the first book, with the first and second of the second book; endeavouring to forget his disasters, by dividing his time between his country-seat and Rome; but chiefly by conversing, more than ever, with the learned and polite: of these the most eminent among his acquaintances were Messala, Valgius, Macer, and Horace.

Messala was now in the height of his reputation: in eloquence and military knowledge, he was excelled by none of his cotemporaries; and yet the goodness of his heart surpassed his abilities. His house was the rendezvous of the learned; and his patronage, as an admirable poet[32] expresses it, was

'The surest passport to the gates of fame.'

[32] Dr. Young.

Happy in the approbation of all parties, his siding with Augustus, after the defeat at Philippi, did not lose him the esteem of his old friends; and his interesting himself in their behalf, to the honour of that emperor, made him not the less beloved by Augustus [33].

J. Valgius Rufus was eminent, not only for heroic poetry, but also for his elegies, especially those on the death of his son Mystes [34]. He also wrote some excellent epigrams. But all his poems are now lost. As Tibullus thought him the best poet next to Homer, posterity has suffered much in their loss [35].

Of Macer, all that is known is mentioned in the notes to the sixth Elegy of the second book.

But although Tibullus himself informs us of his acquaintance with these eminent scholars;

33 Messala had a brother, who was also a polite scholar, as Horace informs us. According to St. Jerome, this illustrious Roman married Terentia, Cicero's widow, and by her had two sons, Marcus and Lucius; who both attaining to the consulship, were an ornament to their families, by their military and civil capacities. Messala himself was so old before he died, as to forget his own name. Pliny the elder tells us, that he would not permit a person of his family to have his statue placed among those of his ancestors, because he was a disgrace to them.

34 We learn this circumstance from Horace, who wrote Valgius a beautiful consolotary ode on the occasion,

Non semper imbres nubibus hispidos
Manant in agros, &c. Lib. ii. Ode 9.

35 The critics have been able, from all antiquity, to glean only seven lines of Rufus's poetry; which the reader, if curious of such literary scraps, will find collected by Broekhusius, in his notes on Tibullus's Panegyric to Messala.

yet should we not have known of the friend which Horace and he entertained for one anot had it not been for Horace, who probably a this time sent our poet an epistle, which is translated by Mr. Francis:

Albius! in whom my satires find
A candid critic, and a kind;
Do you, while at your country-seat,
Some rhiming labours meditate,
That shall in volum'd bulk arise,
And o'er from Cassius bear the prize;
Or, saunt'ring through the silent wood,
Think what befits the wise and good.

Thou art not form'd of lifeless mould,
With breast inanimate and cold;
To thee the gods a form complete,
To thee the gods a large estate,
In bounty give, with skill to know
How to enjoy what they bestow.

Can a fond nurse one blessing more,
Ev'n for her favourite boy, implore,
With sense and clear expression bless'd,
Of friendship, honour, wealth, possess'd;
A table elegantly plain,
And a poetic easy vein?

By hope inspir'd, depress'd by fear,
By passion warm'd, perplex'd with care;
Believe that every morning's ray
Hath lighted up thy latest day;
Then, if to-morrow's sun be shine,
With double lustre shall it shine.

Such are the maxims I embrace,
And here, in sleek and joyous ease,
You'll find, for laughter fitly bred,
An hog by Epicurus fed[26]. *Francis*

[26] Lib. i. Ep. 4.

Mons. Dacier[37] observes, that this epistle is all ironical; for Tibullus, according to him, having exhausted his fortune by extravagance, had now retired to the country, to recruit his finances, and avoid the importunity of his creditors.

To find out these things from the epistle before quoted, required a strange obliquity of understanding; as to support them, demanded some learning:—however, it must be confessed, that the French editor of Horace was not the first author who maintained this extraordinary opinion. An old grammarian[38], whose comment on Horace Caspar Barthius owns he perused, but to whom Dacier was willing to sink his obligations, though he also must have seen him, has outdone the French critic in what he writes of Tibullus. *Fuit hic Albius* (says this uncommon genius) *eques Romanus, qui primus in amatorio carmine habetur: eum per ironiam irridet Horatius, quasi rem benè gesserit, cum in juventa omnia prodegerit, et postea versibus victum quæsiverit. Ergo ubi eum laudat, se innuit Horatius; ubi vituperat se, et Epicurum nominat, Albium intelligit, quem ridendum ait quod prodegerit omnia, jam nihil habens, quo, ut solebat, cutem curare posset: quod vero ait*

Di tibi divitias dederint, &c.

manifesta ironia est, nam Epicuri non credentes deos habere curam rerum humanarum, omnia prodigunt; quod postquam factum est omnibus sunt ridiculi.

Whence this *semi-priscus Grammaticus* (for so

[37] *Voyez ses notes sur l'Horace, lib.* i. Ep. 4.
[38] Casp. Barth. *Adversar.* lib. xxxvii. cap. 19.

panegyric[39], which plainly suc
nution of his fortune was not
intemperance. And if the gr
rused his Elegies[40] with ever
he would have seen, that Tibul
gious than otherwise, and by n
rean, at least in belief.

But, say some critics, who
lessly embraced this opinion,
confirm it, where he tells us, tha
him, when a young man, from
gant courses, by setting before
and miserable life of Albius,

Nonne vides Albi ut male vive

To make this objection de
must first prove, that there were
in Rome than the father of Ti
the way, is false: and then the
this infamous and indigent so

worth upwards of three thousand pounds sterling. There are also innumerable passages in his Elegies[41], which prove, that he was by no means in distressed circumstances, though less wealthy than his ancestors. Again, is it to be imagined, that the rich and generous Messala would have suffered so fine a genius, and one whom he regarded so much, to have been distressed by his creditors? And, to crown all, as Tibullus was confessedly some years younger than Horace, with what propriety could Horace's father propose Tibullus as an example not to be followed by his son?

When such were the friends of Tibullus, and his poetical abilities had long since obtained him universal applause, he could have found no difficulty in getting admission to the learned court of Augustus. 'How then (ask the commentators) has it come to pass, that he never once mentions either that emperor or Mæcenas, both whom his brother poets celebrated with such a lavishness of praise? And yet (add they) there are many parts of his writings where those patrons of genius might have been introduced with uncommon propriety?'

True to the principles of the republic, and a real friend to the liberties of the people, Tibullus never could prevail upon himself to flatter those, whatever affection they expressed for the muses, whom his principles taught him to detest as the enslavers of his country.

This, as Pope emphatically expresses it, 'kept him sacred from the great,' who, doubtless, per-

[41] See the notes on the first Elegy of the first book, and on the first and third Elegy of the second.

ceived with secret displeasure (for Augustus and Mæcenas well knew the importance of having the poets on their side) that no loss of fortune, and no allurement of ambition, could induce Tibullus to join in the general chorus of their praise. Although both the emperor and his favourite must in their hearts have applauded our poet's integrity; yet that mental applause, in all probability, would not have secured Tibullus from the effects of their displeasure, had it not been for the interest which he had with Messala.

Besides Messala, Valgius, and Macer, Tibullus mentions Cornutus, Marathus, Titius, and Messalinus. The conjectures of the critics concerning these Romans, are inserted in the notes to the Elegies, where their names occur.

Soon after this, Tibullus fell in love with Neæra. It is true, that the Elegies he wrote to Neæra, in every edition of our poet, follow those in which he celebrates Nemesis: yet, as Ovid (who could not well be mistaken in what related to one whom he regarded so much as Tibullus) says that Nemesis was his last mistress, and as it is probable that the fifth Elegy of the second book (our poet being then certainly very fond of Nemesis) was written between the years 732 and 734, when Augustus wintered in Samos, (that is, a short time before our poet's death) we suppose, although the learned gentleman who favoured the author with the notes marked B, is of a different opinion, that Neæra was the third object of his affections.

Fabricius conjectures, from her name, that she was a woman of the town; Neæra, in the declen-

sion of the Roman empire, being a synonimous term for a courtezan [42]: but Fabricius should have considered that Tibullus wrote in the Augustan age. Besides, it appears from Homer [43], from Valerius Flaccus [44], and from an old marble statue preserved by Pignorius [45], that women of the first rank, and most unsuspected modesty, were called by that name. Without, however, these authorities, Tibullus himself screens this favourite from the imputation of libertinism, by bestowing on her the epithet *casta* [46]. He also characterizes her parents as people of virtue and fortune.

It appears from the second and third Elegy of the third book, that Neæra, after a long courtship, having consented to marry Tibullus, was somehow or other forced away from him. This gave our poet an uncommon concern; which was redoubled, when he discovered, that she herself had not only been accessary to her being carried off, but meant also to marry his rival.

Mr. Dart, in his Life of Tibullus [47], is of opinion, that Neæra was the same with Glycera. But why, then, does our poet not call her by that name? Besides, if any one will attentively peruse Horace's consolatory ode to our author on the infidelity of Glycera, and compare it with many passages in the third book of Tibullus, he will easily see, that Mr. Dart must be mistaken.

42 Thus Iso, the old glossarist of Prudentius, interprets Neæra by *pellex* and *concubina*.

43 Odyss. lib. xii. ver. 133.

44 Argonaut. lib. ii. ver. 141.

45 Epist. Symbolic vid. Reines, Ep. 28.

46 Lib. iii. El. 4.

47 P. 20.

Tibullus, who had hitherto been unsuccessful in his addresses to the fair, was not more fortunate in his last mistress; for, if Nemesis (for so was she called) possessed beauties of mind and person equal to those of Delia and Neæra, her extreme avarice obscured them all. And though Martial[48] founds Tibullus's chief claim to poetical reputation on the Elegies he addressed to that lady,

Fama est arguti Nemesis formosa Tibulli,

we have our poet's authority for asserting, that they produced no effect upon her.

Whether Nemesis ever abated of her rigour to Tibullus, his elegies do not inform us. It is indeed probable she did, especially since Ovid represents her as sincerely grieved at Tibullus's death; which, according to Marsus, a contemporary poet, happened soon after that of Virgil:

Te quoque, Virgilio comitem, non æqua, Tibulle,
Mors juvenem campos misit ad Elysios:
Ne foret, aut elegis molles qui fleret amores;
Aut caneret forti regia bella pede.

'Thee! young Tibullus, to the' Elysian plain
Death bid accompany great Maro's shade;
Determin'd that no poet should remain,
Or to sing wars, or weep the cruel maid.'

For Tibullus died either A. U. C. 735, the year of Virgil's death, or the year after, in the forty-fourth or forty-fifth year of his age.

Nor was Marsus the only poet who celebrated this melancholy event. Ovid[49], who had no less *friendship* than admiration for Tibullus, has immor-

[48] *Lib. viii. Ep. 73.*

[49] Lib. iii. El. 9.

talized both himself and his friend in the following beautiful elegy; which, containing some further particulars relating to our poet, will make a proper conclusion to this life, which, from the scantiness as well as the little authority of many of the materials, the author is sorry he cannot render more complete.

If Thetis, if the blushing queen of morn [50],
  If mighty goddesses could taste of woe
For mortal sons; come, Elegy forlorn!
  Come, weeping dame! and bid thy tresses flow:

Thou bear'st, soft mistress of the tearful eye,
  From grief thy name; now name, alas, too just!
For see thy favourite bard, thy glory, lie
  Stretch'd on yon funeral pile; ah! lifeless dust!

See Venus' son, his torch extinguish'd bring,
  His quiver all revers'd, and broke his bow;
See pensive how he droops with flagging wings,
  And strikes his bared bosom many a blow:

Loose and neglected, scatter'd o'er his neck,
  His golden locks drink many a falling tear:
What piteous sobs, as if his heart would break,
  Shake his swoln cheek? Ah, sorrow too severe!

Thus, fair Iulus! for thy godlike sire [51],
  'Tis said, he weeping from thy roof withdrew:
Nor deeper mourn'd the queen of soft desire [52],
  When the grim boar her lov'd Adonis slew.

And yet, we bards are fondly call'd divine,
  Are sacred held, the gods' peculiar care:
There are that deem us of the' ethereal line,
  That something of the deity we share.

50 *Aurora.* 51 Æneas. 52 Venus.

But what can death's abhorred stroke withstand
Say, what so sacred he will not profane?
On all the monster lays his dusky hand,
And poets are immortal deem'd in vain?

Thee, Orpheus, what avail'd thy heavenly sire?
Thy mother-muse, and beast-enchanting song?
The god for Linus swept his mournful lyre,
And with a father's woes the forests rang.

Great Homer see, from whose eternal spring
Pierian draughts the poet-train derive;
Not he could 'scape the fell remorseless king[53],
His lays alone the greedy flames survive.

Still live the work of ages, Ilion's fame,
And the slow web by nightly craft unwove:
So Nemesis shall live, and Delia's name
This his first passion, that his recent love.

Now what avails, ye fair! each holy rite,
Each painful service for your lover paid?
Recluse and lonely that you pass'd the night?
Or sought the' Egyptian cymbal's fruitless aid!

When partial fate thus tears the good away,
(Forgive, ye just! the' involuntary thought)
I'm led to doubt of Jove's eternal sway,
And fear that gods and heaven are words of n

Live pious, you must die: religion prize,
Death to the tomb will drag you from the fan
Confide in verse; lo! where Tibullus lies!
His all a little urn will now contain!

Thee, sacred bard! could then funereal fires
Snatch from us? on thy bosom durst they feed
Not fanes were safe, not Jove's refulgent spires[54]
From flames that ventur'd on this impious dee

53 Pluto. 54 The Capit

The beauteous queen that reigns in Eryx' towers,
From the sad sight averts her mournful face;
There are, that tell of soft and pearly showers
Which down her lovely cheeks their courses trace.

Yet better thus, than on Phæacia's strand,
Unknown, unpitied, and unseen to die:
His closing eyes here felt a mother's hand,
Her tender hands each honour'd rite supply,

His parting shade here found a sister's care,
Who sad attends, with tresses loose and torn:
The fair he lov'd his dying kisses share,
Nor quit the pyre afflicted and forlorn.

'Farewel, dear youth! (thus Delia parting cried)
How bless'd the time, when I inspir'd the lay!
You liv'd, were happy; every care defied,
While I possess'd your heart, untaught to stray.'

To whom thus Nemesis, in scornful mood,
'Mine was the loss, then why art thou distress'd?
Me, only me, with parting life he view'd;
My hand alone with dying ardor press'd [55].'

And yet, if ought beyond this mouldering clay
But empty name and shadowy form remain,
Thou liv'st, dear youth! for ever young and gay;
For ever bless'd, shalt range the' Elysian plain.

And thou, Catullus! learned, gallant mind,
(Fast by thy side thy Calvus will attend)
With ivy wreaths thy youthful temples twin'd,
Shalt spring to hail the' arrival of thy friend.

[55] Alluding ironically to the following passage in the first Elegy, which Tibullus there applies to Delia:

Te spectem suprema mihi cum venerit hora,
Te teneam moriens, deficiente manu!

'Oh may I view thee with life's parting ray,
And thy dear hand with dying ardor press!'

And Gallus, too profuse of life and blood,
If no sad breach of friendship's law deprive,
This band immortal of the bless'd and good,
Thy shade shall join, if shades at all survive.

Thou polish'd bard! thy loss though here we mourn,
Hast swell'd the sacred number of the bless'd;
Safe rest thy gentle bones within their urn!
Nor heavy press the earth upon thy breast!

ELEGIES.

BOOK I.

ELEGY I.

THE glittering ore let others vainly heap,
  O'er fertile vales extend the' enclosing mound;
With dread of neighbouring foes forsake their sleep,
  And start aghast at every trumpet's sound.

Me humbler scenes delight, and calmer days;
  A tranquil life fair poverty secure!
Then boast, my hearth, a small but cheerful blaze,
  And riches grasp who will, let me be poor.

Nor yet be, Hope, a stranger to my door,
  But o'er my roof, bright goddess, still preside! 10
With many a bounteous autumn heap my floor,
  And swell my vats with must, a purple tide.

My tender vines I'll plant with early care,
  And choicest apples, with a skilful hand;
Nor blush, a rustic, oft to guide the share,
  Or goad the tardy ox along the land.

Let me a simple swain, with honest pride,
  If chance a lambkin from its dam should roam,
Or sportful kid, the little wanderer chide,
  And in my bosom bear exulting home. 20

Here Pales I bedew with milky show'rs,
  Lustrations yearly for my shepherd pay,
Revere each antique stone bedeck'd with flow'rs,
  That bounds the field, or points the doubtful way.

My grateful fruits, the earliest of the year,
  Before the rural god shall duly wait;
From Ceres' gifts I'll cull each browner ear,
  And hang a wheaten wreath before her gate.

The ruddy god shall save my fruit from stealth,
  And far away each little plunderer scare: 30
And you, the guardians once of ampler wealth,
  My household gods, shall still my offerings share.

My numerous herds, that wanton'd o'er the mead,
  The choicest fatling then could richly yield;
Now scarce I spare a little lamb to bleed,
  A mighty victim for my scanty field:

And yet a lamb shall bleed, while rang'd around,
  The village youths shall stand in order meet;
With rustic hymns, ye gods, your praise resound,
  And future crops and future wines entreat. 40

Then come, ye powers, nor scorn my frugal board,
  Nor yet the gifts clean earthen bowls convey;
With these the first of men the gods ador'd,
  And form'd their simple shape of ductile clay.

My little flock, ye wolves, ye robbers, spare;
  Too mean a plunder to deserve your toil;
For wealthier herds the nightly theft prepare,
  There seek a nobler prey and richer spoil.

For treasur'd wealth, nor stores of golden wheat,
  The hoard of frugal sires, I vainly call; 50
A little farm be mine, a cottage neat,
  And wonted couch where balmy sleep may fall.

What joy to hear the tempest howl in vain,
  And clasp a fearful mistress to my breast:
Or lull'd to slumber by the beating rain,
  Secure and happy, sink at last to rest.

These joys be mine!—O grant me only these,
  And give to others bags of shining gold,
Whose steely hearts can brave the boisterous seas,
  The storm wide-wasting, or the stiffening cold. 60

Content with little, I would rather stay
  Than spend long months amid the watery waste;
In cooling shades elude the scorching ray,
  Beside some fountain's gliding waters plac'd.

O perish rather all that's rich and rare,
  The diamond quarry, and the golden vein,
Than that my absence cost one precious tear,
  Or give some gentle maid a moment's pain.

With glittering spoils, Messala, gild thy dome,
  Be thine the noble task to lead the brave; 70
A lovely foe me captive holds at home,
  Chain'd to her scornful gate, a watchful slave.

Inglorious post! and yet I heed not fame:
The' applause of crowds for Delia I'd resign:
To live with thee I'd bear the coward's name,
Nor 'midst the scorn of nations once repine.

With thee to live, I'd mock the ploughman's toil,
Or on some lonely mountain tend my sheep;
At night I'd lay me on the flinty soil,
And happy 'midst thy dear embraces sleep. 80

What drooping lover heeds the Tyrian bed,
While the long night is pass'd with many a sigh:
Nor softest down with richest carpets spread,
Nor whispering rills can close the weeping eye.

Of threefold iron were his rugged frame,
Who when he might thy yielding heart obtain,
Could yet attend the calls of empty fame,
Or follow arms in quest of sordid gain.

Unenvied let him drive the vanquish'd host,
Through captive lands his conquering armies lead;
Unenvied wear the robe with gold emboss'd, 91
And guide with solemn state his foaming steed.

Oh may I view thee with life's parting ray,
And thy dear hand with dying ardor press:
Sure thou wilt weep—and on thy lover's clay,
With breaking heart, print many a tender kiss:

Sure thou wilt weep—and woes unutter'd feel,
When on the pile thou seest thy lover laid!
For well I know, nor flint, nor ruthless steel,
Can arm the breast of such a gentle maid. 100

From the sad pomp, what youth, what pitying fair,
  Returning slow, can tender tears refrain?
O Delia, spare thy cheeks, thy tresses spare,
  Nor give my lingering shade a world of pain.

But now, while smiling hours the fates bestow,
  Let love, dear maid, our gentle hearts unite!
Soon death will come and strike the fatal blow;
  Unseen his head, and veil'd in shades of night.

Soon creeping age will bow the lover's frame,
  And tear the myrtle-chaplet from his brow:
With hoary locks ill suits the youthful flame, 111
  The soft persuasion, or the ardent vow.

Now the fair queen of gay desire is ours,
  And lends our follies an indulgent smile:
'Tis lavish youth's to' enjoy the frolic hours,
  The wanton revel and the midnight broil.

Your chief, my friends, and fellow-soldier, I
  To these light wars will lead you boldly on:
Far hence, ye trumpets sound, and banners fly,
  To those who covet wounds, and fame begone: 120

And bear them fame and wounds, and riches bear;
  There are that fame and wounds and riches prize:
For me, while I possess one plenteous year,
  I'll wealth and meagre want alike despise.

But bless no rival, or the' affair is known;
This incantation me befriends alone.
Nor stopp'd she here; but swore, if I'd agree,
By charms or herbe to set thy lover free.
With dire lustrations she began the rite!
(Serenely shone the planet of the night) 70
The magic gods she call'd with hellish sound,
A sable sacrifice distain'd the ground—
I stopp'd the spell: I must not, cannot part:
I begg'd her aid to gain a mutual heart.

ELEGY III.

While you, Messala, plough the' Ægean sea,
O sometimes kindly deign to think of me:
Me, hapless me, Phæacian shores detain,
Unknown, unpitied, and oppress'd with pain.
Yet spare me, Death! ah, spare me and retire:
No weeping mother's here to light my pyre;
Here is no sister, with a sister's woe,
Rich Syrian odours on the pile to throw:
But chief, my soul's soft partner is not here,
Her locks to loose, and sorrow o'er my bier. 10
What though fair Delia my return implor'd,
Each fane frequented, and each god ador'd:
What though they bade me every peril brave;
And fortune thrice auspicious omens gave:
All could not dry my tender Delia's tears,
Suppress her sighs, or calm her anxious fears;
E'en as I strove to minister relief,
Unconscious tears proclaim'd my heartfelt grief:

Urg'd still to go, a thousand shifts I made,
Birds now, now festivals my voyage staid: 20
Or, if I struck my foot against the door,
Straight I return'd, and wisdom was no more.
Forbid by Cupid, let no swain depart,
Cupid is vengeful, and will wring his heart.
What do your offerings now, my fair, avail?
Your Isis heeds not, and your cymbals fail!
What, though array'd in sacred robes you stood,
Fled man's embrace, and sought the purest flood?
While this I write, I sensibly decay,
'Assist me, Isis, drive my pains away: 30
That you can every mortal ill remove,
The numerous tablets in your temple prove:
So shall my Delia, veil'd in votive white,
Before your threshold sit for many a night;
And twice a day her tresses all unbound,
Amid your votaries fam'd, your praises sound:
Safe to my household gods may I return,
And incense monthly on their altars burn.'
How bless'd man liv'd in Saturn's golden days,
Ere distant climes were join'd by lengthen'd ways,
Secure the pine upon the mountain grew, 41
Nor yet o'er billows in the ocean flew;
Then every clime a wild abundance bore;
And man liv'd happy on his natal shore.
For then no steed to feel the bit was broke,
Then had no steer submitted to the yoke;
No house had gates, (bless'd times!) and, in the grounds
No scanty landmarks parcell'd out the bounds:
From every oak redundant honey ran,
And ewes spontaneous bore their milk to man: 50
No deathful arms were forg'd, no war was wag'd,
No *rapine plunder'd, no* ambition rag'd.

How chang'd, alas!—Now cruel Jove commands;
Gold fires the soul, and falchions arm our hands:
Each day, the main unnumber'd lives destroys;
And slaughter, daily, o'er her myriads joys.
Yet spare me, Jove; I ne'er disown'd thy sway,
Ne'er was perjur'd; spare me, Jove, I pray.
But, if the sisters have pronounc'd my doom,
Inscrib'd be these upon my humble tomb: 60
'Lo! here inurn'd a youthful poet lies,
Far from his Delia, and his native skies!
Far from the lov'd Messala, whom to please
Tibullus follow'd over land and seas.'
Then Love my ghost (for Love I still obey'd)
Will grateful usher to the' Elysian shade:
There joy and ceaseless revelry prevail;
There soothing music floats on every gale:

There snake-hair'd fiends with whips patrole around,
Rack'd anguish bellows, and the deeds resound:
There he, who dar'd to tempt the queen of heaven,
Upon an ever-turning wheel is driven: 90
The Danaids there, still strive huge casks to fill,
But strive in vain; the casks elude their skill:
There Pelops' sire, to quench his thirsty fires,
Still tries the flood, and still the flood retires:
There vultures tear the bow'ls, and drink the gore,
Of Tityus, stretch'd enormous on the shore.
Dread Love! as vast as endless be their pain
Who tempt my fair, or wish a long campaign.
O let no rival your affections share,
Long as this bosom beats, my lovely fair! 100
Still on you let your prudent nurse attend;
She'll guard your honour, she's our common friend.
Her tales of love your sorrowings will allay,
And, in my absence, make my Delia gay:
Let her o'er all your virgin train preside,
She'll praise the' industrious, and the lazy chide.
But see! on all enfeebling languors creep;
Their distaffs drop, they yawn, they nod, they sleep.
Then, if the destinies propitious prove,
Then will I rush, all passion, on my love: 110
My wish'd return no messenger shall tell,
I'll seem, my fair, as if from heaven I fell.
A soft confusion flushes all your charms,
Your graceful déshabille my bosom warms,
You, Delia, fly and clasp me in your arms.
For this surprise, ye powers of love, I pray;
Post on, Aurora, bring the rosy day.

ELEGY IV.

Poet.

So round, my god, may shady coverings bend,
No sunbeams scorch thy face, no snows offend!
Whence are the fair so proud to win thy heart,
Yet rude thy beard, and guiltless thou of art?
Naked thou stand'st, expos'd to wintry snows!
Naked thou stand'st when burning Sirius glows!
Thus I—and thus the garden-power replied,
A crooked sickle glittering by his side.

Priapus.

Take no repulse—at first, what though they fly!
O'ercome at last, reluctance will comply. 10
The vine in time full ripen'd clusters bears,
And circling time brings back the rolling spheres:
In time soft rains through marble sap their way,
And time taught man to tame fierce beasts of prey,
Nor, aw'd by conscience, meanly dread to swear;
Love-oaths, unratified, wild tempests bear!
Banish then scruples, if you'd gain a heart;
Swear, swear by Pallas' locks, Diana's dart;
By all that's most rever'd—if they require:
(Oaths bind not eager love, thank heaven's good sire!) 20
Nor be too slow; your slowness you'll deplore;
Time posts; and, oh! youth's raptures soon are o'er:
Now forests bloom, and purple earth looks gay;
Bleak winter blows, and all her charms decay:
How soon the steed to age's stiffness yields,
So late a victor in the Olympic fields!

I've seen the aged oft lament their fate,
That, senseless, they had learn'd to live too late.
Ye partial gods, and can the snake renew
His youthful vigour and his burnish'd hue? 30
But youth and beauty pass'd; is art in vain
To bring the coy deserters back again?

Poet.

Jove gives alone the powers of wit and wine,
In youth immortal, spite of years to shine.

Priapus.

Yield prompt compliance to the maid's desires;
A prompt compliance fans the lover's fires:
Go pleas'd where'er she goes, though long the way,
Though the fierce dog-star dart his sultry ray;
Though painted Iris gird the bluish sky,
And sure portends that rattling storms are nigh: 40
Or, if the fair-one pant for silvan fame,
Gay drag the meshes, and provoke the game:
Nay, should she choose to risk the driving gale;
Or steer, or row, or agile hand the sail:
No toil, though weak, though fearful, thou forbear:
No toils should tire you, and no dangers scare:
Occasion smiles, then snatch an ardent kiss;
The coy may struggle, but will grant the bliss:
The bliss obtain'd, the fictious struggle pass'd;
Unbid, they'll clasp you in their arms at last. 50

Poet.

Alas! in such degenerate days as these,
No more love's gentle wiles the beauteous please!
If poor, all gentle stratagems are vain:
The fair-ones languish now alone for gain.

may dishonour be the wretch's share,
o first with hateful gold seduc'd the fair!

Priapus.

charming dames, prefer the tuneful quire,
r meanly barter heavenly charms for hire.
hat cannot song? The purple locks that glow'd
Nisus' head, harmonious song bestow'd! 60
hat cannot strains? By tuneful strains alone
ir ivory, Pelops, on thy shoulder shone!
hile stars with nightly radiance gild the pole,
rth boasts her oaks, or mighty waters roll,
e fair, whose beauty poets deign to praise,
all bloom uninjur'd in poetic lays:
hile she who hears not when the muses call,
t flies their favourites, gold's inglorious thrall.

Wide stands my gate for all—I rapt foresee
The time, when I Love's oracle shall be! [throng,
When round my seat shall press the' enamour'd
Attend my motions, and applaud my song.
Alas! my hopes are fled, my wiles are vain;
The fair I doat on treats me with disdain: 90
Yet spare me, charmer, your disdain betrays
To witty laughter my too boastful lays.

ELEGY V.

Of late I boasted I could happy be,
Resume the man, and not my Delia see!
And boasts of manhood and of bliss are vain;
Back to my bondage I return again:
And like a top am whirl'd, which boys, for sport,
Lash on the pavement of a level court.
What can atone, my fair, for crimes like these?
I'll bear with patience, use me as you please!
Yet, by Love's shafts, and by your braided hair,
By all the joys we stole, your suppliant spare. 10
When sickness dim'd of late your radiant eyes,
My restless, fond petitions won the skies.
Thrice I with sulphur purified you round,
And thrice the rite with songs the' enchantress bound:
The cake, by me thrice sprinkled, put to flight
The death-denouncing phantoms of the night:
And I nine times, in linen garbs array'd,
In silent night, nine times to Trivia pray'd.
What did I *not?* Yet what reward have I?
You love another, your preserver fly! 20

He tastes the sweet effects of all my care
My fond lustrations, and my solemn pray
Are these the joys my madding fancy d
If young-eyed Health restor'd your rosy h
I fondly thought, sweet maid; oh, thought
With you to live a blithesome village-swai
When yellow Ceres asks the reaper's hand
'Delia (said I) will guard the reaper's bar
Delia will keep, when hinds unload the vi
The choicest grapes for me, the richest wi
My flocks she'll count, and oft will sweeti
To clasp some prattler of my menial train
With pious care will load each rural shrine
For ripen'd crops a golden sheaf assign,
Cates for my fold, rich clusters for my vin
No, no domestic care shall touch my soul;
You, Delia, reign despotic o'er the whole!
And will Messala fly from pomp of state,
And deign to enter at my lowly gate?
The choicest fruitage that my trees afford,
Delia will cull herself, to deck the board;
And wondering, such transcendent worth t
The fruit present, thy blushing handmaid s
Such were the fond chimeras of my brai
Which now the winds have wafted o'er the
O power of love! whom still my soul obey
What has my tongue against thy mother sai
Guiltless of ill, unmark'd with incest's stai
I stole no garland from her holy fane:
For crimes like these I'd abject crawl the g
Kiss her dread threshold, and my forehead
But ye who, falsely wise, deride my pain
Beware; your hour approaches—Love has

ve known the young, who ridicul'd his rage,
ove's humblest vassals, when oppress'd with age:
ach art I've known them try, to win the fair,
mooth their hoarse voice, and dress their scanty
hair;
ve known them, in the street, her maid detain,
nd weeping, beg her to assist their pain.
t such preposterous love each schoolboy sneers,
huns, as an omen, or pursues with fleers. 61
Why do you crush your slave, fair queen of joy?
Destroying me, your harvest you destroy!

ELEGY VI.

WITH wine I strove to soothe my love-sick soul,
ut vengeful Cupid dash'd with tears the bowl;
ll mad with rage, to kinder nymphs I flew;
ut vigour fled me, when I thought on you.
alk'd of the rapture, from my arms they run,
wear I'm devoted, and my converse shun!
By what dire witchcraft am I thus betray'd?
our face and hair unnerve me, matchless maid!
ot more celestial look'd the sea-born fair,
eceiv'd by Peleus from her pearly chair. 10
A rich admirer his addresses paid,
nd brib'd my mistress by a beldam's aid.
rom you my ruin, curs'd procuress, rose;
hat imprecations shall avenge my woes?
ay heaven, in pity to my sufferings, shed
s keenest mischief on your plotting head!
he ghosts of those you robb'd of love's delight,
horrid visions haunt your irksome night!

And, on the chimney, may the boding owl
Your rest disturb, and terrify your soul! 2
By famine stung, to churchyards may you run:
There feast on offals, hungry wolves would shun!
Or howling frantic, in a tatter'd gown,
Fierce mastiffs bate you through each crowded town
'Tis done! a lover's curse the gods approve;
But keenest vengeance fires the queen of love.
Leave then, my fair, the crafty venal jade:
What passion yields not, when such foes invade?
Your hearts, ye fair, does modest merit claim?
Though small his fortunes, feed his gentle flame:
For, genuine love's soft raptures would you know
These raptures merit can alone bestow: 3
The sons of opulence are folly's care.

ur lord suspected me of yore,
ı wept, as many oaths you swore.
fore blame I Love? the blame is mine;
I, first taught her to design!
cted her, her spies to foil!
self my wanton arts recoil:
re energy my skill supplied,
' too fond gallantry to hide!
now, alone the wanton lies;
etexts her cozening brains devise. 20
ıs lord of a too cunning spouse!
grant me, she shall keep her vows!
ny friend, observe her when her tongue
n wanton phrase the gay-dress'd young;
not her heaving bosom bare,
very fop's immodest stare.
ıg on the board, with flowing wine,
) draw some inconsiderate line;
take heed (I know the warning true)
m lines assign an interview. 30
r wife to fanes so frequent roam,
ife's best temple is at home;
prohibitions are all vain,
: hint, I'll dodge her to the fane:
h the goddess snatch my curious sight,
r wanton privacies to light.
ı she wore I'd oft pretend to view,
l her fingers, unperceiv'd of you:
l racy bowls I seal'd your eyes,
ıeverage, and obtain'd the prize. 40
tell, forgive the pranks I play'd,
ɔted all, and Love must be obey'd!
s at me (be now the truth avow'd)
ıl mastiff us'd to bark so loud;

But now some other, with insidious wait,
Intent observes each creaking of your gate,
At which, whoever of the house appears,
Passing, the mien of quick dispatch he wears;
But comes again, the minute they remove,
And coughs,—sure signal of impatient love! 50
What boots, though marriage gave a wife so fair,
If careless you, or she eludes your care?
While men are artful, and your wife can feign,
Vain are your brazen-bolts, your mastiffs vain.
Cold to the raptures of the genial bed,
She lays the fault upon an aching head:
'Tis false; the wanton for some other sighs;
From this her coolness, this, her aches arise. 58
Then, then be warn'd, intrust her to my care;
Whips, chains I laugh at, if you grant my prayer.
'Hence from my ward, ye sparkish essenc'd beaux;
Illegal love oft springs from essenc'd clothes.'
Where'er she walks, not distant I'll attend;
And guard your honour from the casual friend!
'Off, gallants, off: for so the gods ordain;
So, the dread priestess in unerring strain!'
(When holy fury fires the frantic dame,
She mocks all torture, and exults in flame;
Her snow-white arms and heaving breast she tears,
And with the gushing gore Bellona smears; 70
Deep in her side she plants the glittering sword;
And the dread goddess prompts each fateful word.)
'Ye youths, beware; nor touch whom Cupid guards;
Unpunish'd none attempt his gentle wards:
As my blood flows, and as these ashes fly,
Their wealth shall perish, and their manhood die.'
She menac'd then the fair, with dreadful pain;
E'en were you guilty, may her threats be vain:

Not on your own account; your mother's age,
Your worthy mother, deprecates my rage: 80
When love and fortune smil'd, her gentle aid
Oft me conducted to the blooming maid;
My footsteps, wakeful, from afar she knew,
Unbarr'd the gate, nor fear'd the nightly dew:
Half of my life's long thread I'd pleas'd resign,
My sweet conductress, could I lengthen thine!
Still, still, though much abus'd, I Delia prize;
She's still thy daughter, and enchants my eyes.
Yet though no coy cimar invest the fair;
Nor vestal fillet bind her auburn hair; 90
Teach her what decent modesty requires;
To crown my fire, alone, with equal fires.
Me too confine; and if, in wanton praise
Of other maids, my tongue luxuriant strays;
Let thy suspicion then no limits know,
Insult me, spurn me, as thy greatest foe;
But if your jealousies are built in air,
And patient love your usage cannot bear;
What wrath may perpetrate, my soul alarms;
For, wrath, I warn you, heeds not female charms.
Nor yet be chaste, from mean unamorous fear;
Be still most modest, when I am not near. 102
For those, whom neither wit nor worth secure,
Grow old, unpitied, palsied, worthless, poor;
Yet with each servile drudgery they strive
To keep their being's wretchedness alive!
The gay regard their woe with laughing eyes;
Swear they deserve it, and absolve the skies:
Nor Venus less exults—'May such a fate, 109
(From heaven she prays) upon the' inconstant wait!'
The same my wish! but oh! may we two prove,
In age, a pattern of unalter'd love!

ELEGY VIII.

'THIS day (the fates foretold in sacred so
And singing drew the vital twine along,)
He comes, nor shall the gods the doom re
He comes, whose sword shall quell the reb
With all her laurels, him shall conquest cr
And nations shudder at his awful frown;
Smooth Atur, now that flows through peace
Shall fly affrighted at his hostile bands.'
'Tis done! this prophecy Rome joys to se
Far-fam'd Messala, now fulfill'd in thee:
Long triumphs ravish the spectators' eyes,
And fetter'd chieftains of enormous
An ivory car, with

How shall the bard the secret source explore,
Whence, Father Nile, thou draw'st thy watery store?
Thy fields ne'er importune for rain the sky;
Thou dost benignly all their wants supply:
As Egypt, Apis mourns in mystic lays,
She joins thy praises to Osiris' praise.
  Osiris first contriv'd the crooked plough,
And pull'd ripe apples from the novice bough;
He taught the swains the savage mould to wound,
And scatter'd seed-corn in the' unpractis'd ground:
He first with poles sustain'd the reptile vine, 41
And show'd its infant tendrils how to twine;
Its wanton shoots instructed man to shear,
Subdue their wildness, and mature the year;
Then too, the ripen'd cluster first was trod;
Then in gay streams its cordial soul bestow'd;
This as swains quaff'd, spontaneous numbers came,
They prais'd the festal cask, and hymn'd thy name;
All ecstasy! to certain time they bound,
And beat in measur'd aukwardness the ground. 50
Gay howls serene the wrinkled front of care;
Gay bowls the toil-oppressed swain repair!
And let the slave the laughing goblet drain;
He blythsome sings, though manacles enchain.
  Thee sorrow flies, Osiris, god of wine!
But songs, enchanting love, and dance are thine:
But flowers and ivy thy fair head surround,
And a loose saffron mantle sweeps the ground.
With purple robes invested, now you glow;
The shrine is shown, and flutes melodious blow: 60
Come then, my god, but come bedew'd with wine!
Attend the rites, and in the dance combine;
The rites and dances are to genius due:
Benign Osiris, stand confess'd to view!

Rich unguents drop already from his hair,
His head and neck soft flowery garlands share:
O come, so shall my grateful incense rise,
And cates of honey meet thy laughing eyes!
On thee, Messala, ('tis my fervent prayer)
May heaven bestow a wise, a warlike heir; 70
In whom, increas'd, paternal worth may shine,
Whose acts may add a lustre to thy line,
And transports give thee in thy life's decline!
But should the gods my fervent prayer deny,
Thy fame, my glorious friend, shall never die.
Long as (thy bounteous work) the well-made way
Shall its broad pavement to the sun display,
The bards of Alba shall, in lofty rhyme,
Transmit thy glory down the tide of time!
They sing from gratitude: nor less the clown 80
Whom love or business have detain'd in town
Till late, as home he safely plods along,
Thee chants, Messala, in his village-song. [sing,
Bless'd morn, which still my grateful muse shall
Oft rise, and with you greater blessings bring!

ELEGY IX.

In vain would lovers hide their infant smart
From me, a master in the amorous art;
I read their passion in their mien and eyes,
O'erhear their whispers, and explain their sighs.
This skill no Delphian oracles bestow'd,
No augurs taught me, and no victims show'd;
But love my wrists with magic fillets bound,
Lash'd me, and, lashing, mutter'd many a sound.

No more then, Marathus, indifference feign,
Else vengeful Venus will enhance your pain! 10
What now, sweet youth, avails your anxious care,
So oft to essence, oft to change your hair?
What though cosmetics all their aid supply,
And every artifice of dress you try;
She's not oblig'd to braids, to gems, to clothes,
Her charms to nature Pholoe only owes.
What spells devote you? say, what philters bind?
What midnight sorceress fascinates your mind?
Spells can seduce the corn from neighbouring plains,
The headlong serpent halts at magic strains; 20
And did not cymbals stop thy prone career,
A spell thee, Luna, from thy orb would tear!
Why do I magic for your passion blame;
Magic is useless to a perfect frame:
You squeez'd her hands, your arms around her threw,
Join'd lip to lip, and hence your passion grew.
Cease then, fair maid, to give your lover pain;
Love hates the haughty, will avenge the swain.
See youth vermilions o'er his modest face!
Can riches equal such a boy's embrace? 30
Then ask no bribe—when age affects the gay,
Your every smile let hoary dotage pay;
But you your arms around the stripling throw,
And scorn the treasure monarchs can bestow.
But she who gives to age her charms, for pay,
May her wealth perish, and her bloom decay!
Then when impatience thrills in every vein,
May manhood shun her, and the young disdain!
Alas! when age has silver'd o'er the head,
And youth, that feeds the lamp of love, is fled, 40
In vain the toilette charms; 'tis vain to try,
Gray scanty locks with yellow nuts to dye;

You strip the tell-tales vainly from their place,
And vainly strive to mend an aged face.
Then in thine eyes while youth triumphant glows,
And with his flowers thy cheeks my fair one sows,
Incline thine heart to love, and gentle play;
Youth, youth has rapid wings, and flies away!
The fond old lover vilify, disdain;
What praise can crown you from a stripling's pain?
Spare then the lovely boy; his beauties die; 51
By no dire sickness sent him from the sky:
The gods are just; you, Pholoe, are to blame;
His sallow colour from your coyness came.
O wretched youth! how oft, when absent you,
Groans rend his breast, and tears his cheeks bedew?
'Why dost thou rack me with contempt? (he cries)
The willing ever can elude their spies.
Had you, O had you felt what now I feel, 59
Venus would teach you from your spies to steal.
I can breathe low, can snatch the melting kiss,
And noiseless ravish love's enchanting bliss;
At midnight can securely grope my way;
The floor tread noiseless, noiseless turn the key.
Poor, fruitless skill! my skill if she despise;
And cruel from the bed of rapture flies.
Or if a promise haply I obtain,
That she will recompense at night my pain;
How am I dup'd? I wakeful listen round,
And think I hear her in each casual sound. 70
Perish the wiles of love, and arts of dress!
In russet weeds I'll shrowd my wretchedness.
The wiles of love, and arts of dress are vain,
My fair to soften, and admittance gain.' [tears;
Youth, weep no more; your eyes are swoln with
No more complain; for, oh! she stops her ears.

The gods, I warn you, hate the haughty fair,
Reject their incense, and deny their prayer.
This youth, this Marathus, who wears your chains,
Late laugh'd at love, and ridicul'd its pains. 80
The' impatient lover in the street would stay,
Nor dreamt that vengeance would his crimes repay.
Now, now he moans his past misdeeds with tears,
A prey to love, and all its frantic fears:
Now he exclaims at female scorn and hate;
And from his soul abhors a bolted gate. [muse,
Like vengeance waits you; trust the' unerring
If still you're coy, and still access refuse:
Then, how you'll wish, when old, contemn'd of all,
But vainly wish, these moments to recal! 90

ELEGY X.

WHY did you swear by all the powers above,
Yet never meant to crown my longing love?
Wretch! though at first the perjur'd deed you hide,
Wrath comes with certain, though with tardy stride;
Yet, yet, offended gods, my charmer spare:
Yet pardon the first fault of one so fair!
For gold the careful farmer ploughs the plain,
And joins his oxen to the cumbrous wain;
For gold, through seas that stormy winds obey,
By stars, the sailor steers his watery way: 10
Yet, gracious gods, this gold from man remove,
That wicked metal brib'd the fair I love.
Soon shall you suffer greatly for your crime,
A weary wanderer in a foreign clime;
Your hair shall change, and boasted bloom decay,
By wintry tempests, and the solar ray.

'Beware of gold, how oft did I advise?
From tempting gold what mighty mischiefs rise?
Love's generous power, I said, with tenfold pain
The wretch will rack, who sells her charms for gain,
Let torture all her cruelties exert; 21
Torture is pastime to a venal heart.
'Nor idly dream your gallantries to hide,
The gods are ever on the sufferer's side.
With sleep or wine o'ercome, so fate ordains,
You'll blab the secret of your impious gains.'
Thus oft I warn'd you; this augments my shame;
My sighs, tears, homage, henceforth I disclaim.
'No wealth shall bribe my constancy, you swore,
Be mine the bard, you sigh'd, I crave no more: 30
Not all Campania shall my heart entice,
For thee Campania's autumns I despise.
Let Bacchus in Falernian vineyards stray,
Not Bacchus' vineyards shall my faith betray.'
Such strong professions, in so soft a strain,
Might well deceive a captivated swain;
Such strong professions might aversion charm,
Slow doubt determine, and indifference warm.
Nay more, you wept, unpractis'd to betray;
I kiss'd your cheeks, and wip'd the tears away. 40
But if I tempting gold unjustly blame,
And you have left me for another flame;
May he, like you, seem kind; like you, deceive;
And oh may you, like cheated me, believe!
Oft I by night the torch myself would bear,
That none our tender converse might o'erhear;
When least expected, oft some youth I led,
A youth all beauty, to the genial bed;
And tutor'd him your conquest to complete,
By soft enticements, and a fond deceit. 50

se I foolish hop'd to gain your love:
ı Tibullus could more cautious prove?
ı uncommon powers, I swept the lyre,
you melting strains of soft desire:
ıght o'erspreads my face with conscious
ame,
oom them victims to the seas or flame.
be their's, who love's soft fires profane,
inestimable joys for gain.
ın who first the lovely maid decoy'd,
adulterer be your wife enjoy'd. 60
n each youth has rifled all her charms,
·gowns guard her from your loathed arms!
oh may she like your sister prove,
for drinking, far more fam'd for love!
the bottle is her chief delight,
ws no better way to pass the night;
'e more knowing can the night improve,
ɔf Bacchus joins the joys of love.
st thou for thee, the toilet is her care?
, that fillets bind her well-dress'd hair? 70
, that Tyrian robes her charms enfold?
, her arms are deck'd with burnish'd gold?
, some youth the wanton would entice,
she dresses, and for him she sighs;
he prostitutes, unaw'd by shame,
ıse, your pocket, and your injur'd fame:
ıe her conduct; say, ye young, what charms
ıty taste in gout and age's arms?
ice my fair one, she for money can
gouty, impotent, old man: 80
ɔy generous love, too justly blam'd!
hat love could give, my passion claim'd.

[illegible], my tears will tran
To Venus I'll suspend a gold
With this inscription grav'd u
'Tibullus, freed at last fro
This offering, queen of bliss!
And humbly begs, that hence
From such a passion thy devot

ELEGY XI

WHO was the first that forg'd t
Of rugged steel his savage soul
By him, his bloody flag ambitio
And grisly carnage through the
Yet wherefore blame him? we're
Arms first were forg'd to kill th
Death-dealing battles were unk
Death-dealing battles took their
When [illegible]

Come then, paternal gods, whose help I've known
From birth to manhood, still protect your own: 20
Nor blush, my gods, though carv'd of ancient wood;
So carv'd in our forefathers' times you stood:
And though in no proud temples you were prais'd,
Nor foreign incense on your altars blaz'd;
Yet white-rob'd faith conducted every swain;
Yet meek-ey'd piety seren'd the plain;
While clustering grapes, or wheat-wreaths round your hair,
Appeas'd your anger, and engag'd your care;
Or dulcet cakes himself the farmer paid,
When crown'd his wishes by your powerful aid; 30
While his fair daughter brought with her from home
The luscious offering of a honey-comb:
If now you'll aid me in the hour of need,
Your care I'll recompense—a boar shall bleed.
In white array'd, I'll myrtle baskets bear,
And myrtle foliage round my temples wear:
In arms redoubtable let others shine,
By Mars protected, mow the martial line;
You let me please; my head with roses crown,
And every care in flowing goblets drown: 40
Then, when I'm joyous, let the soldier tell,
What foes were captur'd, and what leaders fell;
Or on the board describe with flowing wine,
The furious onset, and the flying line.
For reason whispers, 'Why will short-liv'd man
By war contract his too contracted span?'
Yet when he leaves the cheerful realms of light,
No laughing bowls, no harvests cheer the sight;
But howl the damn'd, the triple monster roars,
And Charon grumbles on the Stygian shores: 50

By fiery lakes the blasted phantoms ye
Or shrowd their anguish in the depths
In a thatch'd cottage happier he, by
Who never hears of arms, of gold, or v
His chaste embrace a numerous offspri
He courts not fortune's smile, nor dread
While lenient baths at home his wife p
He, and his sons, attend their fleecy ca
As old, as poor, as peaceful may I be,
So guard my flocks, and such an offspr
Meantime, soft peace, descend:—O
plains!
Soft peace to plough with oxen taught
Peace plants the orchard, and matures
And first gay-laughing press'd the rudd

If much provok'd, or rend their silken zone,
Or on their tresses be your anger shown:
But if nor this your passion can appease,
Until the charmer weep, the charmer tease.
Bless'd anger, if the fair dissolves in tears!
Bless'd youth, her fondness undisguis'd appears!
But crush the wretch, O War! with all thy woes,
Who to rough usage adds the crime of blows. 90
Bland peace, descend, with plenty on our plains,
And bless with ease and laughing sport the swains.

NOT

ON

ELEG

In this beautiful Elegy, Tibu
ments of a country life, with
income, to all the honours
of fortune.

According to Scaliger, this
the first in the book, was wri
the last of those inscribed
itself, however, gives no san

Ver. 2. There is a great d
whether the original of this

to acres; or have used a superfluous epithet. *Vulp.*

But Broekhusius, although he reads *multa*, has yet proved, that Tully and Valerius Flaccus have used that adjective at least once in the sense of *magna.*

Ver. 6. The word *paupertas* in the original, signifies a mediocrity of fortune; for so Porphyrio interprets it in his Commentary on Horace, lib. ii. Ep. 5. And, indeed, it is evident from Cicero, that this was the meaning imposed upon *paupertas* in the Augustan age. From this word then, those who maintain, that our poet had spent his estate, and was obliged to retire to the country, can derive no support; as indeed the whole of this Elegy contradicts that assertion.

Almost all the commentators on Tibullus have observed, that he abounds in alliterations, and give the original of this line as an instance of it,

Me mea paupertas, &c.

Nor is Tibullus singular in this; the best poets and orators of the Augustan age were fond of them; and hence these gentlemen conclude, contrary to the opinion of many of the moderns, that alliterations are beautiful in poetry. A sparing use of them, no doubt, adds to the melody of numbers; accordingly Pope, and the best English poets, practise alliteration.

Though Pontanus and others have wrote well on the subject of alliteration, they have not attempted to give a reason for its pleasing the ear. When the same letters begin succeeding words, these run more smoothly off the tongue, as the

organs of speech are subjected to a smal
in pronouncing them. Other causes m
be assigned, but this appears to be the

Ver. 7. The original of this line is var
by the annotators.

Dum meus assiduo luceat igne focus,

is maintained by Broekhusius, &c. whil
and others substitute *exiguo* in the room
both readings are supported by MS.
that however of Scaliger's is retained a
poetical.

Ver. 9. The goddess Hope had man
and public gardens at Rome, for which
may consult Alexander Donatus, L. 1.
9. L. 2. C. 25. L. 3. C. 13, 18, 23.

Boissard has given an elegant figure
rustica, T. 4. Ant. P. 130.

Ver. 17. Calphurnius, a Sicilian poe
merit, has a good-natured precept somew
to this thought of our poet's.

Te quoque non pudeat, cum serus ovilia
Si qua jacebit ovis partu resoluta recenti
Hanc humeris portare tuis, natosque tep
Ferre sinu tremulos, et nondum stare pa
Ecl.

Humanity to brute creatures is the cert
tion of a good mind. See an excellen
this subject in the Adventurer.

Ver. 21. Pales was the goddess of
some called her Magna Mater, and oth
The festival instituted in her honour o
name of Palilia, or Parilia, and was cel
the eleventh or twelfth of the calend

the day that Rome was supposed to have been founded. At this solemnity, the shepherds, leaping over bonfires of straw, &c. placed at regular distances, offered to their goddess milk and cakes of millet for the health of their flocks. This ceremony is thus described by Ovid in that wonderful effort of poetical genius, his Fasti.

Pastor, oves saturas ad prima crepuscula lustra,
Uda prius spargat, virgaque verrat humum.
Frondibus, et fixis decorentur ovilia ramis:
Et tegat ornatas longa corona fores.
Cærulei fiant vivo de sulphure fumi;
Tactaque fumanti sulphure balet ovis.
Ure maris rores, tadamque, herbasque Sabinas;
Et crepet in medis laurus adusta focis.
Libaque de Milio Milli fiscella sequatur:
Rustica præcipue quo Dea læta cibo est.
Adde dapes, mulctramque suas: dapibusque resectis
Silvicolam tepido lacte precare Palen.
Consule, dic, pecori pariter, pecorisque magistris:
Effugiat stabulis noxa repulsa meis.

L. iv. ver. 735.

Thus we see that the fumigations used upon this occasion were sovereign for diseases of the skin.

Ver. 22. The original of this line has greatly puzzled the commentators: some of them understanding by *Pastorem meum*, Pan; and others, *Apollo nomius*. The true interpretation, however, seems to be that which is given in the translation. See notes to El. v. b. 2.

Ver. 23. We see from this passage, that a kind of adoration was paid to a stone, or a trunk of a tree, which divided the Roman lands. They perfumed them with essences, crowned them with flowers, and sacrificed round them in the month

The god Terminus of
of the Greeks, had no ani
because, as Plutarch obser
prevented broils, and of co
neighbours.

By the laws of Numa, if
plough into his neighbour's
oxen were accursed.

According to Arnobius, th
senuntians paid divine worsl
formed stones: and if Regna
the Laplanders at this day d
they meet with, provided it h
ordinary in its figure. Thes
have neither painters nor statu

Ver. 26. Commentators are
in their opinions, who the *Dei*
original was. According to Bro
meant Vertumnus; and, it must
husband of Pomona has a bett
than

Which he interprets by 'birds of bad omen:' not reflecting, that birds of good omen were no less destructive to fine fruit (the keeping of which was the province particularly assigned to Priapus) than his *aves sinistræ*.

Ver. 32. The Lares were the offspring of the nymph Lara, whom Mercury ravished as he was conducting her to the Stygian lake, whither Jupiter had banished her for blabbing his amours.

Fitque gravis, Geminosque parit qui compita servant,
Et vigiles nostra semper in Æde Lares.

Fast.

They therefore had worship paid them in the houses, particularly of husbandmen and in the highways; and their festival was called *Compitalitii*, *Compitalitia*, or *Compitalia*. At these, the images of men and women made of wool were suspended, with as many balls also of wool, as there were slaves in the family, and as many *simulacra perfecta* as there were children. By this hanging in effigy, the ancients imagined, the Lares would be bribed (so true is it, that fear is the parent of Polytheism) to spare the living.

These deities were made of wood, stone, or marble, according to the wealth or superstition of the votary; and were either public or private. The former were those that watched over the safety of the whole, while the private only superintended a family. Both were clothed in a dog's skin, and sometimes had the head of a dog clapped upon human shoulders. Their common figure, however, was a grotesque caricatura of a man's countenance. Vid. Boxhorn's Quest. Romanæ.

to them. They generall
flowers; and when young
toga virilis they dedicated t

Bullaque succinctis laribus

Ver. 41. This simplicity i
gods, which Numa introduce
the poverty of the primæval
practice till Paganism was los

Vid. Valer. Maxim. L.

Ver. 52. Scaliger reads,

———*et solo membra levar*

Supposing that our poet had on
Solum sibi superesse torum. B
this circumstance may corresp
the modern inhabitants of P
whole of this Elegy shows, that
was by no means so reduced;
Broekhusius remarks, all the MS
tions, read

Labore fessi venimus larem ad nostrum,
Desideratoque adquiescimus lecto.
Hoc est, quod unum est, quo laboribus tantise.
Cat. Carm. 29.

Those only can perceive the full force of this observation who have experienced it. Ovid, in his banishment, knew and lamented the want of a *consuetus lectus.*

Non hæc in nostris, ut quondam scribimus hortis,
Nec consuete meum lectule corpus habes.
Trist. L. i. El. 10.

And again,

Tam procul ignotis igitur moriemur in oris,
Et fient ipso tristia fata loco?
Nec mea consueto languescent corpora lecto?
Depositum nec me, qui fleat, ullus erit?
Trist. L. iii. El. 3. Broekhusius.

Ver. 53. *Quam juvat, &c.*] The translator finding this passage so well rendered by the late Mr. Hammond, has taken the liberty to adopt it. The commentators say, that Tibullus borrowed this thought of rain assisting slumber from Sophocles; but could not our poet have observed, that rain, falling on the roof of a house, would compose to sleep, without having been obliged to that tragic poet for the observation? Antonius Musa, who did such honour to physic at Rome, cured Mæcenas of a three years watchfulness, by the falling of water; and physicians at this day experience the soporific qualities of such a device; or of the sea breaking at a distance upon the shore.

Ver. 60. After the original of this line, Scaliger and Broekhusius place,

in the neighbourhood of a
owned, that these lines fall
yet, as most editions rank tl

Et teneat culti jugera multi

my friend has translated ther

61. The original of this li
the critics, till Joannes Brod
second *non* before *contentus* w
tius, in his commentary on
Epistles, and Muritus, in his L
many instances of this mode o
best antiquity.

Ver. 63. In this, and some
stanzas, Tibullus represents that
of a country life, which innocenc
only on those, who live accordi
nature. *Neque enim facile,* (a
impurus quivis solitudini se com
umbra somni

And shady rivers fair;
Or Tempe's ever-blooming spring,
Where zephyrs wave the balmy wing,
And fan the buxom air. *Francis.*

Ut præclare Horatius noster, ille optimus ille certissimus vivendi magister. Hanc sibi nunc vivendi rationem sequendam Tibullus proponit, æquissimo animo relinquens beatæ fumum et opes, strepitumque Romæ, qua quidem vita nihil convenientius sapientiæ studiosis, et musarum sacerdotibus, bonæque mentis candidatis. But this opinion of Broekhusius may be disputed; for, though a country solitude is necessary for the perfecting works of genius, yet the town is the best school for those who would excel in descriptions of human life.

Ver. 69. *Messala.*] This great soldier, patriot, and critic, (of whom so much has been said in Tibullus's Life) was in a high degree of favour with Tully; and though Mæcenas has been more praised by the poets than Messala, the historians show us, that our poet's friend was both a greater and better man than the favourite of Augustus. See the notes to El. 3. and El. 8. of the first book.

If the authority of Virgil is to be depended upon, the Romans derived the custom of adorning their houses with hostile spoils from the remotest antiquity. Æn. 7. ver. 183. And indeed it is natural to imagine, where the tradition is the chief spring from which the first unlettered nations drew their knowledge of past events, that these marks of conquest were the best authority for the oral historian.

When a Roman sold a house adorned with hostile spoils, either won by himself or his ancestors, the

Ver. 81. The person allude
was C. Sosius, who being Pr
war broke out, was afterwards
to command in Syria and Cil
subdued the Arcadians; and th
ing formerly butchered a Ro
after his defeat, to Jerusalem,
after took; and using the Jews
than avarice, he bestowed their l
of Ascalon. Neither did Ant
conqueror, who not only whipp
and beheaded him. These act
although they disgrace victory,
the honour of a triumph at Rom

Ver. 89. We see, from this in
such occur in our poet) that
comedy, sometimes raises her vo
lus's panegyric had not come do
no doubt, would have hence

nost extraordinary. Darius (says that elegant istorian) having one day asked some of his irecian subjects, what sum would induce them to at their deceased parents, (τους πατερας αποθησοντας κατασιτεισθαι) they instantly replied, that o bribe should ever make them do so horrid an ction. Upon this, the same monarch, in the resence of the Greeks too, demanding, by an inerpreter of some Calatian Indians, how much ioney they would take not to eat, for that was heir custom, (ὁι τους γονεας κατεσθιουσι) but to urn their dead parents; he was entreated, with oud and earnest exclamations, not to compel hem to do a deed which for ever must destroy heir peace of mind! so justly, adds the historian, loes Pindar call custom the sovereign of all, νομον παντων βασιλεα. Herod. Thal. C. 38.

Ver. 103. Those who indulged an immoderate grief for their deceased friends, were supposed by the ancients to injure their manes; and therefore Cornelia entreats her husband, Paulus the censor,

Desine, Pauli, meum lacrymis urgere sepulcrum.
Propert. L. 4. E. 11.

And Lucian, in his excellent discourse on mourning (περι πενθους) makes a departed youth thus answer the frantic sorrowings of his father, ω κακοδαιμον ανθρωπε τι κεκραγας, &c. 'Unhappy mortal, why do you thus lament aloud? Why do you cause me so much pain? Cease to tear your hair and wound your face, I am far more fortunate than you. *Why then do* you call me names, and term *me wretched?*'

Ver. 104. Turnebus was the first who explained

this passage. The poet, though an enemy to travagant grief, expected that Delia would a a tender concern when he died. *Brockhu*

Ver. 111. That pleasant versifier Malherbe, addresses the muses,

Quand le Sang bouillant en mes veines
Me donnoit de jeunes desires
Tantot vous souspiriez mes peines
Tantot vous chantiez mes plaisirs :
Mais aujourd'hui que mes années
Vers leur fin s'en vont terminées,
Seroit il bien a mes ecrits
D'Ennuyer les races futures
Des ridicules avantures
D'un Amoureux en cheveux gris ?

The reader may see the miseries of an old m falling in love well described in the elegies c monly imputed to Virgil's friend, the fam Cornelius Gallus. These elegies are a mod composition, the work of one Longinus Maxim a physician.

NOTES ON ELEGY II.

The foregoing poem was written by Tibul upon his being disappointed in getting admitta to the apartments of Delia.

Ver. 7. It was customary with the Roman lov to address the gates of their mistresses: M instances of this occur in the elegiac poets.

Ver. 13. This kind of gallantry was much pr *tised by* the Romans.

At lacrimans exclusus amator limina sæpe
Floribus, et sertis operit, postesque superbos
Ungit amaracyno. Lucre'.

Meantime excluded, and expos'd to cold,
The whining lover stands before the gates,
And there with humble adoration waits:
Crowning with flowers the threshold and the floor,
And printing kisses on the' obdurate door.
Dryd.

The Romans decked their doors with garlands on many public and private occasions.

Ver. 24. The best comment on all this passage, that elegy of Ovid's which begins

Me specta, nutusque meos, &c.

Ver. 32. The civil wars, as they introduced a neral dissoluteness of manners, so they also in-eased the number of robbers; and we have clas-al authority for asserting, that Rome, in the age Cæsar, was as much infested with assassins as odern Italy. Propertius has thus improved upon is passage of our author:

Nec tamen est quisquam sacros qui lædit amantes
Scyronis media sic licet ire Via:
Quisquis Amator erit, Scythicis licet ambulet oris,
Nemo adeo ut noceat, barbarus esse potest,
Luna ministrat iter, demonstrant Astra salebras,
Ipse Amor accensas percutit ante faces
Lib. iii. El. 16.

Yet, after all, the thoughts of Tibullus appear ore just. Mr. Prior has given us the same sen-ment, but in a different manner; using mytho-gy with *more address* than even most of the *cients.*

For love, fantastic power, that is afraid
To stir abroad till watchfulness be laid;
Undaunted then through cliffs and valleys st
And leads his votaries safe through pathless
Not Argus with his hundred eyes shall find
Where Cupid goes; though he, poor guide, l
Henry a

Ver. 36. Broekhusius's note on the
this passage is so curious, that the reade
it in his own words: *Minus rectè Turn*
et Turnebus homo fuit) hanc digitorun
tionem exponit de re, quam facile nullo
adsequimur, et levi quodam velut sono et
mus et obtinemus. Adv. lib. 20. This ex
adds our commentator, Turnebus con
quotation from Martial, which, however
husius sagaciously observes, only inti
gesture of a person, *matulam poscentis.*
interprets the passage, and his interpre
translator has adopted.

Ver. 38. This was a punishment supp
inflicted on those who beheld, though w
sign, any deity. The old priestess of the
in Propertius, thus addresses Alcides:

Parce oculis hospes, lucoque age sede ver
Cede agedum, et tuta, limina linque, fug
Lib

Venus, in the end of the hymn as
Homer, threatens Anchises, if he blab
intercourse, to strike him with thund
youth, having disregarded this warning
deprived of one of his eyes. See Cal
poem intituled the Bath of Diana.

Ver. 49. The first description of a w

found in any Latin poet, is that which Virgil has given in his eighth eclogue. Those critics who are fond of tracing resemblances among poets, would be apt to assert, that our author had that passage in his eye; and yet, if it is considered, that popular prejudice imputed those very effects to witchcraft, there is no occasion for supposing that Maro's Mœris assisted Tibullus in his description of his *Saga Veneris*. However dissonant to sound sense and philosophy magical descriptions may be, yet they have an excellent effect in poetry, where admiration is to be excited.

According to Marcellus, *saga*, in its primitive meaning, signified *turpis amorum conciliatrix;* and as such bawds used spells and drugs to effectuate their illicit purposes, it came afterwards to be applied to a witch.

The Romans, according to Broekhusius, held magic in the utmost abhorrence. Would the reader view the full force ascribed by the ancients to witchcraft, let him turn to Horace's fifth and seventeenth Epodes. Ovid's epistle to Hypsipyle, ver. 83. and El. viii. lib. 1. and Metamorp. lib. vii. ver. 179. lib. xiv. ver. 43. Propertius, lib. iv. El. v. Seneca's Medea, ver. 675. and his Hercules Œta, ver. 454. Lucan, lib. vi. ver. 431. Apuleius, lib. i. ii. iii. of his Metamorphosis. Petronius. Claudian, lib. i. in Rufin. ver. 146. Silius, lib. viii. ver. 496. Valerius Flaccus, lib. vi. ver. 439, and Nemesianus's fourth Eclogue. But Virgil's description (lib. iv. Æn. 487.) of a witch, though comprised in five lines only, is, by Broekhusius, preferred to all the rest.

However the moderns may be obliged in other

stance, of the Gree
compared with our Sh
Nay, they might be c
magical rites equal in
those we find in Fletch
a poem from which, if
plant many a beauty, Mi

Ver. 50. It was believ
magic could raise the ma
those ghosts could certain
cerning future events.
lib. xi. Virgil's Æn. vi. Se
lib. iv. Silius Italicus, lib.
cus, lib. i. Nor did the
mancy as an infamous or ab

One of the usages practis
appear, was to shed human
may be credited, (vid. Inter
trails of boys particularly we
offered up.

I saw her stamp and cleave the solid ground,
While ghastly spectres round us wildly roam;
I saw them hearken to her potent sound,
Till scar'd at day they sought their dreary home.

At her command, the vigorous summer pines,
And wintry clouds obscure the hopeful year:
At her strong bidding gloomy winter shines,
And vernal roses on the snows appear.

She gave these charms, which I on thee bestow:
They dim the eye, and dull the jealous mind;
For me they make a husband nothing know;
For me, and only me, they make him blind.

El. v.

The whole of this fifth elegy of Hammond's is indeed a beautiful imitation of this second of Tibullus.

Ver. 54. The aspersion used to send those *infernæ cateruæ* back to hell was milk; and, if the translator is not mistaken, this is the only passage in the ancient poets where milk is taken notice of as used for this purpose. See note on the second Elegy of the third book, for the use of milk at funerals; and Elegy sixth of the same book, for its virtue in dispelling diseases, when offered along with blood and wine to the infernal gods.

Ver. 60. The unusual hissing in the original of this line

Sola feros Hecates perdomuisse canes,

was probably meant to give the reader a more terrible idea of those fierce attendants of Hecate; and hence the alteration of

Sola feros Hecatæ, &c.

offered by Broekhusius, seems improper.

quoted. We shall only obser
its being a preservative again
ancient, for Theocritus make
press himself in the sixth Idyl

ὡς μὴ βασκαίνῃ δὲ, τρὶς ἐπαυσ

Nor did only the shepherds
spittle in this light; the Roma
of it. Accordingly, on the d
was named, (which for girls w
boys on the ninth, after birth)
aunt, moving round in a circl
middle finger, the child's for
which was hence called *Lustra*

The number three was of gre
all the religious and magical
quity; for though, as Virgil ex
were supposed to be pleased wi
yet three was deemed the mos
The number four was also of s

Although it is with great reluctance that men credit any report injurious to the fame of one they love, yet nothing less than a spell was necessary to make a husband deny the testimony of his own senses.

Ver. 69. The lustration mentioned in the original was a torch of pine-tree; to which were added sulphur and bitumen; and, as Broekhusius conjectures, blood. A solemn washing, and the sacrifice of a black lamb, preceded the use of the torch. These ceremonies were also performed on a clear night, *nocte serena.* The ancients thought them equally powerful either to bind the lover, or free him from the influence of love.

Pontanus and Amaltheus among the moderns, not to mention others, have given us an ample detail of the ceremonies practised on these occasions: but as most of them are unadapted to modern superstition, their accounts show some learning, but little judgment. Ovid laughs at all these ceremonies in his 'Remedy of Love.'

Ver. 71. The best list of these deities is to be found in the seventh book of Ovid's Metamorphoses, ver. 192. and in the two Spanish poets, Seneca, Med. ver. 140. and Lucan, lib. vi. ver, 730. *Broekhus.*

Ver. 74. Though this be evidently the conclusion of the Elegy, yet some editors have strangely tacked to it,

Ferreus ille fuit,

and the thirteen following lines, which belong to the first Elegy. Nor content with this, they have forced

Num veneris magnæ,

and the seven succeeding verses, from thei place in the fifth Elegy of this book, and ha them to the other transposition. Mr. Dar ed one of these editions.

May it not have been this inaccuracy of which induced that great poet, as well a Mr. Dryden, to assert, that Tibullus, in co seldom looked further than the next line; rambles from his subject, and concludes wi thing which is not of a piece with the be; Although it is granted, that no man un the beauties of ancient poetry, and o could draw the characters of ancient poet than Mr. Dryden; yet it is certain, that h ments on these subjects were not always t of mature deliberation. In the general pr the volume from which the above censur author is taken, Mr. Dryden complains of of leisure; and, indeed, this is too eviden quotation above, as the arguments to T Elegies will show a beginning, a middle, an clusion, even more than can be found in Pro who yet, according to that critic, had a plan when he sat down to write.

Let not, however, the reader imagine t is meant as a censure on Mr. Dryden; t mortal genius had not time to correct his But what shall we say of the age which suff first pen to be hackneyed through necessit

However, if Dryden's circumstances apology for his little incorrectnesses, Rapin be pardoned on the same account: and critic, who often characterizes books h read, makes the following observation:

qu'il y a des ouvrages qui doivent par la qualité de leur charactére être écrits d'un air libre sans autre dessein, que celui d' une naiveté naturelle, et sans contrainte, tels que sont les hymnes d' Orphée, d' Homére, de Callimachus, tels que sont certaines Odes de Pindare, d' Anacréon, et d' Horace, qui n' ont de régle que l' enthousiasme, tels que sont aussi la plupart des Elégies de Tibulle et Properce; mais il faut avouer, que ce ne sont pas les plus belles, et quand on ait Reflexions aux Elegies d' Ovide on y trouve toujours un tour secret qui en fait le dessein. What shall one say to all this critical jargon, but that

'Ten censure wrong, for one who writes amiss.'

Jo. Antonius Vulpius, a lawyer of Bergamo, who published an edition of Catullus, Tibullus, and Propertius, A. D. 1. 10. at Padua, concludes this second Elegy with

——*nec te posse carere vilim,*

Broekhusius has done; but then he immediately adds, though without any reason, *Videntus aliqua carari.* Vulpius observes, that *posse carere* was a human colloquial expression; of which he produces two instances from Martial.

NOTES ON ELEGY III.

THIS Elegy was written in a dangerous fit
ness, which detained our poet in the i
Corfu, anciently called Phæacia, and was ap
composed before the second.

The commentators pretend, that Mess
upon his Syrian expedition at this time;
Tibullus, recovering, followed his patron t
Egypt, &c. As this expedition took pla
C. 724, Tibullus was then only fourteen y
if he was born in the consulship of Hir
Pansa; but as this is rather too fine an El
boy of that age (and yet Pliny the you
wrote a Greek tragedy before fifteen years
it appears that he had been for some tim
with Delia, not to mention other argumen
the poem itself affords us; the translator is
to join issue with Dousa, who places his
U. C. 690, in the consulship of Cicero and
Anthony. *Vide* the Life of Tibullus pref

But at whatsoever time this Elegy was
we may apply what Quintilian says of el
to this species of writing in particular, *Pe*
quod disertos facit.

Ver. 1. The original of these lines is qu
Dr. Trapp, in his chapter on elegy, as an
of the soothing graces of elegiac complaints
jucundus est dolor poeticus, (says that crit
lect. 13.) *et quanta elegantia querelarum,*
suum, terra peregrina ægrotus, sic deflet Ti

The *cohors* mentioned in the text was M

retinue; which must have been very different from that of most modern generals, if made up of such men as Tibullus. But, in those days, a man was thought the better soldier for cultivating an acquaintance with the muses.

An abhorrence of our dissolution was implanted in us by the Author of Nature for the wisest purposes. Even the oldest and most wretched, are, in general, unwilling to die. But to be snatched away in the bloom of life, and whilst in a foreign country, at a distance from one's relations, especially from a darling mistress, are circumstances peculiarly distressful. Homer, who knew the source of every passion, and could raise them all, has beautifully inserted many such pathetic strokes in describing the deaths of his heroes: and if his battles make the reader regardless of danger, they also increase his humanity. And although Virgil is surpassed by Homer, in this respect, yet is the lamentation of Euryalus's mother, who had left her father's court to share the fortunes of her son, a masterpiece of the pathetic. Tasso has introduced many beautiful strokes of this kind into his 'Il Goffredo;' but none of the modern heroic poets are in this particular to be preferred to the author of Leonidas; unless indeed we admit, that Dante's description of Ugolino surpasses any poetical picture of distress to be met with among either the ancients or moderns.

Ver. 14. The original runs thus:

Illa sacras pueri fortes ter sustulit, illi
Rettulit e trimis omina certa puer.

Those who were superstitious, among the an-

cients, generally consulted the lots bef
began any thing of importance. The fir
spoken by the virgin in the temple of J
the *sortes*, in cases of marriage; as the firs
by a boy in the highway, gave the omen c
depended upon before a journey was un
An example will better explain this obsc
of superstition. A lady, who was betroth
with a young companion, to the templ
goddess of marriage, to watch the firs
spoken by a woman. Anxiously atten
seated herself, while the other stood. T
having passed, without a word's being ut
any body entering, the younger at last sa
dear I am tired, will you permit me to si

and Dempster, in his Notes on Rosinus, informs us, that those who had success in this kind of divination, often bestowed gifts upon the fountain. See Pliny, Ep. viii. Lib. viii.

At Præneste was a temple, erected to Fortune, where devotees used often to repair, in order to have their future adventures told them. This temple was very magnificent, which made Carneades say, 'He never had seen Fortune more fortunate than at Præneste.' In that temple the lots were blended together, thrown into an olive chest or urn, and drawn by a boy. This is probably the species of divination alluded to here by our poet.

Ver. 21. The striking the foot against the threshold, at the first going abroad, was, by the ancients, reputed a bad omen; and is one of the pretexts our poet used in order to delay his departure. The superstitious among ourselves have many as foolish observances.

Ver. 26. Jupiter, in one of Lucian's dialogues, commands Mercury to hasten to the Nemean forest, there to destroy Argus; which done, he was to waft Io over sea to Egypt, and there make an Isis of her; Εγω θεατοις εκει, και τον Νειλον αναγετω και τους ανεμους αποπεμπετω, και ςοζετω τους πλεοντας. *Sit illis Dea, Nilumque attollat, et ventos immittat et navigantes servet.* The same witty author also informs us, that the Egyptians not only used to call their larger ships by the name of Isis, for good-luck's sake; but also to have statues of this tutelary deity placed in the stern and forecastle of their vessels. *Vid.* his piece, entitled πλοιον η ευχαι. This shows the propriety of

Delia's addressing Isis to protect Tibul
voyage he was about to make.

Gruterus has transmitted to us the fig
of a marble altar dedicated to Isis,
Broekhusius was obliged for the form he
us of an Egyptian Sistrum or Cymbal.
has described this instrument, Lib. iii. o
tam.

Ver. 28. In the mysteries of Isis, it wa
ary for the votary to lie alone several n
cessively. This custom Propertius rails

Tristia jam redeuns iterum solemnia nobis
Cynthia jam noctes est operata decem ;
At utinam Nilo pereat quæ sacra tepente
Misit matronis Inachis, ausoniis !
Quæ Dea tam cupidos toties divisit amante
Quæcunque illa fuit, semper amara fuit

Ver. 32. Those who had escaped shipw
any dangerous fit of sickness, usually hu
the temple of Isis, tablets, on which, say
was described the manner of their deli
But Broekhusius is of opinion, that, as s
dicated to Isis a representation in pain
danger they had escaped; so those who r
from any dangerous disease, by the assis
Isis, suspended, on the walls of her temple
whereon was represented the form of t
that had been principally affected, wit
mention of the remedies used. Thus the
in the Priapeia has it:

Cur pictum memori sit in tabella
Membrum quæritis, &c.

Besides this, among the many votive inscriptions to Isis for health recovered, which Gruterus and others have preserved, we meet with no mention of the applications or medicines supposed to have been successful.

It is, however, an odd tradition, that Hippocrates was indebted to such tablets, in a temple in the island of Cos, for the best part of the *Coacæ Prænotiones.* Could this be proved, it would show, that great good may sometimes spring from superstition.

In Popish countries, many figures of wax, silver, &c. are at this day to be seen on the walls of their churches, chapels, &c.

Ver. 33. As the goddess herself was clothed in white linen; so those who returned her thanks for their own, or friends' recovery from sickness, were always veiled in the same manner, and sat on the ground before the porch of the temple. Her priests had their heads shaved, and also wore linen surplices. Hence they were called *Linigeri.* See Martial's humorous epigram on that subject, Ep. xxix. Lib. ii. Apuleius, in the eleventh book of his Metamorphosis, has given the fullest account of the worshippers of Isis.

Ver. 35. From the words *pharia turba*, a great critic (as Broekhusius informs us) conjectured, that Messala attended Augustus Cæsar in his Egyptian expedition against Mark Anthony. But the epithet *pharia*, which is every where appropriated to Isis and her worship, deceived him.

Ver. 39. Ovid has imitated the whole of this passage in the *beautiful* Elegy which he sent to *Corinna upon her going* abroad. El. xi. Lib. ii.

No poet, either ancient or modern, has surpassed Tibullus in his description of the golden age; yet how different that age was from the picture given us of it by Tibullus, the great rural and philosophical poet informs us in his 'Autumn,'

> Corruption still,
> Voracious swallow'd what the liberal hand
> Of bounty scatter'd o'er the savage year;
> And still the sad Barbarian, roving, mix'd
> With beasts of prey; or, for his acorn meal,
> Fought the fierce tusky boar; a shivering wretch
> Aghast and comfortless! when the bleak north,
> With winter charg'd, let the mix'd tempest fly,
> Hail, rain and snow, and bitter-breathing frost;
> Then to the shelter of the hut he fled,
> And the wild sordid season pin'd away;
> For home he had not; home is the resort

nest passages in the old Theban, we shall here ranscribe.

-ισον δε νυκτεσσιν αει
σεται δ' εν ἀμερᾳαις αλι-
ον εχοντες, αποναις-ερον
εσθλοι νεμονται βιο-
τον, ω χθονα παραασσον-
τες αλκα χειρων
ωδε ποντιον ὑδωρ
κεινεαν παρα διαιταν, αλ-
λα παρ μεν τιμιοις
θεων οἵτινες εχαι-
ρον ευορκιαις
αδακρυν νεμονται
αιονα, &c.

And especially in the succeeding antistrophe.

ενθα μακαρων
ναασον Ωκεανιδες
αυραι περιπνεουσιν, &c.

Which passages are thus translated by the late Mr. West, in his admirable version of Pindar.

'But in the happy fields of light,
Where Phœbus, with an equal ray,
Illuminates the balmy night,
And gilds the cloudless day.

'In peaceful, unmolested joy,
The good their smiling hours employ:
Then no uneasy wants constrain
To vex the' ungrateful soil,
To tempt the dangers of the billowy main,
And break their strength with unabating toil,
A frail disastrous being to maintain.

'But, in their joyous calm abodes,
The recompense of justice they receive;
And, in the fellowship of gods,
Without a fear eternal ages live.'

Again, in the antistrophe, he says, that t
who have been three times purified in a
successive transmigrations, &c. become the
fied to enter the fortunate islands, where

Fragrant breezes, vernal airs,
Sweet children of the main,
Purge the bless'd island from corroding cares,
And fan the bosom of each verdant plain,
Whose fertile soil immortal fruitage bears;
Trees, from whose flaming branches flow,
Array'd in golden bloom, refulgent beams;
And flowers of golden hue that blow
On the fresh borders of their parent streams:
These by the bless'd in solemn triumph worn,
Their unpolluted hands and clustering locks adorn

But beautiful as this description is, it d
surpass that which Homer has given in the
Odyssey, line 564, which, as Mr. Spence
observes, is the only passage where that fa
poetry describes the regions of the blessed
to finish this long note, we shall only remar
as these last-mentioned pictures of Elysi
suited to their different places, or the po
which they appear, so is that of our poet
priated to the elegiac muse; Dr. Trapp
ingly quotes it for its uncommon beauty.
lect. 13.

Ver. 83. The first poetical description o
to be found in Homer; and though all the su
ing epic poets of antiquity have, in imita
their great father, sent their heroes to visi
regions of woe, none of them have impro
original. But although Homer's hell surpas
hell of the ancients, it cannot however b

pared with many passages in the Inferno of that great original poet, Dante. Milton perhaps has not outdone him.

Voltaire's hell is as little terrible, as his Massacre of St. Bartholomew is unaffectedly told.

Ver. 86. Mythologists place a hundred hissing serpents round the head and neck of Cerberus, whom they also equip with the tail of a dragon.

Ver. 89. As the poet meant, not only to keep off every one from laying siege to his mistress, but also to preserve her constant in his absence; he has selected, from the amours of mythology, some incidents very proper to his purpose. Yet the whole of this description is liable to the censure which Lucan, in his admirable Treatise on the Manner of writing History, passes on Parthenius, Euphorion, and Callimachus; who, wandering from their main subject, spend (according to that witty critic) many words in describing impertinences; but as the whole passage is admirable, the reader will not probably be displeased to see it translated. 'You must be particularly cautious, how you launch out in describing mountains, rivers, and fortifications; lest, by an ostentatious display of eloquence, you entirely drop the thread of your history; whenever, therefore, perspicuity demands that the reader should, in some degree, be informed of such circumstances, let your description of them be comprised in as few words as possible. On occasions like these, place Homer before your eyes; who, though a poet, yet, in his account of hell, passes slightly over Tantalus, Ixion, Tityus, and the rest; all which particulars, were they to be described by Parthenius, Euphorion, or even

Callimachus, what a profusion of verses employed in bringing the water to th Tantalus, and in turning round the wheel

The more judicious among the anci that under the fables of Tantalus, &c. presented the torments of an evil conscie Macrobius's sensible Commentary on the *Scipionis.*

NOTES ON ELEGY IV.

In this Elegy the poet consults Priapus a means to be used in order to become a with the fair; and that god, in his answer at epitome of the art of courtship.

However immoral some parts of Pri rections may be, there are but too mar the modern men of gallantry, who implic them; for, if the translator is not greatly r perjury in love-matters prevails now as Britain as ever it prevailed in ancient Ita

Those who understand the original, ne be told the reasons which obliged the t to alter and omit many passages of thi which, with some few others of the sam were probably those parts of Tibullus whi the pious Anthony Possevin apply to h prayer, to preserve him from temptatio ever he purposed to read our poet.

Ver. 4. Priapus thus describes himse ancient author,

Parum est mihi, fixi quod hic miser sedem
Agente terra per caniculam rimas

Siticulosam sustinens diu æstatem:
Parum, quod imi perfluunt sinus imbre,
Et in capillos grandines cadunt nostros
Horretque dura barba vincta chrystallo. Vulp.

Ver. 11. *The vine in time.*] This was so favourite
ı illustration, that Ovid has thrice inserted it in
s 'Art of Love.' Lucretius has also twice in-
oduced the drop of water into his admirable
ɔem '*De Rerum Natura;*' and Tasso, in his
Amynta,' has made it his own.

——— *O miserello*
Non disperar ch' acquisterai costei;
La lunga etate a l' omine di porre
Freno a i Leoni, et a le Tigre Hyrcane.

Ver. 18. The ancients not only swore by parti-
ılar divinities, but by those things which were
pposed to be most acceptable to them. But
hence was it, says Broekhusius, that lovers swore
ɾ the virgin goddess? and adds this wise solution,
redo, ob adamatum Endymiona.

Minerva was so fond of her hair, which it seems
as very fine, and so highly resented all rivalship
that particular, that she turned the hair of
edusa, who had preferred her own to that of
e goddess, into serpents. Vid. Serv. in 6. Æn.
289.

Before the virgins of Argos married, they hung
› a lock of their hair in the temple of Minerva,
ho was thought in a peculiar manner to protect
e *capillitium puellare.* Broekhusius adds, *In
cem puellas Palladi crinem disponebant honorariæ
ecades.*

Ver. 20. *Oaths bind not eager love.*] This senti-
ent is introduced by Plato in his Symposium.

Ver. 26. *So late a victor.*] S
sertation upon this subject b
prefixed to his translation of
Ver. 29. It is reported by
pents or snakes, upon eating a
Maratos, cast their skin an
Ovid has a thought like this in

Anguibus excutitur tenui cum
Nec faciunt cervos cornua jact
Nostra sine auxilio fugiunt bon

which Mr. Congreve has thus E

'The snake his skin, the deer his h
And both renew their youth and vi
But no receipt can human-kind reli
Doom'd to decrepit age without re

This is a good poetical illustr
phy disclaims it. Serpents, an
tile kind, do indeed cast their c
they do not

The thousand loves that arm thy potent eye,
Must drop their quivers, flag their wings, and die.

Ver. 33. Bacchus was much celebrated, both by the Greek and Roman poets, for his beauty. Anacreon honours him with the epithet καλος, and Naso makes him the following fine compliment:

—Tibi enim inconsumpta juventus,
Tu puer æternus, tu formosissimus alto
Conspiceris cœlo, tibi cum sine cornibus adstas
Virgineum caput est.

Apollo's beauty is commonly known. Bacchus, as well as Cupid and Minerva, is always represented with long yellow hair; and hence the epithet χρυσοκομος, which some of the poets have bestowed on him.

Ver. 37. *Go pleas'd where'er she goes.*] This thought is finely imitated by that sweet elegiac poet Joannes Secundus.

Illius imperio ventes patiemur et imbres,
Ibimus et solas nocte silente vias,
Nec grave frigus erit, nec solstitium, licet in me
Fervidus ingeminet sidera sicca puer
Illa volet comitem sibi, me quocunque sequemur
Qua via nulla rotæ pervia nulla rati.

El. iii. Lib. i.

Ver. 48. *The coy may struggle.*] Horace has beautifully applied this thought to Lycimnia.

Dum flagrantia detorquet ad oscula
Cervicem, aut facili sævitia negat.
Quæ poscente magis gaudeat eripi
Interdum rapere occupat.

Boileau has done great justice to this thought in

the interest of the fair sex to keep
poets. Propertius and Ovid imput
verses, what Tibullus more modest
poetry in general. Indeed, beauty i
poetry; and if the British bards h
their brethren on the continent, it is
to the superior charms of our fair co

The images, expressive of beauty,
talized by song, should here have
were more appropriated to elegy;
poet mentions on this occasion, wou
suited pastoral.

Ver. 74. Broekhusius is of opir
Titius mentioned in the text, was
mius, a man no less eminent for his f
Horace, than for his real poetical
whom that excellent judge of mer
writing, thus characterizes,

Quid Titius, Romana brevi venturus in
Pindarici fontis qui non exhaustit haus

Does he design, when all the muse inspires,
To tune to Theban sounds the Roman lyres?
Or, with the transports of theatric rage,
And its sonorous language, shake the stage?

Francis.

The old Scholiast accordingly informs us, that he published both lyric poems and tragedies. There is reason also to think, that he likewise wrote comedies; for the same Scholiast observes, on the following line of Horace,

Ut vinosa glomos furtivæ Pyrrhia lanæ.

Epist. xiii. B. i.

that the poet Titius introduces a servant of the name of Pyrrhia, stealing a ball of wool from her mistress. All his works are unfortunately lost. He had a noble monument erected to him in the neighbourhood of Aricia, ten miles from Rome.

Barthius, in his *Adversaria*, owns that he did not know who the Titius was, whom Horace mentions; and therefore Mr. Francis is the more excusably silent on this article.

After all, it is impossible for any modern to determine, whether Horace and Tibullus meant the same Titius; and indeed it is of no consequence.

Ver. 85. *Wide stands my gate for all.*] This is an image borrowed from the practice of the Roman lawyers. There is no word in the English language which fully expresses the meaning of the Latin verb *deducere*. It implies that solicitous attendance which the younger paid to men of eminence, or clients to their patrons. To form a just idea of this custom, a modern must consult Juvenal, and *Cicero de petitione consulatus.* Tibullus,

Tibullus probably had in his thoughts some verses of Callimachus, which Stobæus (Serm. 114) has preserved.

> Γηρασκει δ' ὁ γερων κεινος ιλαφροτερων,
> καυρακι φον φιλεουσι, τοι δε μιν ὀυτε ποτεκα.
> χειρος επ' οικειην αχρις αγουσι θυρην. Valp.

NOTES ON ELEGY V.

Tibullus had unfortunately boasted, that Delia had not so great an ascendant over him as she imagined. Being willing to know the extent of her authority, she forbade him her presence. This he at first treated as an order which would give him no pain to comply with; but he was soon convinced of his error, and found that his felicity consisted solely in her converse. To reinstate himself, therefore, in her good graces, this Elegy was composed.

Ver. 5. No poet, perhaps, ever used fewer similes than Tibullus. The principal object always employed him too much to think of resemblances. Virgil has applied the simile of the top to Amata, in the seventh Æneid; as Valerius Flaccus does to Medea, in the eighth book of his Argonautics. Things, of no dignity in themselves, become important in the hands of a real poet.

Ver. 9. When the ancients begged a favour, they generally enforced their entreaties by alluding to the objects which were held in the highest esteem by those whom they petitioned. In some-

rous compositions, allusions to a person beloved are introduced with most propriety. The three great elegiac poets abound with many happy instances of this kind.

Ver. 12. Not only the poets, but the physicians, supposed, that sulphur possessed a purifying virtue; whence probably it obtained the epithet το θειον. Indeed, if the infection proceeds from alkaline or putrid miasmata, the streams of brimstone may be antidotal.

Ver. 14. As many diseases were thought by the ancients to spring from supernatural causes, incantation was early introduced into medicine. This indeed was chiefly practised in Persia; but it soon spread; insomuch, that in the days of Pliny the elder, it became so common a practice in Britain, that the Persians themselves, according to that curious author, might seem to have borrowed incantation from our ancestors. *Britannia hodie tam attonite celebrat tantis ceremoniis ut dedisse Persis videri possit.* Lib. xxx. C. 1.

But had Pliny maturely considered the affair, he would have found, that as this, as well as every other superstition, is the offspring of ignorance and imposture, there was no occasion for making Persia its mother-country.

Pomponius Mela informs us, that at Sena (which some call a maritime town in Britain, and others a British island opposite to France) there was a Gallic deity, whose virgin priestesses were called Barrigenæ; and supposed to have the power, by incantation, *(carminibus)* of raising and laying storms, of curing diseases which none else could cure, and of predicting events. He

adds, that they only exerted their magical
ties in compliance with the request of those
men who came on purpose to consult them.
Lib. iii. C.

The use of magic, in the medical art, conti
long, even among the Christians: and there
a time, says Broekhusius, when the inqui
regarded it as a trifling trespass.

If the ancient music cured so many, and
inveterate diseases, as Pliny, Aulus Gellius
others pretend it did, it must have been ver
ferent from that of the moderns.

Ver. 15. This cake, which (as Servius, *a*
viii. ver. 82. informs us) was made three
a year by the vestal virgins, was a compositi
flour and two kinds of salt.

Ver. 17. Scaliger was mistaken, when h
posed that these were infernal sacrifices; f
ana, who was none of the *Dii Inferi*, wa
object of them. *Broek*

Nothing was bound in sacrifices, says B
husius, neither the victim nor the hair, the
ments nor feet. It is certain, too, that S
has asserted the same. (Æn. ii. ver. 133,
And yet some passages may be quoted from
authors, and even from Virgil, where th
appears to have been bound; as, for instanc
following from the twelfth Æneid:

Alii fontemque ignemque ferebant,
Velati lino, et verbena tempora vincti.

We also see that Dido sacrificed (Æn. 4.
one foot bare only; and it is known, that
were tied on the victim. *D*

Ver. 18. Trivia or Diana was applied to in diseases, on many accounts; but especially because infirm bodies were supposed to be greatly under the influence of that planet. Gruterus has preserved many addresses to this goddess in his inscriptions. Lovers, in particular, implored her assistance. See Seneca's tragedy of Hippolitus, and the second Idyllium of Theocritus.

Broekhus.

Ver. 25. No passion makes more frequent feasts on expectation, than love; and a wicked wit has said, that these are the most pleasing meals it enjoys. But, be that as it will, the whole of this passage exhibits a most amiable picture of country retirement, wherein religion, love, and rural affairs, equally conspire to make life truly desirable. Philosophers contend, that we ought not to indulge too flattering prospects of futurity; because, in that case, disappointments fall heavier. But although we may grant that it is an error to be too sanguine in our hopes, yet, when we consider that hope was implanted in us by the all-wise Creator, it will appear little less than a direct contradicting of Providence, to suppress it entirely. Our author was of this opinion. There are few passages in the elegiac poets which surpass this of Tibullus, in the warmth, as well as delicacy of its colouring.

Ver. 32. If it be considered with what harshness even the better sort of the Romans treated their slaves; the good-nature, so conspicuous in this sentiment of our poet, must give us an amiable idea of his benevolence.

The peasants, mentioned in the text, were slaves

born on the estate. The Romans called them *Vernæ*.

Ver. 33. Tibullus's mistress was not to be employed solely in acts of economy; devotion was also to accompany her thrift. The several offerings, enumerated in the original, are preserved in the version.

Daps, according to the ancient grammarians, signifies a sacred banquet; and in this sense Tibullus uses it here. Passages, however, occur in classic authors, where that word only means a common entertainment. M. Cato, in his treatise '*de Re Rustica*,' l. 83. tells us, that the offering for the health and fecundity of the herds, might be made either by a slave or by a freedman; but that, if they chose to succeed in their petitions, no woman should be permitted to be present at the ceremony. Tibullus therefore judiciously omits that circumstance of rural devotion.

Ver. 37. Martial improperly applies this line to Nemesis:

Ussit Amatorem Nemesis lasciva Tibullum,
In tota juvit quem nihil esse domo.

Lib. xiv. 193.

Ver. 38. Can any thing be more delicate than this compliment to his patron, that even Delia could give him no complete satisfaction without his company? His love, indeed, was the more violent passion; but friendship for Messala had also rooted itself deep in his heart. Strokes of this exquisite nature are only to be expected from those who have access to the great, but whom the great have not infected with selfishness. Mr.

Iammond has applied this thought to Lord Chesrfield:

> 'Stanhope shall come and grace his rural friend;
> Delia shall wonder at her noble guest,
> With blushing awe the riper fruit commend,
> And for her husband's patron call the best.'
>
> *El.* xiii.

It is astonishing, that a late critic did not make Iilton indebted to our author, for the manner in hich that great poet represented Eve attending n the angel Gabriel. Many of his alleged imitaons are not half so well founded. But one who ealt in the rubbish of Staphorstius and Foxius, ould have no taste for the elegances of Tibullus.

Ver. 48. This is such an appeal to heaven, as ust appear very becoming in a person conscious ? his own innocence. The ancients imagined, iat disasters were inflicted by the gods on morls, as a punishment only for their failing in the ities of religion: but experience shows us, that ie best men are often exposed to the greatest camities. Prior has put a fine appeal of this kind to the mouth of Emma, in that beautiful poem ' his, intituled 'Henry and Emma:'

> Let envious jealousy, and canker'd spight,
> Produce my actions to severest light,
> And tax my open day and secret night:
> Did e'er my eye an inward thought reveal,
> Which angels might not hear, or virgins tell?
> And hast thou in my conduct, Henry, known,
> That I, of all mankind, have lov'd but you alone?

Ver. 50. Who can read these ancient superstious *penances, and not* agree with Dr. Middle-

ton, that the Romish church is the daughter of the Pagan?

According to Broekhusius, the beating the head against the sacred threshold was an expiatory ceremony brought from Egypt along with the goddess Isis. This is the only passage of antiquity, where this extraordinary rite is mentioned; from whence that commentator concludes, that it neither prevailed long, nor was generally received, at Rome.

Ver. 54. The original is variously read by editors; that which the translator has retained was the correction of Scaliger, and is approved of by Broekhusius.

Among the few natural descriptions to be found

NOTES ON ELEGY VI.

TIBULLUS's mistress had, it would seem, shown too great a regard to a richer gallant. This gave our poet uncommon uneasiness: to conquer which, he not only had recourse to the bottle, though otherwise temperate; but even attempted to forget her ungenerous behaviour in the company of the fair. Experience, however, soon convinced him, that nothing could make him either forget, or be happy without her; and gave occasion to this poem.

Some editors have most injudiciously tacked this Elegy to the former.

Ver. 6. *Devovere*, the word of the original, properly signifies, *frigore ferire eam partem, qua viri sumus; ut quantumvis cupiamus, tamen omnimè possumus.* The French call it *nouer l'aiguillette;* and the doctors of the canon law say, that such people are *frigidi et malificiati.* *Broukhus.*

Ovid has informed us of the various means by which such an imbecility may be produced.

> *Num mea thessalico languent devota veneno*
> *Corpora? Num misero carmen et herba nocent?*
> *Sagave punicea defixit nomina cera*
> *Et medium tenues in jecur egit acus.*
>
> El. vii. Lib. iii.

So similar is superstition in all ages.

Apuleius Celsus gravely prescribes a remedy, by which the *vincula veneris* may be untied. (Lib. de Medic. Herb. c. 7.) See a curious story of this kind, which Herodotus relates of Amasis, the *Egyptian king,* in his Enterpe.

Ver. 8. The hair here mentioned by our poet,

is that of a yellow colour, *flava coma;* and, indeed, yellowness may with propriety be called the classical colour of hair, since some of the greatest beauties of antiquity, both men and women, are represented by the poets with this sort of hair. So variable are our ideas of beauty! The Italians, however, even to this day, praise *chiome d'oro.* See a curious dissertation on this subject by Jo. Arntzenius, intituled '*De colore et tinctura comarum,*' &c.

Ver. 10. The heathen poets, in comparing a person to any of their deities, had a sure method of giving the reader a picture of that person; as the statues of their gods were known to every one, and their features ascertained: and this, says the ingenious author of the Polymetis, is one rea-

modern sisterhood. Ovid has concisely imitated his imprecation:

Di tibi dent nullos lares inopemque senectam,
Et longas hyemes, perpetuamque sitim.

Propertius carries his malice still further:

Terra tuum spinis obducat lena sepulcrum
Et tua, quod non vis, sentiat umbra sitim.

The ancients believed, that nothing could prevent the curses of a person, unjustly injured, from taking effect. Of all the moderns, no poet surpasses Oldham in these sort of imprecations. Vulpius is of opinion, that the poet wishes the bawd to be affected with that species of madness, which makes the diseased think themselves metamorphosed into wolves. This is far-fetched.

Ver. 22. Commentators are greatly divided in their interpretations of this passage. The true meaning seems to be this: The Romans had private feasts upon the death of their friends, called *Silicernia*, from *Silex* and *Cœna*, or supping upon a stone; part of which they eat, and left the rest on the tomb for the ghosts to feed upon. And therefore it became proverbial, on extreme misery, to say, that one got his victuals from the tombs. *Dart.*

Ver. 33. This thought is one of the least delicate in Tibullus: and therefore the translator has not only omitted it, but given a different turn to the whole passage from *pauper erit*, &c.

Ver. 35. —*the gate still bolted stands.*] The word used in the original, Servius (Ad. Lib. i. *Æn. v. 127.*) derives from *fatim hiscere.*

Ver. 36. The young people, both of
and Italy, when they went to visit their mi
at night, often carried torches along witl
to burn the doors of those who should re
grant them admittance. This boisterous p
gallantry, which the modern spirits call '
the rounds,' puts one in mind of the answe
by one of the family of Huntly, who wa
prisoner at the battle of Musselburgh,
Duke of Somerset, in consequence of that
having asked his prisoner, 'how he stood
to the marriage between Edward VI. a
young Mary of Scotland?' 'I have no ob
my Lord Duke, to the match; but like n
method of courtship.'

at quarter; but so very far was our poet
rceiving this, that after an apology, which
y husband could not but appear highly im-
nt, he proposes to him to be received into
ily, and to become a spy on Delia's actions.
stly observes on this overture of Tibullus,

gue ab incauto nimium petit ille marito.

1. This censure of love is highly passionate.
y, like certain diseases, converts the most
me nourishment into bad humours. The
tion probably alludes to the masks worn
on the stage, *viz.* an infant's face, with the
d claws of a lion behind.

4. Virgil, in the following lines, seems to
itated this passage of our poet.

Magnum et memorabile nomen
, dolo divum, si fœmina victa duorum est!

Ir. Addison somewhere calls the wittiest
: in the Æneid: but is not the

llens humeris famamque et fata nepotum

ame poem, even more epigrammatic?

11. Ovid hints at this incredulity of our
his *Tristia*,

edere juranti durum putat esse Tibullus.
Lib. ii.

who have been jointly engaged in actions,
t has been necessary to conceal by lies or
, can never afterwards have a thorough
nce in each other. So void of foundation
iendship of the wicked.

14. These thoughts Ovid ha[illegible] in
places of his amorous writ[illegible]

rious Broekhusius having collected from Pliny
e names of those herbs, which were supposed
produce the effects mentioned in the text, the
ıder, if he is curious in those matters, may con-
t him. The same critic is also very full on the
rtiunculæ of the original, calling them, no
ubt, very sagaciously, 'the certain marks of
lid joy.'

Ver. 22. Some editors change the *minus* of the
iginal into *nihil*, and thus explain the passage:
f you keep your wife from the company of other
en, I shall be the less displeased to be debarred
r presence; it depends therefore entirely upon
urself, to prevent my approaching her.' *Ser-*
re, understood in this manner, is the same with

who, on that occasion, however accidentally, would view those mysteries. It is true indeed, that the adventure of Clodius might have convinced even the vulgar, of the folly and superstition of such an apprehension; yet was the attempt itself regarded by all as the height of profanation; and if that turbulently frantic nobleman committed, at that time, in Cæsar's house, the crimes with which Cicero charges him, Cæsar was in the right to divorce Pompeia: as the reason he gave for it, *viz.* 'that Cæsar's wife was not to be suspected,' ought to be looked upon as the result of that delicacy and superiority of genius, which raised him, even in domestic matters, above the level of other men.

Ver. 34. Scaliger, from the word *aram*, (which is found in many of the old MSS. and editions,) conjectures, that the worship mentioned in the text, must have been at the consul's house; and infers, that, as none but women of the first rank had admittance there, Delia must have been a woman of fashion. Broekhusius, on the other hand, (supported by an almost equal number of editions and MSS.) reads *aras;* and contends, that Tibullus meant by that expression, one of the two public temples in Rome dedicated to the *bona dea*, alleging, that Delia was a *muliercula imi ordinis.* But should not Broekhusius have considered, that the poets often use the plural number for the singular. Vid. El. ii. Lib. ii. Lin. 1.

According to P. Victor, the *bona dea* had two temples; one in the 12th, and the other in the *13th region of Rome.* This stood on that part of the *Aventine Hill,* which was called Remuria;

and that at the foot of the same hill Broekhusius remarks, it received the of *Subsaxana*.

Ver. 37. In Helen's fine epistle to is a thought of the same kind.

Tu modo me spectas oculis lascive protc
Quos vix instantes lumina nostra fer
Et modo suspiras, modo pocula proxima
Sumis, quaque bibi, tu quoque parte b
Ah quoties digitis, quoties ego tecta nota
Signa supercilio pene loquenti dari,
Et sæpe extimui ne vir meus illa videret
Non satis occultis erubuique notis.

Which is thus Engiished by Dryden.

'Sometimes you'd sigh, sometimes disorder'
And with unusual ardour press my hand;
Contrive just after me to drink the gla
Nor would you let the least occasion pass,
Which oft I fear'd I did not mind alone,
And blushing sat for things which you have

We are not, however, to suppose, that rowed the thought from Tibullus; fo stratagems which have been practised all ages.

Ver. 40. Broekhusius (whom few co have exceeded in the knowledge of a toms of no moment) informs us, that t of challenging to drink, was a fashion Rome from Greece. See the verses bœus (Serm. xvi.) has preserved, said ten by Panyasis the poet, who was citi cousin-german to Herodotus the histori

According to Theophrastus, (as Pli l. 36. c. 21.) your boon companions of

drinking-matches, used the powder of pu-
which had this recommendatory property,
hey ran a risk of their lives, unless they
wed after it an immense quantity of wine;
o cold is the pumice, (adds he) that a little
eing thrown into must, will stop its ferment-

. 41. *Excusatio quam frequens, tam frivola,*
ms the good Broekhusius.

. 61. Our poet's natural heat of disposition
orts him to think, that he is again admitted
guardianship of Delia; and the more to in-
e her husband to intrust Delia to his care,
kes Heaven and Bellona denounce vengeance
t any gallant, who should make advances to
nilst abroad.

he description of Bellona's priestess (which
bles what we are told of Baal's priests in the
ook of Kings, c. 18.), our author's language
and shows that what Quintilian applied to
is, may with equal propriety be said of Ti-
. *Si in lusus et amores descendat, majoribus*
aptior est.

: Bellonarii were fortune-tellers; and their
priest, according to Juvenal, was a eunuch.
strolled about the streets, foreboding diseases,
hese the superstitious were fain to avert,
nations of eggs, and a particular coloured
nt, called *zerampelina;* which, when hung
the temple of their goddess, had, it seems,
wer of averting those calamities, with which
nor had been menaced. Vid. Juv. Sat. vi.
26.

68. She mocks all torture.] Literally, 'she

ads not the twisted lash,' which, according to oekhusius, was the *flagellum* with which Bel- a used to flog her votaries into madness, whence y received the appellations of *entheati et fa- ici.*

Ver. 78. *E'en were you guilty.*] In the original,

Si tamen admittas, sit tamen illa levis.

is passage is difficult. We have followed the erpretation of Broekhusius. Vulpius thus ex- ins it:—*Conniveat delicto, nec extemplo velit plicium sumere.*

Ver. 86. The social and benevolent passions are ery where resplendent in our poet; and these some measure ought to compensate for his amo- s failings. Let it be considered, that Augustus nself wrote some obscene poems: Example, wever, is no justification of vice.

Ver. 89. By the *stola* and *vitta* mentioned in original, the good Cyllenius *sacerdotum integri- em, et matronarum pudicitiam, intelligebat.* But

ands.' This will sound very odd in a modern ine lady's ears, and no wonder; for from this we ave an undeniable proof, that the present age, in oint of gallantry, has many advantages over the Augustan.

Ver. 105. The text says, 'May she in poverty nd in age draw twisted threads with a trembling and, or work on a borrowed loom, or gain a wretched subsistence by picking of wool.' Joannes Secundus has happily imitated this imprecation.

Sera tibi veniet fastus vindicta protervi
Ætatis teneræ crimina flebis anus.
Cum tibi cælatum laxis, pulcherrima, rugis
Luridus inficiet pallor anile caput.
Conductamque trahens tremebundo pollice lanam
Involves fuso stamina longa brevi.
Adspiciet lacrimas ridens Erycina Seniles
Et levis excussa plaudet amor pharetra.
Et juvenes omnes, et me, tua probra juvabunt.
Lux, precor, ô fato sit prior illa meo.

El. viii. Lib. ii.

Ver. 112. This is a most extraordinary conclusion. The original in Broekhusius is,

Exemplum cana stemus uterque coma.

Other editions read *simus*, which, for obvious reasons, we have adopted.

Pedo Albinovanus, and Juvenal, use the word *exemplum* in the same sense.

NOTES ON ELEGY VIII.

In this poem, for it deserves a nobler appell
than that of elegy, Tibullus celebrates the b
day of his patron, the virtuous Messala; u
which occasion he introduces the Sister-Fate
preordaining him to the conquest of Aquit
As our poet attended Corvinus in that import
expedition, he takes an opportunity of modes
mentioning his own share of the service. See t
life prefixed.

From celebrating the reduction of Aquitai
and mentioning Messala's triumph on that acc
our poet hints at his patron's
years before

Nuptiis Pelei et Thetidos,' introduces the fates singing the future glories of Achilles. The Parcæ were three in number; their names were Clotho, Lachesis, and Atropos; Hesiod, in his Theogony, calls them the daughters of Jupiter and Themis. Clotho held the distaff, Lachesis spun, and Atropos cut the thread.

Ver. 4. Aquitain was the third division of old Gaul, and reached from the Garonne to the Pyrenees, comprehending Guienne, Gascony, &c.

Messala, upon his having reduced to obedience that extensive and important province, triumphed A. U. C. 721, in the seventh consulship of Augustus, and third of Agrippa, on the seventh of the calends of October, when Tibullus was thirty-six years of age.

Ver. 7. This is a noble and poetical figure. Atur, (now Ador, or L'Ador), is a river of Aquitain, that runs into the ocean. Ausonius calls it *Aturrus*, and Ptolemy *Aturius*.

Ver. 11. Although no institution contributed more to the greatness of Rome, than the public honours bestowed on its conquerors, yet does humanity disapprove of their triumphs. Cleopatra destroyed herself, to avoid attending in chains the triumphal car of Augustus.

Ver. 13. The triumphal car was drawn by four white horses. Propertius (El. i. Lib. iv. ver. 37) attributes this institution to Romulus; but Broekhusius seems rather inclined to believe that Camillus, after having made himself master of the famous city of Veii, which had held out a ten-years' siege, was the *first* who invented and put in practice this ceremony. Could any stress be laid on the authority of Statius, the custom would appe

to be of a much more ancient date. For that poet describes Theseus triumphing over the Amazons, in a chariot drawn by white horses, (Lib. xii. v. 542.) But however this may be, we know that white horses were held in the highest estimation of old; since not only the kings of Persia used steeds of that colour in their chariots; but the conquerors, at the sacred games of Greece, were drawn by white horses, when they made their public entries into their several cities; and Curtius informs us, that the car, consecrated to Jove, had horses of that colour.

The triumphal car was ornamented with ivory and gold; but if the reader is curious to inform himself of all that can now be known concerning the vehicles of antiquity, he may consult Scheffe-rus's book on that subject. *Broekhus.*

Ver. 16. *Tarbella.*] This is a town in Gascony, at present called Tarbe. Charles Stevens says, that it is the *Aquæ Tarbellæ* of Ausonius, and probably the *Aquæ Augustæ* of Ptolemy.

Ibid. *Saintoigne Shore.*] A maritime province of Aquitain.

Ver. 17.

> Witness the land, where steals the silent Soane;
> Where rush the Garonne and the' impetuous Rhone.

These rivers are finely contrasted. Every body knows them.

Ver. 21. Our poet having particularized most of the battles fought by Messala in Aquitain, in which he himself signalized his courage, makes a transition to the exploits performed by the same *illustrious* general, three years before in Cilicia, *Syria,* and Egypt. This leads him to expatiate

onder of Egypt, the Nile; and to invite
e great god of that country, to come and
the birth-day of his patron. *Broek.*

:. *Fair Cydnus.*] A noble river of Cilicia,
irtius thus describes: *Non spatio aqua-
liquore memorabilis; quippe leni tractu,
labens, puro solo excipitur; nec torren-
unt, qui placide manantis alveum turbent;
:orruptus, idemque frigidissimus, quippe
arum amœnitate inumbratus, ubique fon-
similis, in mare evadit.* Lib. iii. c. iv. So
a geographer is Tibullus: but he pro-
s an eye-witness of what he describes.
.ife.

:. *Taurus.*] So Broekhusius interprets the
t in the original; *Ducta tralatione,* (says
ca, *quæ grandioribus glebis latior eminent*
ıs.

a vast range of mountains, which reach-
ircularly from sea to sea, divides Cilicia
ıphilia, Pisidia, and the other surrounding
. Both Cilicia and Taurus are thus ac-
lescribed by Xenophon in his Anabasis:
δε κατεβαινει εις πεδιον μεγα, καλον καὶ
καὶ δενδρων παντοδαπων εμπλεον και αμ-
:αι Σησαμον και μελινην και κεγχρον και
:ι κριθας, Φερει. Ορος δε αυτο περιεχει
ὑψηλον παντη εκ θαλαττης εις θαλατταν.
e army descended into a spacious plain,
s beautiful and well watered, producing
vines in great plenty, but every other
ruit-trees, and corn of all sorts. This
surrounded from sea to sea by a range
ıountains of very difficult access.'

When the Persians were masters of Asia, the great Baron Montesquieu) they pern those who conveyed a spring to any place, v had not been watered before, to enjoy the be of it for five generations; and as a numbe streams flowed from Mount Taurus, they sp no expense in directing the course of their wat And thus, at this day, without knowing how t were brought thither, streams are found in gr numbers in the fields and gardens of Cilicia.

L'Esprit des Loix.

Ver. 28. Palæstine was a province of Syri The Syrians abstained both from fish and pigeon on a religious account. Hyginus has explaine the reason of it in his 197th fable.

Broekhusius advises the re of Roman

umstance which had more than once endan-
d the destruction of this city by earthquakes;
trabo informs us, lib. xvi. The reason as-
ed by Broekhusius, why the tyrants made their
ses so lofty, is,—that they might command a
ant prospect of the sea. But might not also
be done for the sake of more accurately ob-
ring the motions of the heavenly bodies? espe-
ly if, with Mr. Glover, we look upon astrono-
as the child of commerce. (See Mr. Glover's
ant poem, intituled, 'London.') The truth,
wever, I believe is, that building on a rock in a
ited compass, the Tyrians supplied, like us in
ndon, the want of room, by multiplication of
ries.

Ver. 31. The annual overflowing of the Nile
s a phenomenon which long puzzled the natu-
ists; and a variety of hypotheses were formed
explain the causes of it; all of which Diodorus
ulus has judiciously refuted in the end of the
t book of his 'Universal History,' except that
Agathargines the Cnidian, which ascribes the
ng of the Nile in summer to the rains that fall
Ethiopia, the country where the Nile hath its
rce.

The overflowing and course of the Nile is thus
plained by Mr. Thomson, in a manner no less
etical than just.

The treasures [1] these, hid from the bounded search
Of ancient knowledge; whence, with annual pomp,
Rich king of floods, o'erflows the swelling Nile!
From his *two springs*, in Gojam's sunny realm,

[1] *Viz.* The Vapours.

Pure welling out, he through the lucid lake
Of fair Dambea rolls his infant stream.
There by the Naiads nurs'd, he sports away
His playful youth amid the fragrant isles
That with unfading verdure smile around:
Ambitious, thence the manly river breaks,
And gathering many a flood, and copious fed
With all the mellowed treasures of the sky,
Winds in progressive majesty along;
Through splendid kingdoms now devolves his maze,
Now wanders wild o'er solitary tracts
Of life-deserted sand; till, glad to quit
The joyless desert, down the Nubian rocks
From thundering steep to steep, he pours his urn,
And Egypt joys beneath the spreading wave.

Summe

Norden, in his travels, relates the cer
present practised at C
the

The Greeks honoured Jupiter Pluvius with a
articular devotion. The friends of Polynices,
ho had united to restore that prince to the throne
' Thebes, swore at the altar of this deity, that
ey would effectuate their purpose, or die in the
ttempt. See Pausan. in Corinth: who also in-
rms us, in his Bœotia, that the worship of this
eity was performed in the open air. According
Strabo, the Indians also worshipped Jupiter
luvius, together with the river Ganges, and the
enii *Indigites*. He was also honoured at Rome
a singular manner. It is said too, that in a
reat drought, the Romans dragged into their city
certain large stone, which lay originally near
e temple of Mars, beyond the *Porta Capena;*
nd as rain immediately fell, the stone obtained
e name of the *Saxum manale*, and the ceremony
self was called *Aquælicium*. See Festus. Was
is stone a natural hygrometer? Even in our days,
nd in Romish countries, the catholic priests, in
imes of drought, seldom venture to lead forth
heir saints in procession, till they have observed
he fall of the mercury.

Ver. 35. The best comment on this and the
wenty-five following lines, are two passages, one
rom the first book of Diodorus Siculus, and the
ther from the Thalia of Herodotus. That from
Diodorus is as follows: μετα δε ταυτα (says that
curious and faithful historian) τον Κρονον αρξαι, και
γημαντα την αδελφην Ρειαν, γενεσαι καθα μεν τινας
των μυθολογων Οσιριν και Ισιν, &c. The other
from Herodotus has thus been translated. 'Apis,
whom the Greeks called επαφος, was the calf of

a cow incapable of bearing another, and no
wise to be impregnated than by thunder, a
Egyptians affirmed. The marks that disting
him from all others were these. His bod
large and black, except one square of wh
the forehead: he had the figure of an eagle
back; a double list of hair on his tail; and
rabeus under his tongue: επι δε τη γλωσσ
θαρον.'

When this strange god manifested himself
the Egyptians, they put on their richest a
and feasted splendidly; and when he disap
their mourning was as extreme.

Ver. 37. Virgil and Ovid attribute the
tion of the plough to Ceres. Mythologis
she is the same with Isis, the sister and
Osiris. Triptolemus, whom Ceres inst
taught the natives of Greece and Asia the
husbandry. Those of ancient Italy were i
ed in it by Saturn; and the Spaniards
their teacher in agriculture one Hebades.

Broe

Ver. 65. The god mentioned in the tex
nius, or that power, who, as the Romans im
was the guardian of a man, from the hou
birth to his death; hence called by the
Δαιμων μυσαγογος βιου. These gods the
represent sometimes in the form of a
sometimes in that of a boy, and sometimes
of an old man, crowned with leaves of pla
On several coins of Trajan and Adrian,
holds in his hand a patera, over an altar
with flowers; and from his left hangs

whip. The offerings presented to this deity, as Dart justly observes, were generally the salted cake (or *mola*), flowers, wine, and frankincense.

Ver. 76. Nothing, says Mr. Dart very truly, raises a higher idea among the moderns of the ancient Roman greatness, than their public ways.

When Augustus Cæsar perceived that the different roads leading to Rome were, through neglect, become of difficult passage, he took upon himself the reparation of the *via Flaminia*, as far as Arminium, and enjoined the senators to mend the other roads. This happened A. U. C. 727, as Dio Cassius, in the fifty-third book of his history, informs us. The way which fell to the share of Messala was a branch of the Latin road, which that excellent Roman either paved a-new, or repaired: for, from the situation of Tusculum and Alba, it could not be the *via Valeria*, as Pighius conjectured. See Bergerius, lib. ii. on the Roman Military-ways. *Brockhus.*

Messala's road must have been esteemed a strong and durable work, since Martial, to represent that perpetuity of fame, to which, as a poet, he thought himself entitled, alludes to it in these words:

Et cum rupta situ Messalæ saxa jacebunt.
El. iii. Lib. viii.

NOTES ON ELEGY IX.

MARATHUS, one of the poet's friends, had become enamoured of Pholoe; but as that had formerly affected an aversion to love, l wanted to conceal his passion. This, T tells him, was to no purpose, as he knew fr own experience, all the symptoms of an desire; among which he chiefly particula sudden attention to dress. Tibullus info friend, that so extraordinary an applica finery was neither required in him, who wa figure; nor agreeable to Pholoe, who app have been a woman of sense; and asks hi he expected that foppishness should make pression on the heart of one who despise thing else but an elegant simplicity in a The poet next inquires, by what spells he himself under the banner of love? But i ately resolves the question himself, by e cally calling beauty the most powerful of ments.

From some parts of the poem, it wou that Pholoe had not always been so insen the merits of Marathus. This change of our makes the poet warmly expostulate w for his young friend, whom he introduce tically lamenting the rigour of his destin poem concludes with a prediction, that Pholoe altered her conduct, heaven wo doubtedly punish her.

The commentators suppose that th Pholoe mentioned by Horace, in his

lressed to Tibullus; and, indeed, it must fessed, that these gentlemen have not al- o good a foundation for their conjectures. lso take it for granted, that the Cyrus of in the same poem, was our Marathus; hey represent as a foreigner, and formerly . Their arguments, however, in defence last supposition, are too trifling for confu-

6. The poet here mentions three sorts of ion; the oracular, that of inspecting the of animals, and that called augury. This ich consisted in deducing events from the in which birds fed, and from their flight aming, was so particularly regarded by the s, that few enterprises of consequence were without the previous sanction of the holy ns: and as these were under the manage- f the officers of state, and leaders of the hey were employed generally to the pur- f policy. This kind of divination was not r to the Romans; for we find from the that their supposed ancestors, the Trojans, d also in augury. Hector, indeed, seems e no confidence in the flight, &c. of birds; Homer every where represents him as a an excellent head and heart, we may rea- ppose, that the old bard himself was of the ay of thinking.

7. None but those who have felt love can per judges of that passion. Reading, in- may give some imperfect ideas of it; but *ence is the only* certain teacher. This is *ibullus means* by the magic fillets. Sal-

masius, therefore, is mistaken in making the *magicus nodus* of the text signify knots, such as are mentioned in the notes upon the fifth Elegy.

Ver. 10. There is a sentiment, as Vulpius justly observes, similar to this in Euripides:

> Κυπρις γαρ ου Φοιβητος ην πολλη ρυη
> Ἡ τον μεν εικουσ' ἡσυχη μετειχετοι
> Ὁν δαν περισσα καὶ Φρονουσθ' ὑβρη μεγα
> Τουτον λαβουσα πως δοκεις καθυβρισεν.
>
> *In Hippolit.*

Ver. 13. The original may be thus literally interpreted: 'Oh! what avails it now, that you surcharged your cheeks with juices to make them smooth and ruddy? and what, that you have your nails paired by the learned hand of an expert artist? In vain you vary the parts of your dress, and in vain you confine your compressed foot within so neat a sandal.'

The *succus splendens* of the text, (if Brocklusius justly interprets it) was not an over-delicate preparation; for, according to him, it was *crassius sputum ex madido pane, quo illinebantur genæ.* Some editions of merit read, *fuco splendenti.*

Well-paired nails were regarded by the Romans as so essential to a genteel appearance, that Horace, to shock us at the witch Canidia, introduces her with unpaired nails: and yet we find that Mecænas was sometimes out of humour with this bard himself, for the same neglect.

Prave sectum stomacheris ob unguem.

From the text, the learned conjecture, that none but the poorer sort of people paired their own

nails, the rich having theirs cut by the barber; yet M. Dacier, upon the following lines of Horace,

Conspexit, ut aiunt,
Adrasum quemdam, vacua tonsoris in umbra,
Cultello proprios purgantem leniter ungues—

remarks, that the Roman ladies had their nails paired by their waiting-maids: in proof of which he cites this passage of our poet,

Quid succo, &c.

which he thus interprets:

'*Pourquoy peindre vos cheveux? Pourquoy vous faire couper les ongles par une femme adroite?*' and confirms this interpretation by adding, '*Porcia s'etant coupé un jour, en se faisant les Ongles, Brutus la gronda d'avoir fait l'office de sa femme de chambre.*' But all that is here advanced (as Broekhusius remarks) is a blunder. For, in the first place, the French critic unaccountably metamorphoses Marathus into a lady; again, Porcia used a barber's pairing knife, as Plutarch assures us; and, lastly, Valerius Maximus thus relates the story of Porcia's wounding herself: *Quæ cum Bruti viri sui consilium, quod de interficiendo Cæsare, ceperit ea nocte, qua dies teterrimi facti secuta est, cognovisset*, &c. When Porcia was let into the secret by Brutus her husband, of his intention to assassinate Cæsar the next day; she, as soon as Brutus left the room, called for a barber's knife, as if she meant to pair her nails; which being brought her, she let it fall as though by chance, and wounded her thigh. Brutus being brough

back into her chamber, by the screams o maids, mildly rebuked her for endeavourin perform the barber's office. But she whisp him, 'I wounded myself on purpose, as a tri my love for you; for should your enterprise I wanted to know with what equanimity I co kill myself.' Lib. iii.

The last line,

Ansaque compressos, &c.

signifies the extreme care Marathus took in making the sandal sit neat on his foot, by tightening the straps tied to the *ansæ* or thongs, which came up on every side of the foot, and were fastened over the instep.

Ver. 18. Many editions read *pallentibus*, and it is certain that the epithet is classical. But we shall not enter into the merits of the two claimants, O and A; but refer those who are fond of such altercation to the Dutch commentator.

Although almost every poet of antiquity has left us his testimony as to the efficacy of spells in producing love; it must not, however, be imagined, that they believed it in reality. For how should spells excite that harmony,

Attuning all their passions into love:
Where friendship full exerts her softest power,
Perfect esteem enliven'd by desire
Ineffable, and sympathy of soul,
Thought meeting thought, and will preventing will
With boundless confidence—

which Thomson makes the essence of love to consist in? But though spells cannot excite love, yet philters, by stimulating, may raise desire

Ver. 21. When the moon was eclipsed, the ancients imagined that she struggled with witchcraft; and, therefore, to relieve her, struck upon instruments of brass and other sonorous bodies, thinking that sounds would accomplish her deliverance. In allusion to this custom, Ovid thus speaks of the blushes of Hermaphroditus:

Hic color aprica pendentibus arbore pomis,
Aut ebori tincto est; aut sub candore rubenti,
Cum frustra resonant æra auxiliariæ, lunæ.

Met. lib. vi.

'A red like this, the ripening apple shows;
So with vermilion dyed, fair ivory glows:
Blushes like these do struggling Cynthia stain;
When aiding brass, and cymbals ring in vain.'

Addison.

And Juvenal, satirically describing a scold, says, that there was no need of a shrill noise of instruments to relieve the labours of the moon; the tongue of this woman being sufficiently qualified to produce such an effect. *Dart.*

Travellers inform us, that this superstition is still practised in several parts of the east, &c.

Ver. 31. These lines are not only extremely indelicate, but give us a displeasing picture of Pholoe's venality.

Ver. 39. *Alas! when age.*] When the fair sex found their estimation upon beauty only, without aiming at any mental accomplishment, it is no wonder, in that case, that they dread old age, and endeavour, by artifices, to repair the decays of nature. Every stage of life has its proper bents and passions. *A rational* attachment to love and plea-

e, is ornamental in youth, allowable in more
vanced life, but preposterous in age. What
racter is more ridiculous than that of a co-
ette of sixty? But, say the fair, can life be
eeable, when the power to raise love is gone?
e then the matronly virtues of no considera-
n? Are friendship and esteem, which can be
oyed in full vigour even in the latest period of
, of no avail? Mental perfection is the root
m whence must spring all the *douceurs* of old
; and mental perfection must be planted in
uth early, if it is ever meant to shoot up to ma-
ity.

Ver. 41.

——— 'Tis vain to try,
Gray scanty locks with yellow nuts to dye.

Meursius and Duport are of opinion, that black
the dye which Tibullus mentions in the text;
t Broekhusius, and especially Arntzenius, prove,
t walnut dyed the hair yellow; which, as has
n observed before, is the classical colour. Vid.

e Augustan age, to signify the same thing in the llowing line:

Causasque affectusque canum tua cura tueri est.

[ence those soldiers, who by infirmity were disbled from campaigning, were called *causarii mites*, and their dismission *causaria missio.*

When the superstitious among the Athenians aw a mad or epileptic person, they, shuddering, pit into their bosom to avert the mischief. And, ndeed, while those disorders were reputed judgnents of Heaven upon the persons affected, no vonder the poor sufferers were hated and shunied: but a sounder philosopher has taught us that uch objects always deserve our pity, and have a ight to all the relief human skill can procure hem.

Ver. 70. *And think I hear her.*] J. Secundus as finely imitated this thought:

Dumque ego blanditiasque tuas, et roscida menti
Oscula præcipio multiplicisque viceis,
Dum vacuam fulsis complexibus aera capto,
Dum mea in absenteis porrigo colla manus,
Et quem cumque movet strepitum levis aura per ædes
Dilectos dominæ suspicor esse pedes.

El. ii. B. ii.

But Broekhusius very justly prefers a description of the same kind in the seventh canto of the 'Orlando Furioso,' (Stanz. 24, 25.)

Ver. 72. *In russet weeds.*] Maittaire and others have injudiciously inserted the original of this line, and the two following ones, at the end of the third Elegy of the second book.

When that part of the Roman gown, which

was commonly tucked under the right arm, and secured by the *umbo* on the left shoulder, was allowed to flow about the wearer; the *toga* was then said to be *laxa*. This the Romans reputed a sign of effeminacy. Hence, it is not surprising that Mecænas dressed in this manner; but that Julius Cæsar should do so, is more unaccountable. And although many instances occur in a neighbouring kingdom, sufficient to convince us, that the fop and the brave soldier are not wholly incompatible; *Væ tamen istis!*

Ver. 68. All the ancient editions read,

Ni desinis esse superba.

Although this may appear odd, says Broekhu

Soft love, spontaneous tree, its parted root
Must from two hearts with equal vigour shoot;
Whilst each delighted, and delighting, gives
The pleasing ecstasy which each receives.
Cherish'd with hope, and fed with joy, it grows;
Its cheerful buds their opening bloom disclose;
And round the happy soil diffusive odour flows.
If angry fate that mutual care denies,
The fading plant bewails its due supplies;
Wild with despair, or sick with grief, it dies.

Solomon, Book ii.

NOTES ON ELEGY X.

THE translator has been obliged to use pretty much the same freedom with this Elegy as he used with the fourth. Had the other Elegies of Tibullus been like these two, he had never taken the trouble of translating them. But, as both in this version are new modelled, it is hoped that neither of them can shock the most delicate chastity.

Ver. 3. Although the justness of these moral reflections is not always discoverable on this side the grave, we have all reason to think that the perjured will meet with a deserved punishment in another state. Horace makes a remark, no less just than moral:

Raro antecedentem scelestum
Deseruit pœna pede claudo.

'When Jove in anger strikes the blow,
Oft with the bad, the righteous bleed;
Yet with sure steps, though lame and slow,
Vengeance overtakes the trembling villain's speed.'

Ariosto, according to Broekhusius, had this passage of Tibullus in his eye, in the beginning of the sixth canto:

Miser chi mal' oprando si confida
Ch' ogn' hor star debbia il maleficio occulto.

Sentences of this sort are to be met with in every author; but are we thence to conclude that they imitated one another? Such observations shoot up in the common of nature, and are to be plucked by every passenger.

Ver. 13. The original, *persolvo*, is a very emphatical verb, importing a discharge of the whole debt, without the smallest diminution. *Broekhus.*

Ver. 15. The delicate among the ancients, who had fine hair, were at great pains to prevent it

Accordingly the commentators, since his time, have all of them differed in their explanations of it. And although none of their expositions are satisfactory, yet that of Broekhusius is the least liable to objections. He says, that the *Tacitus Dei minister* is the deceitful wine; by the vapours of which, drunkenness creeping on, obscures the mind as with a veil; *tanquam velo quodam, aciem mentis obnubit subrepens sensim ebrietas.* This, it must be owned, conveys some meaning; yet the idea conveyed by it appears to be further fetched than those of Tibullus commonly are. Something like this is retained in the version.

Ver. 31. Campania was so called from its being a champaigne *(campestris)* country. It belongs to the kingdom of Naples, and lies south of Abruzzo. It was formerly so fertile, that Pliny and Florus elegantly call it, *Liberi cererisque certamen.* Its present name is, *Terra de Lavoro.* It is still beautiful, though it has lost much of its classic amenity.

Ver. 34. Falernus was one of the most fruitful districts in Campania. Its wines were the most celebrated of any in Italy. Dart alleges, that it received its name from one Falernus, a husbandman, who it seems first cultivated the vine there. It was anciently called Amineum; and hence the epithet *aminea* was applied to wines of that country; and not, as Servius imagines, because there was no minium in them.

Ver. 35. Though the images, in the original, are natural and obvious, yet as they are not appropriated *to amorous* compositions, the translator

has ventured to insert others, whicl
peared to have a better title to the pl

Donec erunt ignes arcusque, cupidinis

of Ovid, would have been more adap
subject, from whence the images oug
spring; and indeed no poet of antiquity
exactly observed this rule than Ovid ha
in the Elegy from which the above line i
and in this view cannot be too carefully
Pastoral poets frequently err, and ever
himself is not entirely blameless, in this par
Mr. Pope in this, and in most other cases,
correctness of judgment is requisite, has bee
passed by none. How excellent, for instanc
these lines in his Rape of the Lock!

This day black omens threat the brightest fair,
That e'er deserv'd a watchful spirit's care;
Some dire disaster, or by force, or slight:
But what, or where, the fates have wrapt in nigh
Whether the nymph shall break Diana's law,
Or some frail china jar receive a flaw;
Or stain her honour, or her new brocade,
Forget her prayers, or miss a masquerade;
Or lose her heart, or necklace, at a ball,
Or whether heaven has doom'd that Shock must

Canto 1

Ver. 49. This Elegy abounds in difficult
sages; nor is the original of this passage the
obscure: should therefore the translator err
the critical reader will the more easily pardon
He had, however, in his eye, the following el
lines of Horace:

Nunc et latentis proditor intimo
Gratus puellæ risus ab angulo,
Pignusve dereptum lacertis,
Aut digito male pertinaci.

all, the sentiment, as it appears in Tibullus, ɔast of no delicacy.

:. 62. *May bed-gowns guard her.*] From this and some others in Tibullus, many critics conjectured that our poet's talent was no less d to the satiric, than to the elegiac muse. translator, however, would have been better sed had his author given no proofs of genius ıat disagreeable species of writing. He has, :efore, been less solicitous in rendering the full :e of the original.

Ver. 63.

May she, O may she like your sister prove,
As fam'd for drinking, &c.]

The Romans entertained so great an abhorrence drunkenness in a woman, that the laws of the elve tables permitted the husband to punish his fe with death, if found guilty of that crime.

Ver. 85. *Faciunt hoc homines* (says the moral :ero) *quos, in summa nequitia, non solum libido voluptas, verum etiam ipsius nequitiæ fama de-:at; ut multis in locis, notas ac vestigia scelerum rum relinqui velint.* But Vulpius thinks, that : poet did not mean a shield, but a hand, *ılma)* which he proves the ancients used, metimes to hang up in their temples, to denote t it was now freed from the fetters of deceitful e. If this is the interpretation, it may be thus nslated:

'*To love I'll* dedicate a hand of gold,
And this inscription shall the cause unfold.'

NOTES ON ELEGY XI.

THERE are very few of our poet's Elegies w
surpass the following. By the words,

Nunc ad bella traher,

it would seem that Tibullus was about to de
on some military expedition. Broekhusius co
tures that it was written soon after his being
pointed to follow Messala to Syria; and, of co
that it ought to take place of the third Eleg
this book. But the translator cannot help d
ing from that learned commentator: for w
the third Elegy was composed, it is known

ory, of the sect of Epicurus. The cheerful yment of the present hour was their fundaital maxim.

Ver. 1. *Who was the first that forg'd.*] Authors er greatly in their opinions about this matter. stotle asserts, that one Lydus of Scythia first wed the method of tempering and working in ss. Theophrastus ascribes this discovery to la, a Phrygian. Callimachus, on the other d, curses the Chalybes as the inventors of iron, l thus addresses Jove to destroy them:

Ζευ πατερ ὡς χαλυβων παν απολοιτο γενος·

nile Hesiod lays this to the charge of the ctyli Idei in Crete: as others say, that the Cyps were the first who worked in that metal. e Lemnians, on the same account, are branded many; and hence the proverbial expressions λεμνια κακα, λεμνια χειρ, and λεμνιον βλεπειν. cclus is also said by some to have invented the apons of war; but Diodorus Siculus imputes ir discovery to Isis and Osiris. But the true thor was probably Tubal Cain.

Ver. 6. *Arms first were forg'd.*] This, in fact, is t true; ambition first taught man the use of ns. Pliny tells us, that Prætus and Acrisius, en at war with one another, invented the eld; and that Midias, the Messanian, invented oat of mail; and that the Lacedemonians inted the helmet, sword, and spear. (Lib. vii. c. 56.)

Ver. 8. Poets have generally given full scope their indignation, when speaking of gold: they ve *looked upon it* to be (what it indeed too often

the destroyer of love, the support of unjust am-
ion, and the parent of luxury.

ἡ φιλοχρημοσυνη μητερ, &c.

The worst of ills from sordid avarice flow;
And gold is but the glittering bait of woe.
Nefarious gold, with virtue's bane replete:
Oh, that thy fatal poison were less sweet!
Of thee are born wars, murders, and alarms,
Paternal curses, and fraternal arms.

lthough it must be confessed, that all these mis-
efs have, on some occasions, arisen from gold:
t he is but little acquainted with the history of
man nature, who does not know that almost all
great passions to which man is subject, have

This perplexed the commentators, who knowing that the commons of Rome, in times of peace, or when acting in their civil capacity, neither wore arms themselves, nor had them to wear, much less to dispose of, (for the arms of that people, as well as their military clothing, were placed in the custody of the supreme magistrates, who, from the public armories occasionally delivered them out) at last thus happily restored the passage,

Tunc mihi vita foret dulcis: nec tristia nossem.

An emendation which Broekhusius approves of.

———*A boar shall bleed.*] The whole of this address to his household-gods is pathetic and animated. This line has been strangely corrupted in the original; the true reading however is,

Hostia erit plena rustica porcus hara.

As many from the old reading

Hostia e plena, &c.

supposed something wanting, Pontanus thus boldly endeavoured to supply the deficiency:

At nobis erata lares depellite tela;
Nec petat hostili missa sagitta manu;
Neu gladio celer instet eques; prosint mihi ad aras
Quæque tuli supplex munera quæque feram;
Thure pio callantque foci, pinguisque trahatur
Hostia de plena mystica porcus hara.

But the word *trahatur*, as Broekhusius observes, betrays the forgery; for victims were not dragged, but led to the altar. Should not the *plena hara*, in the original, have convinced those authors, who affect to *represent* Tibullus as poor, that his circumstances were far otherwise?

The ritual compiled by Numa prescribed not only the ceremonies to be used, but the sacrifices to be offered, in the worship of each deity. The Romans, however, when they became more powerful and wealthy, added not only to the number of victims originally required, but enlarged also the species, or kinds of offerings. Whence this practice arose is not difficult to determine; yet, in spite of pontifical juggle, the Roman devotion always retained much of its primitive simplicity.

Ver. 35. Servius informs us, that the Roman priests always put on the white linen garment, bordered with purple, when they were about to sacrifice. It was called pure and unpolluted, according to the same author, *Quando non obstita, non fulgurita, non funesta, neque maculam habens,* Φ. K. *homine mortuo.*

Ver. 36. Hence, says Broekhusius, we may remark, that myrtle was no less acceptable to the Lares than to Venus herself; and Horace informs us, that they were often crowned with this pleasant evergreen.

> —— *Te nihil attinet*
> *Tentare multa cæde bidentium,*
> *Parvos coronantem marino*
> *Rore Deos fragilique myrto,* &c.
>
> B. iii. l. 23.

> 'The little gods around thy sacred fire,
> No vast profusion of the victims gore,
> But pliant myrtle-wreaths alone require,
> And fragrant herbs the pious rural store:
> A grateful cake when on the hallow'd shrine,
> Offer'd by hands that know no guilty stain,
> Shall reconcile the' offended powers divine,
> When bleeds the pompous hecatomb in vain.'
>
> Francis.

Ver. 43. There is a fine and elegant improvement of this thought, in Mr. Tickel's poem on the peace of Utrecht.

> See the fond wife, in tears of transport drown'd,
> Hugs her rough lord, and weeps o'er every wound;
> Hangs on the lips that fields of death relate,
> And smiles and trembles at his various fate:
> Near the full bowl he draws the fancied line,
> And marks feign'd trenches in the flowing wine,
> Then sets the' invested fort before her eyes,
> And mines, that whirl'd battalions to the skies;
> His little listening progeny look pale,
> And beg again to hear the dreadful tale.

There are also some beautiful strokes of the same nature in Mr. Addison's Latin poem, intituled *Pax Gulielmi Auspiciis Europæ Reddita.* Mus. Ang. Tom. 2.

Ovid has inserted this thought of Tibullus in several parts of his writings, particularly in Penelope's letter to Ulysses.

> *At aliquis posita monstrat fera prælia mensa,*
> *Pingit et exiguo, pergama tota, mero.*

See also his Metam. lib. ix. at the beginning, book xii. ver. 155. Ars. Amand. book ii. ver. 127.

Ver. 48. *No laughing bowls.*] The author of the Hercules Furens' has stretched this single thought into ten long lines; ver. 698. Not so that excellent poet of Italy, Sannazario.

> *Post obitum non ulla mihi carchesia ponet*
> *Æacus, infernis non viret uva jugis.*
> Ep. lib. i. Broekhus.

Are we *then to* place the chief joys of life in *eating and drinking*? Ought not our poet rather to

have expatiated on the pleasures of learned society, or the charms of friendship, and the bliss of love? yet, after all, as the poet was only describing the happiness of rural life, these additional images were the less necessary.

Ver. 49. The *usti capilli et exesæ genæ* of the original, are far from being terrifying images. *Omnes imagines mortuorum calvæ finguntur, comis igne rogi consumptis.* Vid. Luc. in Dialog. Nir. Diogen. et Thers.

Ver. 57. *While lenient baths.*] Shall we suppose that our poet had Ariadne's fine exclamation to Theseus in his thoughts?

> *Quæ tibi jucundo famularer serva labore?*
> *Candida permulcens liquidis vestigia lymphis.*
>
> Catull.

Claude Lorraine himself could not draw a finer picture of a village-family, than our poet has given us in this place. There is another pleasing representation of the same sort in the 'Gentle Shepherd,' a dramatic poem, which the translator is persuaded, every judge of poetry and nature will greatly prefer to the frigid Arcadian '*Favole Boscorechie*' of Italy.

This practice, however, of preparing warm baths to ease the limbs of the fatigued husband, was not peculiar to the rural dame. Homer informs us, that Andromache commanded her maids to place on the fire a large vessel full of water, to bathe her lord in, when he should return from the battle; she in the meanwhile employing herself, as Pope conjectures, in weaving a vestment to adorn him with. But, alas! all her care was super-

fluous, Hector never came back. Il. x. ver. 440. Homer is in nothing more admirable, than in his softening the ferocity of his battles, by the apt introduction of tender and domestic circumstances.

Ver. 61. *Meantime, soft peace, descend.*] May not this signify that Tibullus was to have been employed in quelling some Italian commotion, and not in a foreign expedition?

Ver. 62. *Soft peace to plough.*] Many editors, and among the rest Broekhusius, read

Duxit aratores sub juga curva boves.

But the adverb *primum*, in the foregoing line, sufficiently authenticates our reading *arature*: for how could an ox, when first put to the plough, with any propriety be called *arator*, a term intimating that he had ploughed before; though he might well be called *aratura*, as that gerund only points at his future employment and office? Besides, our reading is supported by the greatest number of manuscripts and editions.

Ver. 94. Casimir has a beautiful ode on peace, and the reader will find many fine thoughts on the same subject, in those poems of Mr. Addison's and Mr. Tickel's, which we have already praised.

Ver. 67. In the original,

Pace bidens, vomerque nitent, &c.

not *vigent*, in opposition to Situs. This correction we owe to Heinsius.

Ver. 70. *In the dark grove.*] That the Heathens, says Mr. Dart, had their religious rites in thick woods and groves, every one knows; the poet therefore describes those holidays, as the gay part

of the farmer's life, when he and his family mak merry; not unlike (adds he) to our country wak and revels, when mirth is at its height, and t scuffles of love grow warm. There is a simil description in the eleventh Æneid, ver. 740.

At non in Venerem segnes nocturnaque bella;
Aut, ubi curva choros indixit tibia Bacchi,
Expectare dapes, et plenæ pocula mensæ.
Hic amor, hoc studium; dum sacra secundus harusp
Nuntiet, ac lucos vocet hostia pinguis in altos.

Ver. 75. *Doors, windows fly.*]

——— *Scissosque capillos*
Fimena perfractas conqueriturque fores.

On which Scaliger thus superciliously remark *Copulativa verbo addita vehementer apud me m audit; quod tametsi a magnis poetis, et a No quoque factum est; nunquam tamen, ac ne t quidem, quum facerem, probavi.*

If the young rakes of Rome sometimes bro open their mistresses' doors, Dr. Bentley infor us, from Plautus and Seneca, that the wom sometimes returned the compliment. This, Horace's court-language, was called, *expugn juvenum domos.*

Neither was this boisterous method of gett admittance entirely unknown to the old Sicilia as we may perceive by Daphnis's threat to Sim tha.

εἰ δ' ἄλλα μ' ὠθεῖνε καὶ ἀ θύρα εἰχέτο μοχλῷ
παντῶς καὶ πελέκεις καὶ λαμπάδες ἠθὲν ἐφ' ἡμᾶς.
Theocri

Ver. 79. *Love sits between.*] Totus hic

says Broekhusius very justly) *tam venusto artificio est pertractatus, ut melius non queat pingi. Flet puella, male habita ab ebrio amatore; flet amator, pigetque eum tam turpis victoriæ. Adsidenter utrumque Cupido, nihil motus his lacrymis: quinimo, ut ne pax desubito confiat, insidiose cavet, subjectis utrimque novæ rixæ alimentis. Nihil poterit amœnius excogitari, nihil exprimi vividius.* He then desires us to compare this short picture of our poet's with another in Ovid, El. vii. B. i. and adds, *Fallor aut illius* (meaning Ovid) *artis immensam varietatem magis miraberis; hic vero non minus te dilectabit invidendus ille nitor nativæ simplicitatis.*

This picture would afford an excellent subject to a Guido Rheni.

Ver. 82. The original, literally translated, intimates, that 'whoever beats his mistress is of a temper as rigid and inflexible as stone or iron; and were it in his power, he would dethrone the gods themselves, and expel them from heaven.' This furnishes us with a strong proof of the want of gallantry of those times! Ovid, according to his own confession, was not over scrupulous in his conduct to the fair sex; the sixth Elegy of the first book being an apology to Corinna, whom he had been so barbarous as to beat. Many other passages might be adduced from ancient writers to corroborate this assertion: but the subject is unpleasing.

Ver. 84. *Or on their tresses.*] This affords another disagreeable proof that the moderns greatly surpass the ancients in point of gallantry.

Although nothing can be more acceptable to

a discovery of his being beloved; here made use of to arrive at that holly illiberal: for, in spite of all s has wrote to the contrary, what ere be,

e dolere, aut audire dolentem;
crymas, sive videre tuas.

the wretch.] From these, and many es in Tibullus, it appears, that our not one ill-natured vice about him. we admire; but there is none of the om the translator should have wished n acquainted with so much as Tibullus. t be very conversant in his writings, quiring a friendship for the man, and o use Mr. Spence's words) to have just ner as he was for one's friend.

.. The various figures which Broekhusius rs, who have published antiques, have goddess, are the best comment

Theocritus

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

[redacted]

THE

WORKS

OF

TIBULLUS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE LATIN;

BY

JAMES GRAINGER, M.D

VOL II.

LONDON:

Printed at the Stanhope Press,

BY WHITTINGHAM AND ROWLAND,

Goswell Street;

PUBLISHED BY SUTTABY, EVANCE, AND FOX, STATIONERS' COURT, LUDGATE STREET; SHARPE AND HAILES, PICCADILLY; AND TAYLOR AND HESSEY, FLEET STREET.

1812.

CONTENTS.

Page

ertisement..... 5

ELEGIES. BOOK II.

y I. 7
II..... 10
III..... 11
IV..... 13
V..... 15
VI.. 20
VII..... 22

NOTES ON BOOK II.

s on Elegy I..... 24
——— II..... 47
——— III..... 53
——— IV..... 60
——— V..... 68
——— VI..... 95
———VII..... 102

ELEGIES. BOOK III.

duction..... 108
I..... 113
II..... 114
III..... 115
IV 117
V..... 120
VI..... 121
VII..... 124

CONTENTS.

NOTES ON BOOK III.

Page
es on Elegy I..... 126
——— II..... 133
——— III..... 138
——— IV..... 142
——— V..... 151
——— VI..... 167
———VII..... 175

THE POEMS OF SULPICIA.

vertisement..... 178
em I..... 184
— II..... 185
— III..... 186
IV..... 187

ADVERTISEMENT.

book, though shorter than the former, is not
ır to it in point of poetical fancy and amo-
ınderness; the numbers flow with the same
orrectness, and perhaps the sentiments are
lelicate; for being wholly dedicated to rural
on, friendship, and love, the reader will meet
othing in it offensive to the strictest chastity.
ıe version of the following books of Tibullus
be found less liable to censure, than that of
mer, it is chiefly to be imputed to the kind
ations of a friend, who also obliged the
tor with the elegant notes marked *B*.

ELEGIES.

BOOK II.

ELEGY I.

'END! and favour! as our sires ordain;
fields we lustrate, and the rising grain:
ıe, Bacchus, and thy horns with grapes surround;
ıe, Ceres, with thy wheaten garland crown'd;
ı hallow'd day suspend each swain his toil,
t let the plough, and rest the' uncultur'd soil:
'oke the steer, his racks heap high with hay,
l deck with wreaths his honest front to-day.
all your thoughts to this grand work applied!
l lay, ye thrifty fair, your wool aside! 10
ıce I command you mortals from the rite,
o spent in amorous blandishment the night,
vernal powers in chastity delight.
come, ye pure, in spotless garbs array'd,
you the solemn festival is made!
ne! follow thrice the victim round the lands;
unning water purify your hands.
! to the flames the willing victim come:
swains with olive crown'd, be dumb! be dumb!
'oms ills, O sylvan gods, our limits shield, 20
day we purge the farmer and the field;
! let no *weeds* destroy the rising grain;
no fell prowler be the lambkin slain;

His numerous bond-slaves all in goodly r
With wicker huts your altars shall enclo
That done, they'll cheerly laugh, and d
play,
And praise your goodness in their uncou
The gods assent: see! see! those entr
That heaven approves of what is done b
Now quaff Falernian; let my Chian win
Pour'd from the cask, in massy goblets sh
Drink deep, my friends; all, all be madl
'Twere irreligion not to reel to-day!
Health to Messala; every peasant toast,
And not a letter of his name be lost!
O come, my friend, whom Gallic
grace,
Thou noblest splendour of an ancient rac
Thou, whom the arts all emulously crown,
Sword of the state, and honour of the gov
My theme is gratitude, inspire my lays!
O, be my genius! while I strive to praise

There bees of sweets despoil the breathing spring,
And to their cells the dulcet plunder bring.
The ploughman first, to soothe the toilsome day,
Chanted in measur'd feet his sylvan lay:
And, seed-time o'er, he first in blithsome vein
Pip'd to his household gods the hymning strain.
Then first the press with purple wine o'er-ran, 60
And cooling water made it fit for man.
The village-lad first made a wreath of flowers,
To deck in spring the tutelary powers.
Bless'd be the country! yearly there the plain
Yields, when the dog-star burns, the golden grain:
Thence too thy chorus, Bacchus, first began;
The painted clown first laid the tragic plan.
A goat, the leader of the shaggy throng,
The village sent it, recompens'd the song.
There too the sheep his woolly treasure wears; 70
There too the swain his woolly treasure shears;
This to the thrifty dame long work supplies;
The distaff hence and basket took their rise.
Hence too, the various labours of the loom,
Thy praise, Minerva, and Arachne's doom!
Mid mountain herds love first drew vital air,
Unknown to man, and man had nought to fear;
'Gainst herds, his bow the' unskilful archer drew;
Ah! my pierc'd heart, an archer now too true!
Now herds may roam untouch'd; 'tis Cupid's joy, 80
The brave to vanquish, and to fix the coy.
The youth whose heart the soft emotion feels,
Nor sighs for wealth, nor waits at grandeur's heels;
Age, fir'd by love, is touch'd by shame no more,
But blabs its follies at the fair-one's door.
Led by soft love, the tender trembling fair
Steals *to her swain*, and cheats suspicion's care,

... not to describe in h
The sun's eclipses, or the
To win admission to the h
Alone I crave your elegia
But if she still contemns t
Ye, and your elegies, away
In vain I ask, but gold ne'e
Then will I desolate the wo
For gold, I'll impious plund
But chief, O Venus! will I
By thee compell'd, I love a
And quit for bloody fields m
By thee compell'd, I rob the
Then chiefly, Venus, will I p
Perish the man! whose cu
Or finds the gem, or dyes th
Hence, hence, the sex's avar
And art with nature not eno
Hence the fierce dog was po
The fair grew venal, and their
But weight

ye die, no gentle friend be near,
our breath, or shed a genuine tear;
corpse, to march in solemn show,
odours on the pile bestow.
ates attend the generous maid,
and sickness bid her beauties fade,
ever'd; and when death's easy call
er spirit from life's anxious thrall,
neighbours all her loss deplore,
a weeping friend besets the door; 60
old lover, touch'd with grateful woe,
garlands on her tomb bestow;
returning, thus the fair address,
the turf thy gentle bosom press.'
; but what has truth with love to do?
Cupid, I submit to you!
father's seat should you command;
father's gods, my father's land!
ling mares, whate'er of poison flows,
forehead of their offspring grows; 70
Medea brew'd of baleful juice,
ous herbs Emathian hills produce;
Nemesis a draught compose,
poisons, feller still than those;
smile, the deadly cup I'll drain,
avarice, and exult in pain!

ELEGY V.

ar solemn vows, O Phœbus! deign:
ntiff treads thy sacred fane;
t hear, dread power! 'tis Rome's request,
thy golden lyre thou stand'st confess'd:

he truth I sing: so may the laurels prove
afe food, and I be screen'd from guilty love.' 70
Thus sung the Sibyl, and address'd her prayer,
hœbus! to thee; and, madding, loos'd her hair.
or, Phœbus! give him only these to know,
further knowledge on thy priest bestow:
et him interpret what thy favourite maid,
hat Amalthea, what Mermessia said:
et him interpret what Albuna bore
hrough Tyber's waves, unwet, to Tyber's furthest shore.
When stony tempests fell, when comets glar'd,
ntestine wars their oracles declar'd: 80
he sacred groves (our ancestors relate)
oretold the changes of the Roman state:

Now, fir'd with wine, they solemn bonfires raise,
And leap, untimorous, through the strawy blaze!
From every cot unnumber'd children throng,
Frequent the dance, and louder raise the song:
And while in mirth the hours they thus employ,
At home the grandsire tends his little boy;
And, in each feature pleas'd himself to trace,
Foretels his prattler will adorn the race.
The sylvan youth, their grateful homage paid, 110
Where plays some streamlet, seek the' embowering shade;
Or stretch'd on soft enamell'd meadows lie,
Where thickest umbrage cools the summer sky:
With roses, see! the sacred cup is crown'd,
Hark! music breathes her animating sound:
The couch of turf, and festal tables stand
Of turf, erected by each shepherd-hand;
And all well-pleas'd, the votive feast prepare,
Each one his goblet, and each one his share.
Now drunk, they blame their stars, and curse the maid; 120
But sober, deprecate whate'er they said.
Perish thy shafts, Apollo! and thy bow!
If love unarmed in our forests go.
Yet since he learn'd to wing the' unerring dart,
Much cause has man to curse his fatal art;
But most have I:—the sun has wheel'd his round
Since first I felt the deadly festering wound;
Yet, yet I fondly, madly, wish to burn,
Abjure indifference, and at comfort spurn;
And though from Nemesis my genius flows, 130
Her scarce I sing, so weighty are my woes!
O cruel *love! how* joyous should I be,
Your arrows broke, and torch extinct, to see!

From you, my want of reverence to the skies!
From you, my woes and imprecations rise!
Yet I advise you, too relentless fair,
(As heaven protects the bards) a bard to spare!
E'en now, the pontiff claims my loftiest lay,
In triumph, soon he'll mount the sacred way.
Then pictur'd towns shall show successful war, 14
And spoils and chiefs attend his ivory car:
Myself will bear the laurel in my hand;
And, pleas'd, amid the pleas'd spectators stand:
While war-worn veterans, with laurels crown'd,
With Io-triumphs shake the streets around.
His father hails him, as he rides along,
And entertains with pompous shows the throng.
O Phœbus! kindly deign to grant my prayer;
So may'st thou ever wave thy curled hair;
So ever may thy virgin-sister's name 15
Preserve the lustre of a spotless fame.

ELEGY VI.

MACER campaigns; who now will thee obey,
O Love! if Macer dare forego thy sway?
Put on the crest, and grasp the burnish'd shield,
Pursue the base deserter to the field:
Or if to winds he gives the loosen'd sail,
Mount thou the deck, and risk the stormy gale:
To dare desert thy sweetly-pleasing pains,
For stormy seas, or sanguinary plains!
'Tis, Cupid! thine, the wanderer to reclaim,
Regain thy honour, and avenge thy name. 1
If such thou spar'st, a soldier I will be,
The meanest soldier, and abandon thee.

Adieu, ye trifling loves! farewell, ye fair!
The trumpet charms me, I to camps repair;
The martial look, the martial garb assume,
And see the laurel on my forehead bloom.
My vaunts how vain! debar'd the cruel maid,
The warrior softens, and my laurels fade.
Piqu'd to the soul, how frequent have I swore,
Her gate so servile to approach no more? 20
Unconscious what I did, I still return'd,
Was still denied access; and yet, I burn'd!
Ye youths, whom love commands with angry sway,
Attend his wars, like me, and pleas'd obey.
This iron age approves his sway no more;
All fly to camps for gold, and gold adore:
Yet gold clothes kindred states in hostile arms;
Hence blood and death, confusion and alarms!
Mankind for lust of gold, at once defy
The naval combat, and the stormy sky! 30
The soldier hopes, by martial spoils, to gain
Flocks without number, and a rich domain:
His hopes obtain'd by every horrid crime,
He seeks for marble in each foreign clime:
A thousand yoke sustain the pillar'd freight,
And Rome, surpris'd, beholds the enormous weight.
Let such with moles the furious deep enclose,
Where fish may swim unhurt, though winter blows:
Let flocks and villas call the spoiler, lord!
And be the spoiler by the fair ador'd! 40
Let one we know, a whip'd barbarian slave,
Live like a king, with kingly pride behave:
Be ours the joys of economic ease,
From bloody fields remote, and stormy seas.
In *gold, alas!* the venal fair delight:
Since beauty sighs for spoil, for spoil I'll fight.

... you, be rifled ocean's
To you Pactolus send his
Ye Indians, blacken'd by
Before her steps in splend
For you shall wealthy Tyr
To yield the purple, and th

ELEGY

THOUSANDS in death would
But hope, deceitful hope! p
Hope plants the forest, and
And feeds, with future grana
Hope snares the winged vagr
Hope cheats in reedy brooks
By hope, the fetter'd slave, th
Sings, shakes his irons, and fo
Hope promis'd you; you, haug
Yield to the goddess; O my
Hope ...

ıh me, will nought avail? the world I'll fly,
l, prostrate at her tomb, a suppliant sigh!
her attentive ghost of you complain;
l my long sorrowing, tell of your disdain.
, when alive, in my behalf she spoke:
ır endless coyness must her shade provoke;
th ugly dreams she'll haunt your hour of rest,
d weep before you, an unwelcome guest!
astly and pale, as when besmear'd with blood,
, fatal fall! she pass'd the Stygian flood. 30
No more, my strains! your eyes with tears o'er-
flow,
is moving object renovates your woe:
u, you are guiltless! I your maid accuse;
ıu generous are! she, she has selfish views.
ıy, were you guilty, I'll no more complain;
ıe tear from you o'erpays a life of pain.
e, Phryne, promis'd to promote my vows:
e took, but never gave my billet-doux.
ıu're gone abroad, she confidently swears,
t when your sweet-ton'd voice salutes mine ears:
', when you promise to reward my pains, 41
ıat you're afraid, or indispos'd, she feigns:
ıen madding jealousy inflames my breast;
ıen fancy represents a rival bless'd:
wish thee, Phryne! then a thousand woes;—
ıd if the gods with half my wishes close,
ıryne! a wretch of wretches thou shalt be,
ıd vainly beg of death to set thee free.

NOTES

ON

ELEGY I.

We may, without hesitation, embrace the
of Muretus, that this Elegy is a descriptio
Ambarvalia, a festival instituted by Ac
rentia, and honoured with a solemn sacri

join in the sacrifice. The victim is then introduced, going without any force to the altar, attended by a crowd of worshippers crowned with garlands, from the tree sacred to the rural deities. After this, is the prayer for blessings on the countryman and his fields, and prosperity to the growing crop. The offering up the victim succeeds, and lucky omens appearing, the worshippers are encouraged to indulge themselves in joy and festivity. The sacred hymn closes the whole, celebrating the honours of the rural deities recounting their various gifts, and the blessings which they have poured out upon the country. Whoever will look into the collectors of antiquities will find, that these are the very particulars of the ritual of refined Greece. We may observe, that the processions, lustrations, as well as the business of the *fratres arvales*, whose office it was, upon this occasion, to settle boundaries, have found their way into a religion, which, in its original institution, was little concerned with pomp and ceremony, but has been forced to receive many a scenical foolery from Pagan Rome. *B.*

Ver. 1. *Attend! and favour!*] The Roman poets also express this by

Dicamus bona verba.

Both these forms of speech intimate a desire, on the part of those who prayed at the festival, that all who were present would sincerely join with them in putting up the same petition.

The mythology of the ancients has been assigned as one of the causes which have contributed to render their poetical compositions superior to those

he modern. And no doubt, that enthusiasm, ch is so natural to every true artist in the tical way, was considerably inflamed by the le turn of their religious doctrines. When all ure was supposed to swarm with genii, and ry oak and fountain was regarded as the haunt some presiding deity; what wonder if the poet animated by the imagined influence of such lted society; and found himself, as a late writer gantly expresses it, 'hurried beyond the ordi- y limits of sober humanity.' Hence arose the sopopeia: which, as it is one of the boldest, so t one of the most pleasing figures in poetry. t may not the omnipresence of the one true d afford the christian poet a more exalted stance? When true genius is fired with devo-

Extremæ sub casum hiemis, jam vere sereno.
Tum agni pingues, et tum mollissima vina:
Tum somni dulces, densæque in montibus umbræ.
Cuncta tibi Cererem pubes agrestis adoret.
Cui tu lacte favos, et miti dilue Baccho;
Terque novas circum felix eat hostia fruges;
Omnis quem chorus, et socii comitentur ovantes,
Et Cererem clamore vocent in tecta.

Georg. i. ver. 338.

Some critics contend, that Tibullus, in this Elegy, does not describe the Ambarval ceremony, because he mentions some circumstances relating to it which Virgil omits, and relates others differently from that poet. This argument needs no confutation.

Ver. 3. *Come, Bacchus.*] This god is frequently called Tauricornis by the poets; but why horns were planted on his head mythologists are greatly divided. Some of them look upon horns as a mark of divinity; but why then do the other deities appear without this badge? Others of them assign horns to Bacchus, because drinking-cups were anciently formed of horn; and there are who contend, that he is thus distinguished, because he was the first who ploughed with oxen. Those who recollect the old sentence,

Sine Cerere et Baccho friget Venus,

may haply be able to afford as satisfactory a reason for the cornuted appearance of this deity, as any suggested above. River-gods are frequently represented with horns; but on a very different account. Pindar makes Bacchus the ταριδέος, or assessor of Ceres: and in the Orphic hymn, addressed to that goddess, she is called Βρομιοσι συνιστορ

They were commonly worshipped tog
Callimachus's sixth hymn.

Some critics, superstitiously bent
from scripture the origin of every n
practice, have, from the *cornuta faci*
to Moses and Bacchus, supposed, th
giver of the Jews, and that heathen
one and the same person. But these p
critics should have considered, that
is natural to man, and ignorance and
were prior to wisdom and philosoph
which is the offspring of devotion and
never was, nor could be, confined t
regions bordering on Judea; nor c
derived from the Jews, or any of t

ɴn Bacchus; but not having the use of the
ɣphic characters, they contented themselves
ɔrrowing an attribute for their deity, and
d him the horns of the animal, by whose
he was supposed to cultivate and introduce
ture into the country. I might add, that
ɣer Bacchus and Ceres are spoken of to-
as rural deities, almost every thing applied
ı, more properly belongs to Osiris and Isis.
ɜmarkable instance of this, Virgil's Georgics,
. 5. *et seq.* to the 9th.

Vos, o clarissima mundi, &c.

ɜ Bacchus and Ceres, the humble inventors
ɛ and agriculture, are exalted into the
ɜ, and become sun and moon; the great
of the year through its seasons. We know
ı nothing in the Grecian mythology to sup-
is; and that those heavenly luminaries are
ted to other deities. But it is certain, that
and moon were worshipped by the Egyp-
nder the denomination of their hero-gods,
and Isis. *Vid.* Div. Legation, B. 4. Sect.
ibi passim. *B.*

7. It was usual at the time of these sacri-
o dress the cattle with garlands, and to give
respite from labour. *Vid.* Fast. lib. i. ver.
ɔ. vi. ver. 311.
ploughing ox was held in great estimation
the ancients; respecting this, Varro, (de R.
ii. l. 53.) Columella (in the preface to his
ook), and Pliny, (lib. viii. c. 45.) may be
ted. But though we refer to these passages,
nslator *cannot* deny himself the pleasure of

transcribing from Ovid the following good
apostrophe, in favour of those useful anim

Quid meruere boves, animal sine fraude, doli
Innocuum, simplex, natum tolerare labores
Immemor est demum, nec frugum munere di
Qui potuit, curvi demto modo pondere arutr
Ruricolam mactare suum; qui trita labore
Illa, quibus toties durum renovaverat arvum
Tot dederat messes, percussit colla securi.
Met. lib. xv.

How did the toiling ox his death deserve?
A downright simple drudge, and born to serve?
O tyrant! with what justice canst thou hope
The promise of the year, a plenteous crop;
When thou destroy'st the labouring steer who til
And plough'd with pains, thy else ungrateful fie
From his yet reeking neck to draw the yoke

most MSS. and the best editions read it,

Plena coronato stare boves capite.

without their concurrence, Broekhusius observes, that Tibullus must have thus it; as his ear taught him solicitously to every combination of harsh hissing conso- such as SC. SP. SQ. ST.

llo probanda est Tibulliana scriptionis constructudo.

10. There are some things (says Servius) if done on a holiday, pollute it. Hence that the pontiffs, when they were to per- sacrifice, sent out their beadles to prevent rs from working, lest the sacred ceremony be contaminated. (Serv. ad G. lib. i. ver. And Macrobius tells us, that a herald also ployed on these occasions to prohibit the from all secular business. Those, who un- gly transgressed, were obliged to purchase xpiation by sacrificing a hog; but the wilful could not be expiated, in the opinion of la the high-priest. Sat. lib. c. 16.
e heralds, from their office, had the names *xclamitatores et præciæ*, bestowed upon

was not all work forbidden to the husband- for as Cato (de R. R.) informs us, they even on the most sacred holiday, clean their , mend the highways, cut down briars, dig arden, burn thorns, weed their meadows, their fish-ponds, bind withies, and do every of cleanliness in their house.

C. 2. Broekhus.

Pictures of life and manners, when truly co
from nature, however low the subject, neve
to delight us. And we have here a very fai
one exhibited to us. When the poet had dism
man and beast to rest, proclaimed a general
day, and a vacation from all business; he recol
that his last most difficult task was, to snatcl
distaff out of the hands of the country house
Whoever has peeped into a farm-house, must
observed the notable mistress, whatever the
of the family were doing, always in a hurry,
acting as eagerly upon the leading principle o
country, frugality, as a court-lady in pursu
pleasure. Perhaps, one general reason migl
[illegible]ned for the impetuosity of both. And
[illegible]ith the help of a little cl
[illegible]

16. Although the Ambarval sacrifice was, ly, either a sow with pigs, or a lamb; yet ıt and bullock were sometimes also used. ıatever was the animal, it was conducted with great solemnity round the field, (*ter* ; *agros*) and thence obtained the name *al.*

ıither in the procession or at the altar, it d, or showed the least reluctance, they re- it, as displeasing to the deity; and substi- ınother victim in its stead. Hence the verb the original, and the epithet *willing*, in the tion. At the altar the victim was unbound; Servius observes,

culum est, in sacrificio aliquid esse religatum.

re is a sensible epigram in the Anthology, informs us, that not only Ceres and Bacchus, ercules and Mercury, had offerings made to by the husbandman. Hermes indeed was ıted with milk and fruits; but, to the former, and oxen were sacrificed. This, it seems, ted the penurious farmer; who being told, les deserved victims of that value, he made ıirited reply: 'What difference is there to hether my flock is destroyed by wolves, or keeper?'

ϊ το πλεον ει το φυλακτιν
ϑλλυται ὑπο λυκου εϑ ὑπο του φυλακος.

·. 17. Clean hands were necessary in all ces. Thus Hesiod:

Μηδε ποτ' εξ ηους Διι λειβειν αιϑοπα οινον
Χερσιν ανιπτοισιν μηδε αλλοιστ αϑανατοισιν.
Ου γαρ τοιγε κλυουσιν αποπτυουσι δε τ αρας.

Ergy καὶ Ἡμερ. Ver. 724

According to Macrobius, when the
sacrificed to the *Di superi*, they washed
body with river water; but, in sacrifi
infernal gods, a bare sprinkling was
Sea-water was also sometimes used for
purposes.

Ver. 19. *From ills, O sylvan gods.*] Th
ing is the form of prayer used by a farm
a like occasion: 'O father! I conjure an
you, that you will be propitious to m
house and family; that you will disperse
dies, known and unknown; calamities, ba
mortalities, and pestilence: that you
increase to my fruits, corn, trees, and vi
you will preserve my shepherds and m
and give health and safety to us all.' Vi

er expression of gratitude from a country
ge to its divine protectors? The words we see
part of an address to the *Dii patrii*, upon a
on lustration of the villagers and their fields.
, their protection is invoked for their harvest
flocks; upon the grant of which, an assurance
ven, that the happy farmer and his family
d show their sense of the blessing, by heaping
the hearth, and running up hasty huts of twigs;
of which must be supposed to be done in
ur of those very deities to whom the pro-
is made. Consider then, that the Lares, the
lians and protectors of families, must be
cially designed by, or at least included amongst,
Dii patrii. Now, comfortable houses, and
fires, were considered as their proper gifts,
eculiarly under their tutelage: and nothing
l be more in the spirit of antiquity, than for
armer and his sportive family, in the midst of
festal joy, and in gratitude to the bounteous
s, to exhibit the representation of the very
which they were supposed to have received
them. The warm hut, and the blazing fire,
as proper expressions of gratitude to the
s, as arms which had been used successfully
ercules, the first-fruits to Ceres, and the image
restored limb to Esculapius, or the hermæ to
cury, the guide and protector of travellers.

r. 28. *His numerous bond-slaves all in goodly*
] These certain indications of a wealthy
er, Horace, with his usual courtliness of ex-
ion, calls *Ditis examen Domus:* but as that
d have *appeared* flat in English, Mr. Francis

has judiciously passed it over in his ve
peculiar are languages!

The *vernæ* were slaves born of slaves

Ver. 35. The original of this canno
dered into intelligible English. The
marked their wine casks with the na
who was consul at the time when they
They then fastened them down with ch
older the Falernian and Chian wines
became the more esteemed. They
mixed together; and this heightened t
of both.

Might not these lines have convinc
and the other commentators, who repre
lus as an indigent person, of their m
poor man could not have afforded to tre
village with old Falernian and Chian wi

Though the Romans, by a very uni
verbial expression, [illegible] *Græcari* for p
good fellow; yet I think that deban
intemperance were the characteristic
neither of the Greeks nor Romans.
festivals, they indeed thought them an i
ble part of their religious rejoicings; a
were not wholly confined to these, it
that by their means they first got footin
them. Athenæus Deipn. l. iii. ch. 3. tel
the ancients never indulged themselves
ties, nor drank any quantity of wine, b
times. As a convincing proof of
observes, that the very names for luxuri
and drinking have some relation to the
sacrifices. Thus Θοινη, 'a banquet,' is
because they thought themselves obli

πινεσθαι, 'to be drunk in honour of the gods;' and 'to be drunk' they called μεθυειν because they were most accustomed to do it, μετα το θυειν, 'after sacrifice.' The Romans had adopted the same principles and practice; as appears from this very sober exhortation of the poet. *B.*

Ver. 38. Upon certain occasions the Romans drank a bumper for every letter of their friend or mistress's name. They received this custom from the Grecians.

Ver. 40. The first Romans wore beards, and were represented accordingly in their statues and pictures. The *intonsis avis* of the original, therefore, shows the antiquity of Messala's family. Varro (de R. R.) informs us, that Fianius Menas was the first who introduced barbers into Rome; and he brought them from Sicily, A. U. C. 454. Such circumstances, though seemingly inconsiderable, are yet necessary for a thorough understanding of the classics.

Ver. 48. *And thatch it o'er with turf, or leafy prays.*] Such were the rude beginnings of architecture! and such wretched hovels are still to be seen in the barren and mountainous parts of this great and civilized island. See Vitruv. Archit. l. ii. c. 1.

Houses at first being only a defence from the weather, and built of whatever rude materials the country afforded, Rome was originally composed of mud-walled, straw-thatched cottages. Even Romulus's palace was a hut, and as ill furnished as those of his subjects.

Parva fuit, si prima velis elementa referre,
Roma: sed in parva spes tamen hujus erat.

We are certain, that Rome at first w
huddle of cottages, without any regular
and streets; nay, some philologists hav
tured, that that city never had regular st
ours, as there is no Latin word which
signifies a street. Neither were Ro
places of worship much more superb
houses; since we know, from Pliny,
after the conquest of Asia, the Romans
wooden, or at best earthen gods, in their

The translator must finish this note b
ing an error into which he has fallen, in
upon the first Elegy of the first book,
There it is asserted, that no purchaser
tled to the spoils with which any house
buy was adorned. But the fact is qu
wise: for Pliny expressly says, it was u

æstivum to *rus;* lib. viii. Ep. 61. Fruterius reads it,

Rure levis vernos flores, &c.

But the ear may easily convince any one, that Tibullus never wrote it so.

Ver. 59. *Pip'd to his household gods.*] A noble origin this of poetry! After the hymns and sacrifices were over, the villagers devoted the rest of the day to feasting and merriment. Their merriments, as Horace informs us, chiefly consisted in alternate, gay, extempore, innocent, and awkward jokes.

Versibus alternis opprobria rustica fudit.

This holiday-wit, and rude species of poetry, was called *Fescennine et Saturnine*, from the places in Tuscany and Latium, where it chiefly prevailed.

From being practised by rustics, and only on these occasions, this species of witty raillery soon became the entertainment of towns, at their public diversions. Then it was, probably, that music and dancing, with gestures suited to the subject, were added; and the raillery levelled not only at the actors, but spectators. The success of this motley entertainment suggested in time the idea of another poem, as various and sarcastic as the former.

From the country custom of making presents of baskets filled with fruits, flowers, &c. (*satura lances*) upon particular occasions, this new entertainment assumed the name of *satura poemata*, or satire. By degrees, both these kinds of raillery became so petulant, that worth and virtue were

often treated by them with the same severity as vice and folly. This obliged the magistrate to interpose his authority: in consequence of which, a law was made, A.U.C. 302, subjecting not only the authors of these *mala carmina*, but those also who recited and acted them, to a drubbing; and hence the punishment was called *fustilegium*. Thus was illiberal and dangerous wit restrained; and chaste satire, by the successive endeavours of Lucilius and others, advanced to an eminent degree of perfection. But as policy soon discovered that theatrical entertainments of one kind or another were necessary, a company of Tuscan histors, or players, (for the Tuscans were then the best actors) were invited to Rome about forty years after the law above mentioned had passed. The language of these Tuscans not being understood at Rome, they endeavoured to supply this deficiency by a dumb sort of declamation, or eloquent action; wherein the motions and gestures of the body were regulated by the flute, in such a manner as to represent every sentiment and passion to the eye of the spectator. This pantomimical entertainment soon, however, fell into disuse; either through the death of the Tuscan performers, or because it possessed not the poignant raillery of the former pieces. Accordingly, we find that in A.U.C. 390, when a pestilence (for so historians call it) raged at Rome, the magistrates were admonished to avert the anger of the gods by exhibiting plays. In consequence of this, a company was sent for from Tuscany; and now they began to act (as Mr. Dryden expresses it) a kind of civil cleanly farce; the music, dancing, and

gestures being retained. These exhibitions, which had something in them to entertain the senses, and were not withal devoid of wit and ridicule, continued in quiet possession of the Roman theatre for 124 years. Livius Andronicus was the first who brought a regular play upon the Roman stage. His plays were divided into acts, and modelled after the old comedy. Andronicus was a Grecian by birth, and had been taken captive by the Romans. Having acquired a competent knowledge of the language of that people, he was presented with his freedom, by his master Salinator, whose children he had educated. This grand scenical revolution, as Tully informs us, happened a year after the first Punic war, and a year before Ennius was born. Now it was that, among the Romans, the learned began to study the Greek authors: and, as the tragic poets of Greece had carried the buskin to so great perfection, those among the Romans who wrote for the stage, thought they could not better employ their talents than in translating those great originals, for the entertainment of their countrymen: and it was not till the age of Augustus that any piece, entirely Roman, was introduced upon the stage.

Although Horace, as well as our poet, attribute the invention of poetry to the husbandman, yet many critics, and especially Scaliger, bestow that honour on the shepherd. And, indeed, when we consider that flocks were tended before the earth was ploughed, their opinion is not improbable. But as poetry is natural to man, and peculiar to no nation, who can ascertain its inventor?

Ver. 64. *Bless'd be the country.*] B
the poet means the sun by the *cal*
seems rather that he meant the d
lus calls the growing corn the eart
This metaphor will not do in Engli

Ver. 66. Tragedy was at first
annual hymn, sung by peasants, in
chus; and he who acquitted him
this topic was rewarded with a go
Greek name Τραγωδία. But as
the subject must at last have prov
only to the poet, but to the audie
wonder that this entertainment
diversified. Thespis, a native of
tainous part of Attica, where this
obtained, interrupted the Bacch
Mund. 3530) by recitation; on pre
the chorus, and varying the an
happily succeeded: and what at
subsidiary interlude, soon becam
entertainment. Rude, doubtless, i

f, as well as of the other imi-
sought for in human nature.
he earliest antiquity, have had
nents; and that excellent his-
de la Vega, informs us, in the
Commentarios Reales,' that the
sed and acted several tragedies

sacrificing a goat to the god of
arians tell us, was this: Bacchus,
: the secret of cultivating the vine,
wine from the grape, taught his
e Icarus, (Vid. Bulinger. de Theat.
ıative of Icaria, who successfully
practice. One day, as Icarus was
ıeyard, he caught a goat, which had
voc among his vines. Interest, and
ıis instructor, equally conspiring, he
creature to Bacchus. His peasants,
had been invited to see the foe im-
ed around the sacrifice, and joyfully
ıes of the god. Institutions of this
be begun, to make them continual.
at first was merely accidental, be-
f annual devotion.
ee a fine description of wool-shear-
ın's Summer.
eaving was held in such estimation
ts, that the goddess of wisdom pa-
art. Hence not only the greatest
but Circe, the daughter of the sun,
ıs, practised it. The reader who
: this subject treated of, with all the

importance it deserves, must peruse
gant of didactic poems, the 'Fleece.

Ver. 76. The author of that delic
'*Pervigilium Veneris*,' also makes th
to have been born in the country.

Ipse amor, puer Dionæ, rure natus di
Hunc ager, cum parturiret ipsa, susc
Ipsa florum delicatis educavit osculis

Which are thus elegantly translated

E'en love (if fame the truth of love decl
Drew first the breathings of a rural air.
Some pleasing meadow pregnant beauty
She laid her infant on its flowery breast;
From nature's sweets he sip'd the fragra
He smil'd, he kiss'd them, and by kissin

This birth of Love is prettily i
the episodical address to him, in a p
to the rural deities, is not without
We know, that to gratify the farm
cattle must increase, as well as his
and that beasts as well as men wer
feel the influence of almighty love.
mates every thing. In a heathen
not only hills, trees, fountains, are
superior intelligences; but the very
selves must be exalted into deities.
the description of Tibullus of its
ments, it will be found to agree v
truth and nature. The workings o
in minds rude and uncultivated, a
then poet must suppose the firs

been, must needs be tumultuous and undistinguishing. Love in this case would be mere lust, without either choice or discernment, raised and gratified by the first object that offered; and when exalted into a person, may justly be supposed to have his birth amongst beasts, or men little superior to them, and to throw his arrows about at random. But when the mind begins to admit of refinement, becomes curious about its objects, and delicate in its pursuits, then love will only be excited in it by excellence, either real or imagined; and, despising promiscuous concubinage, and the possession of easier gratifications, it will, with much pain and anxiety, and severe distress upon miscarriage, confine itself to the pursuit of some favourite object. Then it is, that the deified passion must be supposed to become skilful in its business, to take exact aim, and, neglecting the bestial throng, to wound those hearts deepest that are capable of the most exquisite feeling. Thus does our poet keep close to nature, even when his language is most figurative, and speaks of the passions almost with as much precision as the most curious theorist. *B.*

Ver. 88. Ariosto, as Broekhusius remarks, has happily imitated our poet, in his fable of Jocondo and Astolphus; *Cant.* 28. *St.* 62, 63.

Ver. 93. *O come—but throw.*]

> Come Cupid then, but throw thy shafts away,
> Thy burning shafts, &c.

Hæc sunt bellissima, (as Broekhusius justly remarks) *et amœnæ simplicitatis lenocinio amabilissima. Frustra ad hanc suavitatem* adspirant illi,

i perspicere non possunt, quid sit pulchritudo turalis.

Ver. 97. When the superstitious among the an-ents were solicitous to obtain what morality bade them to desire; they put up private pe-ions to the gods, and imagined that the gods re, in that case, obliged to grant their requests; re especially when the offerings they presented re sufficiently costly. See this abominable su-rstition, forcibly redargued by that great moral irist Persius. When the ancients were parti-larly anxious about the attainment of any thing, y used to bribe the keepers of the temple of ir favourite god, to let them come nearest his tue, in order that their petition might be the st heard. Senec. Ep. 41.

Ver. 100. Evening and night are variously re-sented by both poets and painters. In one of hymns usually ascribed by critics to Orpheus, stars, as in our poet, are called the 'daughters night.' And Theocritus names them

Mr. Spence, in the notes on his Dialogue of the Planets, Times, and Seasons, converts the *Martis* of the original into *Martis*, and so applies it to the planet Mars. But as this reading is unauthorised by any MSS. or good edition, and in truth has no sort of connection with the context, (Night being there represented as the mother of the stars) we have been obliged to reject it.

Ver. 104. Statius and Claudian make Sleep the charioteer of night: but the post assigned Somnus by our poet, is both more poetical, and more consonant to truth.

This night-piece is worthy the pencil of a Claude Lorraine or a Guido Rheni.

NOTES ON ELEGY II.

THIS Elegy celebrates the birth-day of Cornutus; and is addressed to Genius, a sort of divinity, who was supposed constantly to attend every man through the whole course of his life. It exhibits a description of the rites usually performed on that occasion.

In some less perfect editions, the person, on whose birth-day this Elegy was written, is called Cerinthus: but as the laborius Broekhusius has proved, that Cerinthus is the foreign name of a slave; and slaves, according to him, were not permitted to marry; *servis enim non uxores, sed contubernales erant:* a wife being mentioned by the poet as the chief boon his friend had to demand of *his natal god:* and as the oldest MSS. and least

Plutarch (in Lib. de Oracul.) and Plat
us, that being of a middle nature betw
and men, the genii were supposed to be t
monitors, by whose insinuations mankind
clined to the practice of goodness. Acc
Varro, in his book intituled Atticus, the
abstained from all bloody sacrifices at th
of Genius: and the reason given for this
is, that they might not deprive other
life, on that day, wherefore they themse
fully commemorated the reception of i
offered wine indeed, because that prom
rity; as also pulse, which they call *trit*
being in ancient times a child's first spe
Vid. Censor de Die natal. et Boxhorn
Rom. p. 94.

Genius is derived from *Gigno;* and
Horace styles him

Natale Comes qui temperat astrum,
Humanæ Deus Naturæ.

onstituere, for the victory obtained at Mo-
Vid. Cicer. lib. x. Ep. fam. 12. and 16.
o the notes on El. v. B. 3.
ever, as this supposition is founded upon
ieness of name only, so the person whose
ur poet celebrates, may have been some
nobleman of the Sulpician or Cœcilian fa-
Cornutus being a surname in both these

as the custom, says Dart, to enjoin silence
eligious invocations: the priest began with
own expression of *Favete linguis*, lest any
of ill omen should injure the sacrifice:
Hor. Ep. lib. iii. Ode 1. and Virg. Æn. lib.
as Tibullus enjoins *bona verba*, which Ovid
næ preces, it would seem that silence was
much expected, as that the words and
of the spectators should have a tendency
ier the happiness of him for whom the of-
was made.
different manners in which these two lines
ated in the original, have occasioned a va-
' interpretations.
a more particular account of the festival of
in Ovid, lib. iii. Trist. El. 13. lib. v. Trist.
also lib. 1. Fast. V. 72. and lib. iii. Pont.
4.
9. Although among the Romans each per-
s supposed to have his own distinct Genius,
as born and died with him; and conse-
r, though Genius was but a plebeian divi-
et it appears from this, and some other pas-
n the classics, that the Genii were thought
a power of bestowing important favours

they attended. Hence, probably, com
pressions among the ancients, of indulg
fraudingyour genius. The *Comes*, o
genius of the sex, was a female, and c
The women, as well as their admirer
swear by this deity. Of the latter w
instance in the last Elegy of the last bool
lus; and Petronius gives us a pleasant
the former, *Junonem meam iratem hab*
the debauched Quartilla) *si me unquan*
fuisse memini! On medals these deities
times dressed, like the persons over v
presided: thus, the Juno of a vestal w
like a nun of that order. There was
this; but when the medallists represe
nius of that monster Nero, with the
piety, plenty, and prosperity, we cann
menting at least the depravity of these

Ver. 16. *Where ruddy waters lave, &*
tation from that accurate and curious E

alcuni che il nome derivi, (son tutte bugie)
ue le altre; anzi bianca assai più delle nostre:
aniera, che il nome non può venir da altro, che
nome proprio di quel rè Eythra, sepolto in un'
del oceano meridionale come dice Strabone, che
ificava Rosso; dal quale, come si vede in uso
esso i Latini, tutto quel mare, e non il solo seno
bico, che è una particella di esso, prese di Rosso
me; che da' moderni poi, forse perche così lo
ma la Sacra Scrittura nel passaggio degli Ebrei,
no Arabico, di cui parliamo, più spetialmente a
appropriato.—Broekhus. p. 232.

er. 19. The original of this passage, Mr. Dart, onformity to Achilles Statius, interprets,

> 'Alas! your prayers are slighted,' &c.

the subsequent part of the Elegy shows the take.

esides, we know the ancients supposed, that ius was very complaisant upon those occasions, er refusing any petition. The nuptial bed was ecrated to this god.

Not only men, but cities and nations, had their ii. The concealment of the names of the lat- was looked upon as of the highest conse- nce; it being believed, that when a town was sted, or a country harassed by wars, if the my implored them by their right appellation, would abandon that city or nation.

icero twice uses the word *cadere* in the same e that our poet uses it.

er. 20. Yellow was consecrated by the an- ts to the god of marriage.

er. 23. The original of this passage is variously l. According to Heinsius's correction it is,

was, according to them, the crow. I
Ælian (*de Anim. lib.* iii. *c.* 9.) tells us, l
formed, that the ancients, in their marri
wont to invoke that bird, after their ad
Hymenæus; it being regarded as a symb
cord by those who married on account of
The passage, however, upon which they
their interpretation, plainly shows, that
was not looked upon, in the days of H
propitious to marriage; and we have t
rity of Virgil and Horace, not to ment
the elder, for asserting that the crow w
of bad omen. The *hac Avi* then of the
signifies *hoc Augurio;* as is expressed in
sion, where something of Scaliger's inter
is also retained.

According to Vulpius, they used to o
the birth of a child what birds either f
or made a noise; and from these circu

NOTES ON ELEGY III.

ESIS, to whom the remaining Elegies in this
: are addressed, had gone from Rome to her
e in the country, to be present, as is sup-
d, at the festival of the god Terminus, which
nnually celebrated about the 21st of February.
he poet was deeply enamoured of Nemesis,
departure gave him great uneasiness; but
g informed that she meant to continue at her
till the vintage and harvest were past, he
rmined to follow her in the dress of a peasant,
by getting himself employed in her fields,
to enjoy the satisfaction of beholding her
scovered. Cornutus probably objected to the
ace of this metamorphosis; but to this Tibul-
gave an appropriated answer; 'the god of
s, Apollo himself, in circumstances analogous
ine, (said he) abandoned heaven, and became
herdsman of Admetus: nay, so thoroughly
that deity mastered by love, that he withdrew
ttention from the Delphian shrine, &c. and
itted to perform the meanest rural drudgeries.'
Tibullus deemed his friend's approbation of
equence, he enumerates these servilities, and
fore the translator cannot help thinking that
ne

Ipse Deus, &c.

he three following, being descriptive of these,
genuine. What further confirms the transla-
n his opinion of their authenticity is, that
makes use of the same argument in his 'Art
ve.'

But, probably, the example
all the influence on the uninsp
Cornutus that our poet could ha
lus, therefore, curses the occasi
travesty, exclaims against agric
for a return of the golden a
changing his tone, he offers hims
and most laborious employment
to enjoy the felicity of obeying

Propertius's nineteenth Elegy,
beautiful invitation to Corinna,
seat, may be compared with thi

Ver. 5. Hercules Strozza,
Ferrara, has happily imitated
Tibullus:

Rura peto: valeatque forum, valea
Et Venus et Veneris cessit in ar
Pascit Amor pecus; at numerum
Vomera dura gravi jugera findit
Et dominam mirantur Oves, domin
Vicinasque rudis combibit agna
Plus solito petulans aries salit; ic
Sentit aratori numen inesse suo.

soon made him less solicitous to regain his native skies. Alcestis, the wife of Admetus, was his favourite; but it is probable that all his endeavours to gain that lady proved ineffectual; for when Admetus, in a dangerous fit of illness, consulted the oracle for a remedy, and was answered that he must perish unless another would die in his room, she, with a disinterestedness and love peculiar to conjugal fidelity, became the willing sacrifice, and by her death recovered her husband. It happened fortunately, that Hercules arrived at Admetus's palace the very day that Alcestis was sacrificed; and having been well entertained by that prince, expressed his gratitude to him by descending into hell, foiling death, and bringing back again Alcestis to her beloved husband. Upon this fable Euripides has founded one of his most pathetic tragedies.

The ladies are not greatly indebted to the mythologists, who have unanimously represented Apollo, though αει καλος καὶ αει νεος, 'always beautiful and always young,' as unsuccessful in his amours; but whatever reason they have to complain, those who are fond of poetry have none; as the repulse that god met with from Daphne, hath given rise to a piece in Waller, which for ease of numbers, and happiness of fabulous allusion, is surpassed by few modern poems. *Vid.* his story of Daphne and Phœbus applied.

Ver. 19. 'If love had so much power over Apollo, as to make him undergo, not only the most servile drudgeries, but also to neglect the *fate of nations*; surely, I may be excused, (argues *our poet*) when the same passion obliges me to

become a ploughman.' But should not Tibu have added, that as his Nemesis every way celled Apollo's flame, so he himself, in acting part he did, was more excusable than the de This gallant addition, Mr. Prior, had he produ Phœbus's conduct as an apology for his o would not have omitted, though Mr. Hamm has.

Ver. 21. Homer, Il. 5. mentions the juice the fig, as applied to this purpose. All a coagulate milk.

Nor was Apollo only bountiful to the sw in those respects. Callimachus records m other instances of blessings, which, in his abse from heaven, he bestowed on the country.

> Φοῖβον καὶ Νόμιον κικλήσκομεν ἐξ ὅτι κεῖνη
> 'Εξοτ' ἐπ' Ἀμφρήσῳ ζευγήτιδας ἔτερεν Τιτῆας
> Ἡθεῖε ὑπ' ἐρῶτι κεκαύσμενος Ἀδμήτοιο, &c.
> *Vid.* his Hymn Εἰς Ἀπολλωνα, V. 46. &

Which Prior has thus translated:

> Thee, Nomian, we adore; for that from heaven
> Descending, thou on fair Amphrysus' banks
> Didst guard Admetus' herds: sithence the cow
> Produc'd an ampler store of milk, and the she-goat
> Not without pain drag'd her distended udder,
> And ewes that erst brought forth but single lambs,
> Now drop'd their twofold burdens; bless'd the cattle
> On which Apollo cast his favouring eye!'

Ver. 23. Valerius Flaccus has imitated thought in the first book of his Argonauts poem, which, however little read, is by no me destitute of many striking poetical beauties.

> *Te quoque dant campi tanto pastore pheræi*
> *Felices Admeti.* Tuis nam pendet in arcis

Delius, irato Steropen quod fuderat arcu.
Ah, quoties fumulo notis soror obvia sylvis
Flevit, ubi Ossæa captaret frigora quercus,
Pecteret et pingui mersos Baebeide crines!

V. 444.

Ver. 31. As the ancients supposed that Apollo showed a particular fondness for fine long curling hair, they never failed, in their addresses to that god, to praise him, as possessing that ornament. Hence, in the hymns ascribed to Orpheus, Apollo is styled χρυσοκομος, and by other Greek poets ακτεριακομης and ακηροκομας, and by the Latins *Crinitus*. In imitation of their patron-god, the bards of old affected to wear long hair. Thus Virgil represents Jopas.

Phavorinus, in a quotation which Stobæus has preserved of his, uses Ζητην in the same sense as Tibullus uses *quærere* in this passage. Serm. 64.

Ver. 34. Delos is an island in the Ægean sea, the most famous of the Cyclades, the birth-place of Apollo and his sister Diana; upon which account it was held in such reverence by the ancients, that when the Persians, in one of their expeditions against Greece, anchored there with a thousand ships, nought belonging to the island was violated by the army.

Etymologists say, it obtained the name of Delos, απο τυ Δηλειν, from its suddenly emerging from the waves at the command of Neptune. Latona, not daring to remain long during her pregnancy in a known place, (the jealous Juno having dispatched the serpent Python in pursuit of her) was here safely delivered. Apollo afterwards slew this *serpent*. *Vid.* Ovid's Met. The Athenians,

crowned the poop of the vessel, whic
signal for sailing, the city was purified.

Delphi was a city of Phocis, in the r
hood of Parnassus, built by Delphus,
Apollo or Neptune. It was of diffic
being situated among rocks and frightful
Here Apollo had a famous temple, to w
nations as well as the Greeks repaire
of public distress, to learn how an en
put to their calamities; as also to be i
the manner in which any enterprise o
conducted, or what would be the is
event. The pythoness, or priestess of t
was famed for the ambiguity of her an
nothing is more profuse than superstition
the riches brought to this temple were
insomuch that the retainers to the te
well afford to maintain spies every
inform them of what passed or was lik
pen; as well as poets, to versify their

At tibi dura Ceres, &c.

nd this the Dutchman thinks warranted, by the ımediate introduction of Bacchus in the original. he translator, however, has preferred the first ading, that being supported by most MSS.

Ver. 48. *May rills and acorns, &c.*] This thought ıows the intenseness of our author's passion for emesis. The Romans highly esteemed agricul- ıre. Cicero speaks of it as *proxima sapientiæ*; ıd Tibullus seems to have been of the same ɔinion.

The wise and good Boethius has drawn no con- ımptible picture of this primeval simplicity, (Lib. Carm. 5.) although we cannot agree with him hen he wishes for a return of that state.

Ver. 55.

> Once more, ye simple usages obtain!
> No—lead me, drive me to the cultur'd plain!

his abrupt refusal of a state from which he ex- ected so much happiness, is so strongly expressive f love, that it may be put in competition with ıy of the most boasted passages in the heroic oets, where a sudden change of impetuous desire expressed.

Slaves were employed in performing the more ervile offices of husbandry; and their most faith- ıl labours seldom exempted them from the chain. t is indeed shocking to humanity to think, with hat cruelty these unfortunate wretches were eated by their Roman masters. See Mr. Hume's ntertaining Discourse on the Populousness of ıncient Nations.

quer his affection for her; he accordingly resolution in practice; but finding his e ineffectual, he gave over the struggle, his destiny, and sent her the foregoing Elegy, in which he acknowledges the s which her charms had gained over him, a her to mitigate her cruelty.

The whole poem is a tempest (if the may be allowed) of amorous and contr tions. By these our author is particula guished from Ovid and Propertius. T generally begin and end their elegies wit passion; whereas the reader will often f of Tibullus's, all those contrarieties and t which peculiarly characterize the passio and are so beautiful in poetry. This ju elegant encomium which Joannes Bap bestows on our author: *Princeps elegorum est dubio procul Al. Tibullus, quia vera agit. Modo superbit, modo supplicat, ann minatur, intercedit, dedignatur, devovet, o stans est, quod voluit, non vult, quod optav secum dissidens, ut in vera Cupidinis rota credas.*

Major Pack's version of this Elegy w been more in the spirit of Tibullus, had h less wit with it.

Ver. 1. Chains, imprisonment, flam have been huddled together by man

, who imagined himself qualified for telling
ıus love-tale; and probably they have drawn
self-complacency from this passage of Tibul-
ıo has expressed, and probably felt, all the
istresses of the tender passion superior to
other writer. But whatever Tibullus feels,
ver loses his judgment and correctness in
g. A little attention will convince us, that
taphor here is simple, entire, and uniformly
d throughout. The tyranny of the passion
e over reason, the waywardness of a love-
n mind, and the distresses which it feels
ıe caprice and frowns of an haughty mistress,
ted to Tibullus, that the most abject state
very aptly represented the condition of a
ng lover. Let us not estimate the severity
servitude by our own customs and manners.
ust step into America to see cruel instances
or if we look into ancient times, we shall
ıat those who were servants utterly lost
liberty, lost all power over their actions,
most over their thoughts themselves; that
of them whose condition was the worst,
employed in the heaviest labours, were con-
r kept in chains, had severe taskmasters
hem, and upon every slight occasion were
ed to some of those sharp torments which
in Plautus thus humorously describes:

stimulos, laminas, crucesque compedesque,
rvos, catenas, carceres numellas, pedicas, belas,
loctoresque acerrimos, gnarosque nostri tergi.

ninas here answers to *faces* in Tibullus. They
ıeated bars of iron used in the punishment

[illegible] the metaphorical slave
into. We shall now know what
following line,

Et, seu quid merui, seu quid peccav.

One of the commentators, think
a man should be burnt for his go
explained *quid merui* by *quid deliq*
well have said *peccavi*; but *peccav*
and the critic was resolved to vary
could not the image; but Tibullus
to do both. His design was to repr
ness of his slavery; and to this purp
that such was the capricious cruelty
such the severity of love, his task-
turer, that he was not only closely
but had the torture wantonly appli
was faithful to the offices love enjoi
bellious, mutinous, or negligent; t
mistress was cruel, and love a tor

ave reason to think, Tibullus was not averse. lis misery, therefore, must have been extreme, hen it forced him to wish for such a metamorhosis, as not only would have deprived him of very satisfaction of sense, but rendered him an ternal curse and reproach to all seafaring people.

Ver. 17. Some critics contend, that Tibullus ere ascribes to Apollo the invention of elegy, id thereby determines the dispute which so armly engaged the grammarians of the Augustan ge: but others, with more reason, suppose that e poet, in this place, intended only in general represent this god as the author and patron of etry. The translator has given the line a sense fferent from both; with what propriety, the ader will determine.

Ver. 29. The *facinus* and *cedes*, in the original, lude to the many massacres and proscriptions hich were the dreadful effects of those civil wars hich at last extinguished the liberty of Rome. he butcheries by which Octavius acquired the vereignty of the world, fixed such disgrace on himself, and so deeply stained his family ith the imputation of cruelty, that even the ercies of Cæsar are become suspected. Indeed, either Augustus nor Julius are to be accused of ving been the first, who subverted the constitution of their country; for this was done in the ys of Marius and Scylla: and if we consider e venality of the people, the luxury of the nate, the small number of good men who surved the public calamities, and add to this the paciousness of the generals and governors of ovinces, we shall be induced, perhaps, to allow

however, that Tibullus acts a gallant p
in endeavouring to remove an aspersio
mistress, though his regard for Cup
called in question when he attempts
odium upon him. He seems to be aw
and therefore involves also in his ce
who certainly better deserved it.

Ver. 35. Propertius derives female
and female avarice, from the same so
Lib. iii. El. 11. which is a keen and w
a just invective.

Ver. 42. A bawd, in Plautus, thus de
behaviour of a new lover:

——— *Ubi de pleno promitur*
Neque ille scit quid det, quid damni faciat, i
Volt placere sese Amicæ, volt mihi, volt pe
Volt famulis, volt etiam ancillis, et quoque
Subhlandiatur omnibus amator, so sit eum ad

But more correspondent to our poet's sentiments is the following Greek Epigram:

Πυ μεν το χαραλμα φερης φιλος ουτε θυρωρος
Εν ποσιν, ουτε κυων εν προθυροις δεδεται.

Will the reader pardon me one quotation more? It is a humorous epitaph on a dog which belonged to a married lady of intrigue.

Latratu fures excepi, mutus amantes,
Sic placui Domino, sic placui Dominæ.

Ver. 48. By the pronoun *tibi*, in the text, the poet seems to have had some particular person in his eye.

The ancients looked upon it as one of the most dreadful misfortunes which could befal any person, to be deprived of funeral honours.

The inculcating of this was one of the wisest contrivances of ancient legislation, and was transmitted originally from Egypt to Greece. By it, not only private murders, but vices of all kinds, were, in a great measure, checked or prevented. For, as an ingenious writer observes, it was a custom among the Egyptians, before they interred their dead, to canvass over their actions, and to bring their whole past life to a trial, before judges appointed for that purpose. Those who, upon a fair and impartial examination, were found to have lived a virtuous and good life, were dismissed from the tribunal with praises proportionable to their merit, recommended as worthy examples to posterity, and assigned over to the society of the blessed in the shades below; but others, in whose characters vice and mischief were predominant, were publicly branded with infamy, and assigned

over to the regions of affliction. (*Diod.* As every one was convinced, that he should this impartial trial after death, wherein his abilities, power, and fortune, could avail to avert a proper and just sentence, si amples were powerful checks to vice, and incentives to virtue. The legislators, havin their end in this institution, enforced the ance of it by the superstition already me that those whose bodies were unburied wander in a state of restlessness a hundre on the banks of the river Styx. Now invented to obviate by terror the clan interment of those whom the surviving pa relations were afraid to bring to this test of being desirous to shelter the memory of fuct from ignominy by an omission of th mony. The public interment of the body first insisted upon, only as concomitant rites, and by corruption afterwards made sary part of them.

Ver. 62. Joannes Baptista Pius (*Annot.* c. 115.) imagines that these garlands we posed solely of parsley; but Magius has the falsity of this. Broekhusius is of that the poet, in this place, meant garl roses; and indeed innumerable quotation be brought from the classics to prove, th were used of old in the adorning of tombs

Ver. 65. Propertius says,

Sit sibi terra levis, mulier dignissima vita.

Hence we often meet with the initial le T. T. L. upon ancient tomb-stones.

Ver. 98. Upon such verses of our author as these have the commentators reared the trite opinion, that Tibullus, by his extravagance, squandered away his fortune. The text, however, cannot be construed into any such meaning. Ovid, with more justice, might be said to have spent his inheritance from the following lines:

Illud et illud habet, nec ea contenta, rapina est,
Sub titulum nostros misit avara lares.
Remed. Amor.

But, in truth, small stress is to be laid upon such expressions in the poets; and therefore Broekhuhusius might have spared the censure he passes on Tibullus, on account of this passage, elegy delighting in imaginary distresses.

Ver. 69. Critics are greatly divided in their opinions about the *hippomanes*. Theophrastus, Aristotle, and Theocritus mention a plant of that name, the smell of which made mares run mad for the stallion. While some commentators assert, that it was a fig-like excrescence which grew on the forehead of a foal, and which, being bit off and swallowed by the mother, made her passionately fond of her offspring. Hence it came to be used in philtres of old, and to be applied metaphorically to express love. Others contend that it was a poison, *quod equæ in libidinem excitatæ e locis emittebant.*

Ver. 72. The Thessalians being a wild and uncivilized people, it is no wonder that they were addicted to the follies of witchcraft. Their country produced many powerful plants, and some of the first physicians we read of were born there.

The word *venenum* does not a
since Horace, and other app
often to signify the juice of s
were proper to correct the
It also sometimes signifies a l
place, however, it stands for
philtre; for our poet at pres
of the latter, being already
Nemesis; but whether he w
reality as good as his word let
Mr. Hammond's first Eleg
this.

NOTES ON EL

MESSALINUS, to whom the fo
is addressed, was the son of the
This young nobleman, whom
poets represent as inheriting hi
had been appointed one of
priests, to whose care the kee
tion of the Sibylline oracles
these venerable writings had
Augustus under the statue of
temple, erected on Mount Pal
was supposed to preside over
a particular manner over these
the poet begins his poem with a
whom he earnestly implores t
inauguration of the new pon
these writings were never co
greatest emergency, and then
passed a decree for that p

interpretation, even then, was thought to be suggested by Apollo, Tibullus entreats the god to assist his young friend, whenever public calamities should render it necessary for the priests to have recourse to them.

The Romans were proud of being thought the posterity of the Trojans; and their poets embraced every opportunity of making their court to the people by adopting that notion. Nor was this prejudice confined to the meaner sort of Romans: Julius Cæsar, and his successor, either believed, or affected from political motives to believe, that they were descendants of Æneas; (*Vid.* in Suet. in Vit. J. Cæs, et Aug.) Nay, so far was this folly carried, that Augustus entertained a design of transferring the seat of empire from Rome to Troy; which city, by his and Julius's attention, was again in a flourishing situation. This the Romans dreaded not a little; and to such a height did their apprehensions increase, (A. U. C. 734.) when Augustus was in Syria, that Horace, all courtier as he was, is supposed to have written that noble ode, *Justum et tenacem*, (lib. iii. ode 5.) obliquely to dissuade the emperor from that measure. As this, however, was a very delicate subject, and none knew better to flatter his patron than Horace, he abruptly breaks off,

Non hæc jocosæ conveniunt Lyræ.

Tibullus, however, not lying under the same obligations to Augustus as the lyric poet, and neither courting the smiles nor dreading the frowns of the court; he, like a true patriot, in all the enthusiasm of poetry, introduces the Sibyl, poula-

ing on Æneas to the new settlement, e
heaven for him and his followers, in It
event, (says the prophetess) whenev
place, will effectually recompense yo
present loss, and future disasters; y
being to become a god; as your pos
Romans, are predestined to conquer th
which Rome is to be the capital.'

This surmise (which no commentator h
on) throws a particular beauty on the w
Sibyl's speech; which otherwise appe
placed, where it now is inserted.

Shall we pay a compliment to Horace
lus (who probably let one another in
scope of their patriot-productions), an
that these had some weight with the
the world? At all events, as Augustus
great veneration for the Sibylline book
anxious to be thought the son of Apol
notes), who, he said, fought for him at t
Actium; the people (whose prejudic
removing their seat of empire, must
augmented by our poet's well-timed
would have regarded Augustus's bre
Sybil's orders as the most impious of
Besides, so flagrant a disrespect, and in
such eminence, might have produced
fatal consequences to his government,
ing the reverence which his subjects
for the Sibylline writings. This, Augus
sensible not to perceive, and too poli
avoid.

But if the translator is deceived in
ture of the design which Tibullus

in writing this fine poem, he, however, y wishes that the nine may always devote ›tures to the service of their country, and ·ostitute their talents in flattering tyranny, ning the passions of guilty greatness. The shall then joyfully acknowledge the lan- f the gods, and own the Muses for the te daughters of Jove.

emaining part of the Elegy is thrown, we pose on purpose, into an artful obscurity ection. Most of the prodigies which the ntions, are said by historians to have hap- t the death of Julius Cæsar; and may we ecture, that Tibullus meant, by recapitu- ese, to insinuate that the gods caused the o be slain, for his attachment to Troy? rcumstance could not fail to alarm his r; especially too as he must have been s, that he even outdid Julius in his affec- that city; and it is certain, that he by no qualled that usurper in point of personal

f Tibullus wrote with freedom, his freedom ompanied with decorum; for, as a Roman es it, it is always dangerous, *Scribere in i potest proscribere.*

e poet supplicates Apollo to avert such s for the future; by which means, peace eturn to bless Italy, and rural devotion ourish. Tibullus supposes that the god is petition, and describes the joyful cere- practised by the grateful villagers upon asion.

e *solemnities* concluding, as usual, with

mirth and wine, the young peasants begin to disclose their loves, and condemn the cruelty of their mistresses. This leads our poet insensibly into a recollection of his own amorous misfortunes: for Nemesis was still inflexible. This, he says, not only impaired his health, but affected his poetical powers: so that, far from being able to do justice to great subjects, he scarce could write a little elegy. This was an artful apology for the seeming inaccuracy of his present poem. Notwithstanding all the consequences of his ill-requited passion, so thorough a lover was our poet, that he did not wish to shake off his love; but only begged that Nemesis would at last condescend to abate of her rigour: 'for, as Messalinus (adds he) is pushing forwards in the lists of fame, the regard and friendship which I profess for his father and himself, absolutely require a total freedom of genius, that I may celebrate those triumphs which his grateful country will soon decree him.'

In the conclusion, Messala is introduced as enjoying the felicity of seeing his son triumph; upon which occasion the poet supposes that his patron will entertain Rome with magnificent spectacles.

The poem ends with a petition to Apollo, that these things might be accomplished.

History informs that Messalinus, by steadily treading in the footsteps of his father, was honoured with a triumph, and A. U. C. 750, had the consulship conferred upon him; but Tibullus died many years before these things happened.

It is not easy to determine how old Messalinus was at the time this poem was written. He had not, probably, long put on the manly gown, for

we find that Lentulus, the son of Lentulus, was chosen into the college of augurs at 17 or 18 years of age; and from this college the quindecemvirs were elected. Upon these occasions, the friends of the pontiff were invited to a magnificent supper; and it is probable it was at this entertainment that the following poem was first recited.

Ver. 9. The original here would seem extremely ridiculous to a mere modern reader. Literally translated, it signifies neither more nor less, than an entreaty to his godship to put on his holiday suit, curl his hair, and wash his face. A strange hint this to so great, so young and beautiful a divinity as Apollo. Is it from their patron-god, that some of his modern vassals have derived their ideas of dress and cleanliness? The sublimest geniuses are not exempted from paying an attention to the little decencies of life, respecting which the fair sex are our best instructors.

The polite Callimachus, in his hymn to Apollo, draws a more amiable picture of the god of poetry, in the following verses:

Τον χορον ὑ πολλων ὁτι δι καλα θυμον αειδει
Τιμηεν, δυναται γαρ ἐπει Διϊ δεξιος ἡται.
Ουδε ὁ χορος τον φοιβον εφ' ἑν μονον ἡμαρ ἀειδει
Ἐστι γαρ ευϋμνος, τις αν ὑ ρεα φοιβον αειδοι;
Χρυσεα τω πολλωνι τοτ' ανθιλον ἡ τ' ἐπιστορεις
Ηυτε λυρη, &c. *Ver.* 28, 29, &c.

Immortal honours wait the happy throng,
Who, grateful to the god resound the song:
And honours well Apollo can command,
For high in power he sits, at Jove's right hand.
But in the god such beaming glories blend,
The day unequal to his praise will end.

His praise, who cannot with delight resound
Where such eternal theme for song is found;
A golden robe invests the glorious god,
His shining feet with golden sandals shod:
Gold are his harp, his quiver, and his bow;
Round him bright riches in profusion flow.
His Delphic fane illustrious proof supplies,
Where wealth immense fatigues the wondering eyes.
On his soft cheeks no tender down has sprung,
A god for ever fair, for ever young:
His fragrant locks distil ambrosial dews,
Drop gladness down, and blooming health diffuse, &c
De

Ver. 12. Ariosto has imitated this passa
the beginning of his third canto. The prope
blems of Apollo the poet, lyrist, or festal A
were, a crown of laurel, his hair finely dre
flowing at full length, a lyre in his left hand
wearing a magnificent robe that fell down
feet. In this manner was this god represent
the temple which Augustus dedicated to h
the Palatium; and thus it was that the po
old were habited, when they sang to the ly
the tables of the great. Hence, as Mr. S
observes, the propriety of the epithet *cr*
conferred on Jopas by Virgil; which some c
have too hastily censured, as wholly foreign
purpose.

So fond was Augustus of Apollo, that i
medals, and other representations of that em
his face is what the Romans called an Apol
face. This we know from history, that Au
was really very beautiful; and Suetonius in
us, that some writers had even asserted, th
was in fact the son of Apollo. (Vit. Aug. sec

ordingly, Servius tells us, that there were sta-
of Augustus in Rome, which represented him
r the character, and with the attributes, of
god. We also know, that in a certain infa-
s feast made by Augustus (at which he and
of his courtiers represented the six great ce-
al gods, as some of the ladies of his court re-
ented the six great goddesses) he himself
e to appear with the emblems of Apollo. All
e circumstances but too plainly show, that
successor of Julius gave in to the flattery that
paid him; and that he thought himself, at
t loved to be thought by others, like Apollo.
the greatest absurdity of all (as Mr. Spence
ly observes) was, that because Apollo was
illy represented with a particular flow of light
ming from his eyes, he must needs have it sup-
ed that his eyes also, which were really fine,
ed forth so strong a brightness, as to dazzle
e who looked upon them too nearly or too
idily. *Oculos habuit claros, ac nitidos,* (says
tonius) *quibus etiam existimari volebat inesse
idam divini vigoris, gaudebatque si quis sibi
us contuenti quasi ad fulgorem solis, vultum
nitteret.* To such a pitch of extravagance does
olute power lead even the well-meaning!

Ver. 16. For the lots, see notes on the third
gy of the first book; and who the augurs were
n been explained already. The Haruspices, to
om, according to the Tuscan discipline, belong
province of explaining prodigies, by inspect-
the bowels of victims, were servants of the
blic, and had salaries for attending the magis-
tes *in all their* sacrifices. Hence, they never

— were of the first nobil
over a people naturally su
of power was thrown into
and optimates, who, by thi
serves, (De Legib. lib. iii
enabled to check the factio
bunes.

Minutius Felix, and otl
ascribe oracles, &c. to th
devil, or other impure spirit

Polybius very sensibly dec
which the Roman state had
the superstition of its vulga
by the statesmen (says he) to
effectually introduced into th
citizens, and into public affa
help being surprised at it.
sagacious politician) was, as
entirely for the sake of the
ciety of wise men only could

*rua ista non contemnendo, majores nostri maxi-
um hanc rem fecerunt.*

While the augurs were taking the auspices, or
serving the heavens, all public business was in-
rmitted. Julius Cæsar first broke through this;
d Claudius, to facilitate the banishment of Ci-
ro, among other laws to decoy the people,
acted that no magistrate should take the au-
ices, or contemplate the heavens, while they
ere actually assembled on public business. This
gulation took place A.U.C. 695. But the peo-
e, not content with this, extended the privilege
the uninterrupted prosecution of affairs on the
ies fasti.

Ver. 20. *The Sybil-leaves, if Rome,* &c.] These
ritings were kept anciently in a coffer of stone,
d deposited in a subterranean place in the Capi-
l. But that noble pile of buildings being de-
royed by fire, A.U.C. 671, and the Sibylline
oks along with them, Sylla rebuilt the Capitol,
d sent deputies into Ionia, to collect all the Si-
llline verses which tradition had still preserved.
hey succeeded so well, that a volume, consisting
a thousand lines, was composed from their
eanings, and deposited in the Capitol. Augus-
s Cæsar, after the death of Lepidus, when he
ok upon himself the office of high priest, *quid-
id fatidicorum librorum Græci Latinique generis,
ullis vel parum idoneis auctoribus vulgo ferebatur,
upra 2, millia, contracta undique, cremavit ac solos
tinuit Sibyllinos.* These, indeed, when purged
f what he supposed to be spurious, Augustus
laced in two golden lockers, under the statue of
pollo, in the temple he had dedicated to that

as well as those of her sisters,
heroic numbers, *senis pedibus;*
may be depended upon, were
volumes. Lib. v.

In the second Punic war, w
duced to very great difficulties
sulted the Sibylline books.
pulsion of the enemy from Ita
their instituting, with extraord
annual games to Apollo.

The year in which the secu
formed, the Apollinarian were
as Macrobius informs us, lib.

The Sibylline books conti
rence till about the time of T
when the greatest part of the
verted to Christianity, they b
as fables; and at last, in the
Stilicho burnt them.

judice of his elder brother Numitor, and continued in quiet possession of the regal dignity till he was slain by Romulus and Remus, the sons of Ilia, Numitor's daughter. These seated their grandfather upon the throne; and two years after founded Rome. Usher places this last event before the 8th Olympiad, A.M. 3250: others, with Varro, fix it to the 3d Olympiad, and 433d year after the destruction of Troy, in the 3960th of the Julian period, 753 years before the nativity of our Saviour.

Ver. 29. Rome was usually called *Urbs æterna*, as the antiquaries, poets, and medals testify. But if Rome was predestined by the gods to last for ever, how vain, how impious would it be to remove the seat of empire to any other place!

Ver. 31. Such, at that time, was the condition of those hills on which Rome was founded. But Petrarch and Dyer, in describing their present state, present us with a very different prospect.

Qui fu quella di Imperio antica sede
Tu muta in pace e triomphante in guerra.
Fu! perch' altro che il loco hor non si vede.
Quella che Roma fu giace, s'atterra
Quest cui l'herba copre e calca il piede
I gr Moli ad ciel vicine, et hor son terra.
Roma che' l mondo vinse, al tempo cede
Che i piani inalza e che l'altezza atterra.
Roma in Roma non e, Vulcano e Marte
La grandezza di Roma a Roma han tolta,
Struggendo l'opre e di natura e di arte.
Volio sossopra il mondo e'o polve e volta
E fra queste ruine a terra sparte
In se stessa cadea morta e sepolta.

When the' humble roof Anchis
Of good Evander, wealth-desp
Amid the thickets. So revolv
So time ordains, who rolls the
From dust again to dust. Beh
Of mouldering urns (their ash
Dust of the mighty!) the same
And at its base, from whence
Down the green desert street,
Laments the same, the vision

By Jove's temple the poe
which in the days of Augustu
embellishment, and riches, o
and magnificent edifices in
was destroyed by fire, (an
already taken notice of) Au
rebuild it, but died ere it wa
said, he, in his last moments,
thing wanting to complete
not, however, wholly rebuilt

Cicero) seemed to have been sent from heaven, not to destroy, but to raise to Jupiter a temple more worthy of his majesty. On the first of January, the consuls always went in procession to this temple; and all who entered the city in triumph, repaired thither in pomp, to pay their solemn thanks to Jove.

Grammarians made a difference between *Arx* and *Capitolium;* but, if we are not mistaken, they are sometimes indiscriminately used.

The verses from line twenty-ninth of the version, to that where the Sibyl addresses Æneas, may appear too long; as it diverts the attention from the Cumæan Sibyl, who is about to prophesy. But as the prophetess's allusion to the particular place, where the descendants of Æneas were to found their eternal city, might have, perhaps, appeared obscure, (a defect to which prophetic language is liable) without a previous and more full description; our poet's conduct, it would seem, is not so foreign to the purpose, as might at first be imagined.

See Ovid, Fast. and Propert. lib. iv. for similar descriptions.

Ver. 32. In a former note, we have taken notice of the meanness of infant Rome. Neither did it greatly improve in magnificence till many centuries after. Their temples indeed were adorned with trophies: but these (as Plutarch observes in his life of Marcellus) made the city rather dreadful than pleasing. After the conquest of Syracuse by Marcellus, the Romans became acquainted with the finer arts, and no doubt their architecture was also improved: and yet Augustus boasted,

that he had found Rome ill buil
a city of marble: *marmoream s*
lateritiam accepisset. Suet. in A

Ver. 33. It was customary to
van gods, Pan and Pales, with r

Plutarch informs us, that R
on the 21st of April; and that
lemn festival was ever afterward
tival was formerly called by the
but, upon building a temple aft
and Venus, they changed the na
into that of *Romana.*

Ver. 36. The curious in antic
consult Servius, or Virgil's Bucol
liger, lib. i. Poet. cap. 4, conc
pipe of the ancient shepherds.

Some attribute the invention
others to Marsyas. It consiste
(joined together by thread and
where the lips were applied, bu
qua exibat spiritus.

But no words can convey so d
this ancient musical instrument,
of its figure upon antiques; of
to be found in Boissard, Gorlæu
appears from § 9, of the second
mous Italian traveller, Pietro del
Turks, in his time, used a pipe,
Muscab, and which very much
played on by the ancients.

Ver. 39. So where *Velabrian s*
was a large street in the eighth,
in the eleventh division of R
which this street afterwards o
in fo , a boggy lake

quent inundations from the Tyber; but Tarquinius Priscus having effectually drained it, it became, in process of time, one of the noblest streets in the city.

Ver. 45. In Virgil, Creusa appeared to Æneas, and prophesied to him his future settlement. The ancients generally suppose, that the souls of the departed are endowed with a power of predicting future events; but no prophecy was so awfully striking, none more to be depended upon, than what proceeded from the mouth of a Sibyl. Hence the reverence paid by the Romans to the Sibylline books; and hence it was that Augustus himself affected so much to rely upon their declarations. Thus has Tibullus happily blended sublimity with art. The Sibyl concludes her prophecy with a prayer to Apollo, by which she interests that god in the events of her prediction: and from this circumstance, the propriety of our poet's address to Apollo, in the beginning of the Elegy, more conspicuously appears.

Poetical prophecy makes the reader acquainted, before hand, with some events, which are to happen in the progress of the poem: and prevention (as an elegant critic calls it) is when such things are spoken of at present, which nevertheless are not to come to pass for years or ages.

The same critic observes, that poetical predictions are generally uttered by superior beings; or if human beings are introduced, they are either such as are already in another state of existence, or just on the verge of quitting this. Thus, Hector, in Homer, foretels the death of Achilles; and, *in the same* manner, Orodes, in Virgil, warns

phecy. Heroic poets often use an
telling the death of a hero, at a t
perhaps exulting in victory. Virg
instance of this, Æn. x. in relation
Pallas by Turnus.

That form of prophecy, distingu
the title of prevention, gives an ur
ness and energy to the language: i
actions full before our eyes, and c
boldness and assurance with it, tha
pleasing; prophecy being of great
sessing and captivating the reader
look into futurity. Thus it flatt
and capacity of our own minds, a
that it gives an air of superior
authority to the poet. This spec
includes in it all these advantage

Joel says in a truly inspired language: 'I will show thee wonders in the heavens and in the earth: blood, and fire, and pillars of smoke: the sun shall be turned into darkness, and the moon into blood. I will cause the sun to go down at noon, and will darken the earth in clear day. All the bright lights of heaven will I make dark over thee, and set darkness upon the land.' In that truly sublime passage, the sun and lights seem only to have left the heavens to shine with all their boundless majesty in the poet's mind.

Ver. 51. The poet here plainly points out the river Numicius, which, as the Sibyl prophesied, washed away from Æneas all that was mortal, and fitted him for the company of the gods; as Ovid beautifully tells the story. *Vide* Ovid's Metam. book xiv. l. 609.

Such is the poetical account of Æneas's departure from life: but antiquaries differ widely as to the manner of his death. Some assert, that his body was found drowned in the Numicius, after his rencounter with Mezentius; while others maintain, that he was indeed killed on the banks of that river, but that his body, tumbling into the stream, could never be recovered; and that it was hence artfully given out by his successors, that the gods had taken him to themselves. Accordingly he was honoured with the appellation of *Deus Indiges*, or ἀνθρωποδαίμων; and Dionysius Halicarnasseus (lib. i. p. 40.) informs us, that not only a chapel was dedicated to him, with the following inscription,

PATRI. DEO. INDIGETI.
QVI. NVMICI. AMNIS.
VNDAS. TEMPERAT.

but that he had many monuments erec
iu divers parts of Italy.

But why is Numicius called sacred i
Numici unda). Servius, in his note
venth Æneid, ver. 150, assigns the fo
son: *Numicius ingens ante fluvius fui*
tum est cadaver Æneæ, et consecratum,
descrescens, in fontem redactus est: q
est, sacris interceptus. Vestæ enim l
de hoc flumine, licebat. Broekh.

Ver. 56. In the first battle, whi
ried on against the Latins and Ru
fraudatus Laviniæ nuptias, Lati
upon which, the Rutulian prince, T
aid from Mezentius, king of th
fell in the second action: but Æ
wards appeared, as the scholiast
third and last engagement, Ascan
death of his father, by killing Me

But why does the poet besto
epithet *Barbaro*, since that prin
Virgil, informs us) was of Grec
lenius endeavoured to solve this
posing, that Turnus spoke bad
vel balbus erat. But there is n
such hypothesis; since we f
that the Romans called both
Barbari. Vide Fest. in voc. I

Ver. 57. *Lavinium greets n*
city, which Æneas is said to
of his wife Lavinia. See
twenty-eighth chapter of th
Halicarnass. in Virgil, Æn.
i. cap. 1. and 3. in the auth
Orig. Roman. and in Jus

Ver. 59. Broekhusius is ample in citing authorities to prove, that Ilia was neither asleep, or ravished (contrary to what is asserted in the text), when Mars, or whoever was the father of Romulus and Remus, begot these twins upon her. After her delivery she drowned herself in the Tiber; and hence she is said, by the poets, to have been married to that river.

Ver. 62. Mars was so fond of his helmet, shield, and javelin, that he did not quit them, even when going upon his amours, of which he had several: but as the most famous of these was his intrigue with Ilia, (or, as others call her, Rhea, Sylvia,) the mother of Romulus and Remus, so it became a popular subject for the medalists, statuaries, and painters, as well as poets, among the Romans. In a relievo, in the possession of the Mellini family at Rome, we see Mars descended upon earth, and moving towards Rhea, who is asleep on it. And on the reverse of a medal which Mr. Addison mentions, and Mr. Spence has given an engraving of, that god is represented in an earlier point of time, in the air, as descending down to her. By means of this medal, that polite scholar, Mr. Addison (*Vide* Travels, p. 182) was enabled to explain the two following lines in the eleventh satire of Juvenal, which had puzzled all the commentators:

> *Ac nudam effigiem clypeo fulgentis et hasta,*
> *Pendentisque Dei perituro ostenderet hosti.*

For the Roman soldiers, who were not a little proud of their founder, and the military genius of their republic, used to bear on their helmets

feeding on the seven hills, wards stood, is highly pictur places the object before the Such is the magic of poetry! but especially the sacred and abound with these bold sallies

Ver. 65. The Romans were lieve the gods had predeterm should be the metropolis of Horace writes,

Gentibus est alis tellus data
Romane spatium est urbis

And Martial calls Rome

Terrarum domina gentiumque

Into how many misfortunes that state, and especially the her own annals testify!

. 71. Critics differ greatly in the number, as
s in the names of the Sibyls; nor are they
agreed with regard to their parentage,
y, reputation, and the age in which they lived.
makes them to have been ten in number;
, in his catalogue of them, gives us only
Ælian and Ausonius limit them to four;
Aulus Gellius and Pliny the elder acknow-
but one. But Rosinus adopted Varro's opi-
and has, from good authority too, given us
everal names. Lib. iii. cap. 24.
poet mentions four of the Sibyls by name,
erophile, Mermessia, Amalthea, and Albuna.
s makes the first and third of these to be
me with the Cumæan Sibyl; but we have
thority of Pausanias for asserting that He-
was born on Mount Ida, of a mortal fa-
ut immortal mother; that she lived before
ne of the Trojan war, and predicted the
of Helen, and the fall of the Trojan empire.
verses too, were probably scattered some
itions, *(admonuit)* exciting the Romans,
Æneas were of Trojan descent, to act a
y part to the Phrygians, and by their good
compensate to them all the losses they had
ed by the destruction of Troy: and there-
r poet mentions her; and desires Apollo
e Messalinus also in the interpretation of
phetic writings, as well as in those of the
hree. This method of explaining

quid Amalthea, quidquid Mermessia dixit,
erophile Phœbo grata quod admonuit:
dque Albuna sacras Tiberis per flumina sortes
rtarit, sicco perluerit que sinu—

r naæve sacras Messalinum sine
Vatis: et ipse, precor, quid c

in one common petition to Ap
the passage.

Herophile is called in the t
and Pausanias, lib. x. cap. 1
her verses, she sometimes calle
sometimes the daughter, and so
of Apollo. She visited Claros,
where, from a stone, which th
traveller saw, she uttered oracle
most of her time at Samos; an
was buried in the grove of Sm
read her epitaph, which he has p

Mermessia, although our poe
tinct person, was probably the sa
since antiquaries inform us that
Mermessus, a pastoral village of
is also called Marpessia; and we

though its waters touched these compositions, yet had they not the power to wet them.

But though all these Sibyls were eminent, the Cumæan Sibyl was chiefly regarded by the Romans; who, according to Livy, brought nine books to Tarquinius Priscus, offering them to him for three hundred pieces of gold *(Philippi)*. The king deriding her price, she instantly burnt three of them in his sight; and then demanded the same sum for the six. Tarquin hereupon calling her an extravagant mad-woman, she committed three more to the flames, and asked him still the same money for the remainder. The king, astonished at this, paid her what she demanded; and receiving the volumes, (which were supposed to contain the future destinies of Rome) deposited them in the Capitol, as above related.

Pliny, in talking of the oldest statues which were to be found in his time at Rome, has the following passage: *Equidem et Sibyllæ juxta rostra esse, non miror, tres sint, licet; una quam Sex. Pacuvius Taurus ædilis plebis restituit: duæ quas M. Messala* (Corvinus's father) *primas putarem has, et Actii Navii, positas ætate Tarquinii Prisci, nisi regum antecedentium essent in Capitolio.* Lib. xxxiv. cap. 5.

Ver. 79. *When stony tempests fell*, &c.] See instances of all these prodigies in the sixth chapter of the first book of Valerius Maximus.

A late Italian author ingeniously accounts for showers of stones, and all the other kinds of showers, which historians and naturalists mention. See also Lucan's ninth book.

Ibid. When comets glar'd.] Few prejudices are

this earth will be shortly destroyed a

Ver. 83. *To charge the clarion,* &

of this prodigy are frequent in bo

poets and historians; to the disgrac

Ver. 86. Although an eclipse of

ever regarded by the Romans as a

which Tibullus speaks of, and wl

when Cæsar was killed, was, (says

most prodigious, since it lasted al

year.

What? and is nature then to be sl

vulsions, to be forced out of her n

when a tyrant is cut off? This is

of base adulation, but not of soun

When, indeed, a friend to man pe

elements may with propriety be int

menting his fall; and yet, as the

excellent ode to mankind sings, it

posed circumstance of their being under the protection of the *Dii Inferi et Avertentes.* See instances of this in Livy and Julius Obsequens.

Ver. 102. Ovid, in that astonishing work of his entituled *Fasti*, gives us the following accurate description of the *Palilia:*

Certe ego de vitulo, cinerem, stipulasque fatales
Sæpe tuli plena februa casta manu.
Certe ego transilii positas ter in ordine flammas;
Virgaque lauratas aurea misit aquas.

Ver. 104. The original of this passage cannot be expressed in poetical English. It describes a method of kissing, wherein the person to be kissed was, by the saluter, held and pulled forward by the ears, till his lips met the others. This, according to Broekhusius, the Italians call a Florentine kiss. Vide *Kemp. Dissert. de Oscul.*

Ver. 106. Such domestic descriptions are often more pleasing than the boldest flights of poetry! Tibullus abounds in them: they are certain signs of the goodness of a writer's heart.

Ver. 121. The form of deprecation was this: To confess that the person injured did not deserve the curse; that they wished it had not been pronounced; and owned themselves actuated by a bad disposition: *Mente mala, mala fatebantur.* Nennius (as Broekhusius remarks) was the first who explained the former part of the Latin deprecation, as Dousa did the last. This was a better method surely of making satisfaction, than what we moderns have substituted in its place, the pistol and sword.

Ver. 124. The reader by this time must have *percoived a frequent* recurrence of ideas in Tibul-

[illegible] conquest, gave
of this ungenerous ceremony, [illegible]
afterwards adopted. It is imp[illegible]
description of those arrogant e[illegible]
perity, without being struck wit[illegible]
we can never think highly of th[illegible]
people who could behold with p[illegible]
ing instances of calamity, and
fortune, as those solemnities aff[illegible]
greatest monarchs of the earth
dragged from their thrones, to att[illegible]
insolent parade of an insulting
it was natural for the Romans to
insolence which they gained by o[illegible]

Ver. 140. These were at first [illegible]
Cæsar's last triumph they were of

Ver. 144. *Laureati milites* (sa[illegible]
peius) *sequebantur currum triump[illegible]*
purgati, a cæde humana intrarent [illegible]

Ver. 151. The poet (as Vulpina[illegible]
[illegible]

NOTES ON ELEGY VI.

THIS Elegy is more than commonly difficult; and, what too frequently happens, the commentators, especially Scaliger, have increased these difficulties, by endeavouring to explain them.

Æmilius Macer, a nobleman, even famous in the Augustan age for his gallantry and wit, had been intrusted by the successor of Julius with the execution of some military enterprise. At his departure from Rome, it is probable, he boasted to our poet, that however deeply he seemed engaged in love, yet was his heart his own, and now only panted for military fame. As Tibullus could not but regard this declaration as a secret satire on his own conduct, he earnestly addresses Cupid to follow Macer to the field; from which if he did not bring him back, he threatens to desert his service himself, and in the various life of a soldier to dissipate his *tendresse* for the fair. In fancy our poet becomes a military man, and bids adieu to love and its trifling pursuits; but his ardour soon cools; he owns, though Nemesis was still insensible to his sufferings, that his passion for her was as violent as ever. From this, he takes occasion to advise the young noblemen of Rome, who, to get rid of love, might flatter themselves that a military life would effectually answer, to lay aside all their martial intentions, and, like him, implicitly serve under the banner of Cupid. His advice, however, does not seem to have been relished by those for whom it was designed: gold, which at that time was chiefly to be obtained by

war, having, it would seem, corrup
was one of the many disasters p
civil wars; in which such immer
been amassed, that manumitted
lowed in ministerial fortunes. V
truth he concludes his panegyric
therefore the two lines,

Nota loquor, &c.

which in all editions are placed a
Elegy, should immediately follow

Negligat hybernas.

For, by this change, these two lin
sally puzzled the commentators, hu
and may be made sense of. But
of riches had so generally infected
Tibullus only begs that he migh
he had, in all the simplicity o
Unfortunately, however, for our
liked opulence; and, as he was
to her, he suddenly determines to
war; neither could Cupid be off
as with his spoils he only meant t
tress.

Ver. 1. This Elegy, and the th
of this book, have been miserab
blended together, in the Varior
instance, all the verses of this, fr
is es, to the end, are in that ed
the third Elegy, *rura tenent*, &c
lines have no manner of conne
Elegy. But, by way of compe
orum editors have not only lai

Elegy under a contribution of four lines to this, beginning at *Acer amor fractas*, &c. but have also tagged to it the next Elegy, beginning *Finirent multi leto malu.*

Joannes Baptista Pius, Achilles Statius, and Glandorpius, are all of opinion, that Tibullus means here Pompeius Macer, the son of Theophanes of Mitylene; to whom Augustus intrusted, as Suetonius informs us, the management of his library. The arguments they allege in defence of this, are chiefly taken from Ovid; who, in the eighteenth Elegy of his second book, speaks thus of Macer:

Carmen ad tratum dum tu perducis Achillem,
Primæque juratis induis arma viris
Nos, Macer, ignavæ Veneris cessamus in umbra.

And again,

Tu canis, æterno quicquid restabat Homero
Ne careant summa Troica bella manu.
Pont. Ep. lib. ii. Ep. 10. ver. 13.

From whence they conclude, that Pompeius Macer was a poet, and wrote the 'Paralipomena' of Homer. This opinion is however unsupported by classical authority. But if there is no cause to believe that Theophanes was a poet, we know that Æmilius Macer was a considerable one; and as he made a distinguished figure in the court of Augustus, it is not unreasonable to conclude, he was the nobleman whom Tibullus mentions in this Elegy.

Æmilius Macer then was born at Verona, a city famous for the births of Lucretius, Catullus, and the architect Vitruvius. Ovid informs us, that

Macer was his senior, and that he travelled with him through Asia and Sicily. We also know from the same poet, as well as from Pliny, that Macer, besides the pieces already mentioned, wrote likewise 'a poem on birds, serpents, and on the virtues of plants.' Of this performance, which he used often to recite to Ovid, two or three lines only remain. In it he chiefly copied Nicander, a poet of Colophon. Nor were these his only poetical performances: he composed a piece, intituled '*Theriaca*,' of which Isidorus and others have saved near half a dozen verses. Nonius Marcellus adds, that he wrote a 'Theogony,' of which he mentions one verse: but some learned men think, that the line quoted must have belonged rather to his 'Ornithology.' Besides these useful works, he published something on bees (probably in verse), as Pliny imforms us, lib. xi. Quintilian allows both Macer and Lucretius to have been elegant; but stigmatizes the one as obscure, and the other as creeping. *Utinam* (says Broekhusius) *hodie de Macro, et nobis arbitrari liceret! Utinam saltem Iliaca exstarent, quas tanti facit Naso, ut ab his libris, honorificum dederit auctori cognomentum:*

Cum foret et Marsus, magnique Rabirius oris,
Iliacusque Macer, sidereusque Pedo.

Lib. iv. Pont. Ep. 16.

Macer died in Asia, about the time that Augustus adopted Caius and Lucius, the sons of Agrippa; which, according to the Eusebian Chronicle, happened A. U. C. 737, in the consulate of C. Furnius, and Jus. Silanus.

The poem '*De Viribus Herbarum*,' which we are

sent passes under the name of Æm. Macer, is the work of one Odo, who was as wretched a poet, as he was a bad physician. (*Vide* Lilio Gyrald, J. C. Scaliger, and Gaudent. Merul. Ital. Illustr.) We therefore wonder how that elegant scholar and excellent anatomist, Thomas Bartholin, could be so far imposed upon, as to take this miserable stuff for a poem, which was the delight of the Augustan age. See his Dissert. de Medicis Poeticis.

Ver. 3. This passage in the original has mightily puzzled the interpreters. Scaliger and Broekhusius explain it, as if the poet lamented the fate of little Cupid, who would now be obliged to attend Macer to the field, and to be his armour-bearer. Vulpius, on the other hand, condemns Scaliger's explanation; and says, that the poet seems to intimate, that Cupid himself should put on arms. This sense of the passage is what the translator has adopted, as the most poetical.

We learn from Ovid, that Macer was not averse to love, but even mixed strokes of gallantry in his heroic compositions. *Vid.* El. 18. lib. ii. ver. 35.

Ver. 14. Read, instead of *facta*, in the generality of editions,

et mihi grata tuba est.

Hammond has improved upon this Elegy in his second.

Ver. 21. This in the original is,

pes tamen ipse redit.

And, as Vulpius observes, it appears to have been a colloquial expression, equally idiomatical both to Greeks and Romans.

Horace has a thought of the same nature, excellent epode to Pettius; where, compl of the cruelty of Inachia, whom he had re to see no more, he thus expresses his own tence of will:

Ubi hæc severus te palam laudaveram,
Jussus abire domum
Ferebar incerto pede
Ad non amicos, heu mihi postes, et heu
Limina dura, quibus
Lumbos, et infregi latos. Ep. xi

'When thus, with vaunting air, I solemn said;
Inspir'd by thy advice, I homeward sped:
But, ah! my feet in wonted wandering stray,
And to no friendly doors my steps betray:
There I forget my vows, forget my pride,
And at her threshold lay my tortur'd side.'

Fras

But are we, therefore, to conclude, that E was indebted to Tibullus for this thought? means. For, as one of the best critics tha instructed this island observes, 'Many su fall under the consideration of an author, being limited by nature, can admit only of and accidental diversities. All definitions same thing must be nearly the same; and de tions, which are definitions of a more loos fanciful kind, must always have, in some d that resemblance to each other which th have to their object. Different poets, desc the spring and the sea, would mention the ze and the flowers, the billows and the rocks flecting on human life, they would, withou communication of opinions, lament the dec ness of hope, the fugacity of pleasure, the f

of beauty, and the frequency of calamity; and, for palliatives of these incurable miseries, they would concur in recommending kindness, temperance, caution, and fortitude.' Rambler, No. 143.

Ver. 37. Would the reader know to what immense extravagance the Romans went in this article of sea-fish-ponds, he may consult Varro, De Re Rust. cap. 17. where he treats of these *piscinæ marinæ*.

Ver. 41. It is reported by historians, that Demetrius, the freed-man of Pompey, by attending that general in his conquests, amassed greater wealth than his master himself. It is probable, however, our poet, in this passage, glances at some of the Cæsarian party.

Ver. 43. *Be ours the joys of economic ease.*] From the original,

At mihi læta trahant Samiæ convivia testæ
Fictaque Cumana lubrica terra rota.

The translator approves of Scaliger's correction, in inserting *mihi*. Although by rendering it 'ours,' he takes in also *tibi*, which is the other pronoun that contends for a place here. The poet particularly celebrates Samos and Cumæ, as marts of the best and cheapest earthern ware. *Vide* Pliny, lib. xxxiii. cap. 12.

Ver. 45. Pliny informs us, that gold was not coined at Rome till the year 647, about sixty-two years after silver had been first coined there. Until this period, the Romans, it seems, subsisted on the money of the nations they conquered.

Ver. 50. *Embroidery labours*, &c.] This in the *original is*,

used promiscuously by good clas
Tyrian was the richest dress a
The *pretexta* of the Roman m
purple; a colour which they som
such foreign princes as depen
assume, but never till they had
presents to the consuls.

NOTES ON ELEG

SUICIDE was not only not crimi
heroical by the Romans. We may
destroyed themselves from philo
although the Stoics permitted
emperors, indeed, those especial

Jam mala finissem leto,

which makes the beginning of this Elegy in some editions; but as our poet everywhere else shows the utmost abhorrence at death, as the best MSS. read

Finirent multi leto mala, &c.

and as it appears by the line

Spes facilem Nemesin, &c.

that he only was enumerating some of the many effects of that catholic cordial Hope; the translator has adopted the more common reading, and, with Broekhusius, has made this a distinct Elegy; which, in not a few editions, is preposterously tacked to the foregoing poem.

The whole existence of a lover is made up of hope and fears. Though always disappointed by Nemesis, our poet still hoped that his amorous inclinations would at last be indulged: for this purpose, he entreats her, as was natural, by the things she held most dear. The text informs us, that her sister had unfortunately fallen from a window, and broken her neck: this person had always warmly espoused the interest of Tibullus; and as it was a point of pagan belief that their ghosts continued their attention to their friends on earth, (especially if these paid proper honours to their tombs) our poet informs his cruel fair-one, that he means to repair to her sister's monument, and by oblations of flowers, &c. to implore her assistance. But, as it was natural for him to imagine, that the mentioning so favourite an object would renew all Nemesis's grief for her unfortunate

end; he breaks off, and artfully throwing the blame of what he had suffered on her servant, he finishes the Elegy with cursing her.

Ver. 1. Although the Romans looked upon suicide as heroical; yet Virgil thus describes the evil condition and remorse of those who had laid violent hands upon themselves:

Proxima deinde tenent mæsti loca, qui sibi lethum
Insontes peperere manu, lucemque perosi
Projecere animas: quam vellent in æthere alto
Nunc et pauperiem, et duros perferre labores!
Fas obstat, tristique palus inamabilis undâ
Alligat, et novies Styx interfusa coercet.

In Plato's almost divine dialogue, intituled, 'Phædo,' Socrates has fully evinced the unlawfulness of self-murder. This dialogue Cicero seems to have copied in his admirable piece, intituled, 'Somninm Scipionis.' *Quæso, inquam, pater sanctissime atque optime, quoniam hæc est vita, (ut Africanum audio dicère) quid moror in terra? quin hinc ad vos venire propero? Non est ita, inquit ille; nisi Deus is, cujus hoc templum est omne quod conspicis, istis te corporis custodiis liberaverit, huc tibi aditus patere non potest. Homines enim sunt hac lege generati, qui tuerentur illum globum, quem in hoc templo medium vides, quæ terra dicitur; hisque animus datus est ex illis sempiternis ignibus, quæ sidera, et stellas vocatis: quæ globosæ, et rotundæ, circos suos orbesque conficiunt celeritate mirabili. Quare et tibi, Publi, et piis omnibus retinendus est animus in custodia corporis: nec injussu ejus, a quo ille est* vobis datus, ex *hominum vita migrandum est, ne munus* humanum adsignatum a Deo *defugisse videamini.*

Ver. 2. Hope is a poetical subject, to which ıany, both ancient and modern, have done great ıstice. Theognis supposes, that when the other ods left the earth, Hope only staid behind. This ought Ovid has adopted:

Hæc dea, quum fugerent sceleratas numina terras,
In dis invisa sola remansit humo.

a hope, as well as fear, is one of the barriers imlanted in us by nature, to prevent our rushing nt of life; ought it not to have been taken into ıe estimate of life in Hamlet's soliloquy?

To be, or not to be;

hich, however sensible, has (as a late critic well bserves) nothing to do in the place where it is troduced.

This enumeration of the consequences of hope, r what it may be productive of, though not frenent in our poet, is yet common in Ovid, and has deed a fine effect even in preceptive poems; but such as are impassioned or heroic, seems essenally improper. Hence Marino and Davenant e reprehensible; neither is Shakspeare himself ntirely free from blame on this score.

St. Paul, with no less beauty than emphasis of cpression, calls hope our 'early immortality.' he excellent author of the Night Thoughts thus cpresses his sentiments with regard to wishing:

Wishing of all employments is the worst;
Philosophy's reverse, and health's decay!
Were I as plump as stall'd theology,
Wishing would waste me to this shade again.
Were I as *wealthy* as a South-sea dream,
Wishing is an expedient to be poor.

so, by some comment
but as that would be
Ovid, than in the n
as the context, when
that the poet meant I
to that interpretation
ing Otway, in his tran
the former.

Ver. 22. Vulpius ha
of quotations, to prov
deeply affected with so
dolentes, veteri consuetu
A wonderful discovery
critical investigation!

Ver. 29. According
ghosts often appeared in
stances in which they ha
we have a striking instan

Instances of the same s
Met. lib. ii. ver. 650.

er passages might here be added, wherein eyes are mentioned; for this has been age of lovers in all ages. But, as the Rambler remarks, 'There are flowers so widely scattered, and so easily crop- it is scarcely just to tax the use of them, by which any particular writer is de- his garland; for they may be said to be y the ancients in the open road of poetry, ccommodation of their successors, and right of every one that has art to pluck hout injuring their colours or their fra-

. *Nay, were you guilty*, &c.] This is ut the Arcadian lovers of Italy carry tions beyond the bounds of probability:

ogni cosa (says Aminta)
'ato per placarla fuor che morte
ta suol che per placarla io mora,
ro volontier pur ch' io sia certo
la o se ne compiacera, o se ne doglia
de tai due cose qual piu brami.

'. If the reader is desirous to know the s practised by the bawds of antiquity, eruse Ovid's El. viii. lib. 1. and Proper- v. el. 5. In this particular, however, the isterhood (if the modest editor of a late mous romance describes them aright) urpass their ancient predecessors.

SOME words in t
sort, which are fi
catachrestically;
sometimes more i
of ascertaining th
used them, has th
poet, who will ev
the wits of Greece
city; and has cause
Scaliger, Lipsius, a
great difficulty is co
and if this can be cl
easy and intelligible.

Hæc tibi vir quondam,
Mittit, et accipias
Teque suis

ense Muretus here understands them; but
oo cold and unanimated to be admitted
etry, or to flow from the pen of Tibullus,
e is expressing the tender feelings of a fond
lover. It is much more probable, that he
ed to represent by them one of those deli-
onnections, which have their foundation in
ill and the affections; that by *frater* he would
us to understand 'a fond admirer;' and by
'a beloved mistress,' who had entertained a
rocal kindness and esteem for her lover.
sense of the words is familiar to most lan-
ges. Nothing can be more full to this purpose,
n what we meet with in the Canticles of Solo-
n,—'Thou hast ravished my heart, my sister,
spouse,'—ch. iv. ver. 9. and in several other
ces.

Ovid also has used the words in this sense:

Alloquor Hermione nuper fratremque virumque,
Nunc fratrem, nomen conjugis alter habet.

nd the Greeks had so accustomed themselves to
s use of them, that we find their Venus has a
le given her by Lycophron, which his scholiast
plains by τὴν ἀδελφοποιὸν, 'the author of brotherly
ociations.' And assigns this pretty whimsical
son for it: 'For a commerce in love matters
kes those who were strangers, brothers; and
se who would carry on an amorous commerce
cretly, say of one they favour, he is my brother,
is my relation.'

Having solved, we hope, this difficulty, we shall
xt consider what is the import of *vir* and *con-*
ax. They certainly were designed to express

Neæra will not permit us to ...
any loose amour; that title never
a jilt, who had granted favours t
upon some caprice, had thrown
arms of another: but divorces
enough at Rome; so that even a
miss her husband upon some displ
least before actual matrimony)
her reputation by it: so that I th
wife are the true meaning of *vir* a

This interpretation, however,
difficulties; the silence of antiqu
other circumstances, make the ma
appear improbable; it has therefo
by Lipsius, that *quandam* was int
future, and not past time. It c
that it is sometimes thus used; b
monly signifies the time past, or f
understand it otherwise here, v
construction harsh and ungramma

in :

amus hic situs est ; dolor huic et cura Neæræ
ujugis ereptæ, causa perire fuit.

ird Elegy,

eam, quæ te poterit mihi reddere, lucem.

n :

si fata negant reditum, tristesque sorores.

audet casta nupta Neæra domo.

ust torture these passages extremely, to
em consistent with any thing else but a
marriage, or at least a very solemn con-
Was Tibullus then married? or did he
all to marry Neæra? I am not inclined
so, as none of the ancient writers has
the least hint of it. But the poet is not
a to actual life :

Pictoribus atque poetis
Libet audendi semper fuit æqua potestas.

crifice of Iphigenia at Aulis, is probably
ble: and yet what noble, what affecting,
resting scenes of distress, have both the
and painter formed upon it? And might
lus, to indulge his plaintive humour, and
the soft feelings of his soul, choose to
himself in a situation that forms one of
melting and agonizing distresses, to be
ongst those beds of thorns and roses
e prepares for his capricious votaries? A
wife, grown dearer by more intimate
nce, charming without the help of artifice,
d in the soul by a thousand repeated

to be sacrificed to another;—what f
but shudders at the thought?—espec
the delicate affecting colours are lai
pencil of Tibullus? The names certai
tious; Neæra was as trite a name for
Rome, as Phyllis or Cloe with our mo
teers; and what confirms me in the
the distress painted in these Elegies is a
so far as Tibullus is concerned in it, i
in his poem on Tibullus's death, takes
other mistress but Delia and Nemesi
whom he assigns the last, to the ot
interest in him, without any intermedi

Sic Nemesis longum, sic Delia nomen.
Altera cura recens, altera prima

Ovid seems to have carefully search
curious particular of Tibullus's life,
could not have overlooked so strikin
stance as the distresses celebrated in t
if they had really happened to Ti
and his cotemporaries of the August
probably well informed of the tru

ELEGY I.

POET.

THY calends, Mars! are come, from whence of old
The year's beginning our forefathers told:
Now various gifts through every house impart
The pleasing tokens of the friendly heart.
To my Neæra, tuneful virgins! say,
What shall I give, what honour shall I pay?
Dear, e'en if fickle; dearer, if my friend!
To the lov'd fair, what present shall I send?

MUSES.

Gold wins the venal, verse the lovely maid:
In your smooth numbers be her charms display'd.
On polish'd ivory let the sheets be roll'd, 11
Your name in signature, the edges gold.
No pumice spare, to smooth each parchment scroll;
In a gay wrapper then secure the whole.
Thus, to adorn your poems be your care;
And, thus adorn'd, transmit them to the fair.

POET.

Fair maids of Pindus! I your counsel praise:
As you advise me, I'll adorn my lays:
But by your streams, and by your shades, I pray,
Yourselves the volume to the fair convey. 20
O let it lowly at her feet be laid,
Ere the gilt wrapper or the edges fade;
Then let her tell me, if her flames decline,
If quite extinguish'd, or if still she's mine.

But first, your graceful salutations paid,
In terms submissive thus address the maid:
'Chaste fair! the bard, who doats upon your charms,
And once could clasp them in his nuptial arms,
This volume sends; and humbly hopes that you,
With kind indulgence, will the present view. 50
You, you! he prizes more, he vows, than life;
Still a lov'd sister, or again his wife.
But oh! may Hymen bless his virtuous fire,
And once more grant you to his fond desire!
Fix'd in this hope, he'll reach the dreary shore,
Where sense shall fail, and memory be no more.'

ELEGY II.

HARD was the first, who ventur'd to divide
The youthful bridegroom and the tender bride:
More hard the bridegroom, who can bear the day,
When force has torn his tender bride away.
Here too my patience, here my manhood fails;
The brave grow dastards when fierce grief assails:
Die, die I must! the truth I freely own;
My life too burdensome a load is grown.
Then, when I flit a thin, an empty shade;
When on the mournful pile my corse is laid; 10
With melting grief, with tresses loose and torn,
Wilt thou, Neæra! for thy husband mourn?
A parent's anguish will thy mother show,
For the lost youth, who liv'd, who died for you?
But see the flames o'er all my body stray!
And now my shade ye call, and now ye pray,
In black array'd: the flame forgets to soar;
And now pure water on your hands ye pour.

My lov'd remains next gather'd in a heap,
With wine ye sprinkle, and in milk ye steep. 20
The moisture dry'd, within the urn ye lay
My bones, and to the monument convey.
Panchaian odours thither ye will bring,
And all the produce of an eastern spring:
But what than eastern springs I hold more dear,
O wet my ashes with a genuine tear!
  Thus, by you both lamented, let me die;
Be thus perform'd my mournful obsequy!
Then shall these lines, by some throng'd way, relate
The dear occasion of my dismal fate: 30
'Here lies poor Lygdamus; a lovely wife,
Torn from his arms, cut short his thread of life.'

ELEGY III.

WHY did I supplicate the powers divine?
Why votive incense burn at every shrine?
Not that I marble palaces might own,
To draw spectators, and to make me known;
Not that my teams might plough new purchas'd plains,
And bounteous autumn glad my countless swains:
I beg'd with you my youthful days to share,
I beg'd in age to clasp the lovely fair;
And when my stated race of life was o'er,
I beg'd to pass alone the Stygian shore. 10
  Can treasur'd gold the tortur'd breast compose?
Or plains, wide cultur'd, soothe the lover's woes?
Can marble-pillar'd domes, the pride of art,
Secure from sorrow the possessor's heart?

[illegible], can shield the owner's b
Since fickle fortune governs all be
Such toys, in little minds, may env
Still little minds improper objects
Poor let me be; for poverty can p
With you; without you, crowns co

Shine forth, bright morn! and ev
Restore Neæra to my doating hea
For if her glad return the gods de
If I solicit still in vain the sky,
Nor power, nor all the wealth this
Can ever mitigate my heartfelt pai
Let others these enjoy; be peace
Be mine Neæra, mine an humble c
Saturnia! grant thy suppliant's tim
And aid me, Venus! from thy pea

Yet, if the sisters, who o'er fate
My vows contemning, still detain
Cease, breast, to heave! cease, au
flow!
Come, death!

ELEGY IV.

ast night's ill-boding dreams, ye gods, avert!
or plague, with portents, a poor lover's heart.
nt why? From prejudice our terrors rise;
ain visions have no commerce with the skies:
he' event of things the gods alone foresee,
nd Tuscan priests foretel what they decree.
reams flit at midnight round the lover's head,
nd timorous man alarm with idle dread:
nd hence oblations, to divert the woe,
eak superstitious minds on heaven bestow. 10
nt since whate'er the gods foretel is true,
nd man's oft warn'd, mysterious dreams! by you:
read Juno! make my nightly visions vain,
ain make my boding fears, and calm my pain.
he blessed gods, you know, I ne'er revil'd,
nd nought iniquous e'er my heart defil'd.
Now Night had lav'd her coursers in the main,
nd left to dewy dawn a doubtful reign;
land sleep, that from the couch of sorrow flies,
The wretch's solace) had not clos'd my eyes. 20
t last, when morn unbarr'd the gates of light,
downy slumber shut my labouring sight:
youth appear'd, with virgin-laurel crown'd,
e mov'd majestic, and I heard the sound.
ich charms, such manly charms, were never seen,
s fir'd his eyes, and harmoniz'd his mien:
is hair, in ringlets of an auburn hue,
ed Syrian sweets, and o'er his shoulders flew.
s white as thine, fair Luna, was his skin,
vein'd with azure, and as smoothly thin; 30

So soft a blush vermilion'd o'er his face,
As when a maid first melts in man's embrace;
Or when the fair with curious art unite
The purple amaranth and lily white.
A bloom like his, when ting'd by autumn's prid
Reddens the apple on the sunny side;
A Tyrian tunic to his ancles flow'd, [sho
Which through its sirfled plaits his godlike beau
A lyre, the present Mulciber bestow'd,
On his left arm with easy grandeur glow'd;
The peerless work of virgin gold was made,
With ivory, gems, and tortoise interlaid;
O'er all the vocal strings his fingers stray,
The vocal strings his fingers glad obey,
And, harmoniz'd, a sprightly prelude play:
But when he join'd the music of his tongue,
These soft, sad elegiac lays he sung:

'All hail, thou care of Heaven! (a virtuous b
The god of wine, the muses, I regard);
But neither Bacchus, nor the Thespian nine,
The sacred will of destiny divine:
The secret book of destiny to see,
Heaven's awful sire has given alone to me;
And I, unerring god, to you explain
(Attend and credit) what the fates ordain.

'She who is still your ever constant care,
Dearer to you than sons to mothers are,
Whose beauties bloom in every soften'd line,
Her sex's envy, and the love of thine:
Not with more warmth is female fondness mov'
Not with more warmth are tenderest brides belo
For whom you hourly importune the sky,
For whom you wish to live, nor fear to die,
Whose form, when night has wray'd in black the
Cheats in soft vision your enamour'd soul.

Neæra! whose bright charms your verse displays,
Seeks a new lover, and inconstant strays!
For thee no more with mutual warmth she burns,
But thy chaste house, and chaste embrace, she spurns.
'O cruel, perjur'd, false, intriguing sex! 70
O born with woes, poor wretched man to vex!
Whoe'er has learn'd her lover to betray,
Her beauty perish, and her name decay!
'Yet, as the sex will change, avoid despair;
A patient homage may subdue the fair.
Fierce love taught man to suffer, laugh at pain;
Fierce love taught man, with joy, to drag the chain;
Fierce love (nor vainly fabulous the tale)
Forc'd me, yes forc'd me, to the lonely dale:
There I Admetus' snowy heifers drove, 80
Nor tun'd my lyre, nor sung, absorb'd in love.
The favourite son of Heaven's almighty sire
Prefer'd a straw-pipe to his golden lyre.
'Though false the fair, though love is wild, obey;
Or, youth! you know not love's tyrannic sway.
In plaintive strains address the haughty fair;
The haughty soften at the voice of prayer.
If ever true my Delphian answers prove,
Bear this my message to the maid you love:
'Pride of your sex, and passion of the age! 90
No more let other men your love engage;
A bard on you the Delian god bestows,
This match alone can warrant your repose.'
He sung. When Morpheus from my pillow flew,
And plung'd me in substantial griefs anew.
Ah! who could think that thou hadst broke thy vows,
That *thou*, Neæra! sought'st another spouse?

[illegible] thou from the triple mo
Round whom a coil of kindred se
Thou art not of the Lybian lions'
Of barking Scylla's, nor Charybdi
Nor Afric's sands, nor Scythia ga
But a compassionate, benignant e
No: thou, my fair! deriv'st thy n
From parents deck'd with every h
Ye gods! avert the woes that h
And give the cruel phantoms to th

ELEGY V.

While you at Tuscan baths for p
(Too hot when Sirius darts his sul
Though now the purple spring ad
Not Baia's more medicinal than t
Me harder fates attend, my youth
Yet spare, Persephone! my blam
With [illegible]

Ye gloomy gods! whom Acheron obeys,
Dispel my sickness, and prolong my days.
Ere to the shades my dreary steps I take,
Or ferry o'er the' irremeable lake, 20
Let me (with age when wrinkled all my face)
Tell ancient stories to my listening race:
Thrice five long days and nights consum'd with fire,
(O soothe its rage!) I gradually expire:
While you the Naiad of your fountain praise,
Or lave, or spend in gentle sport your days:
Yet, O my friends! whate'er the Fates decree,
Joy guide your steps, and still remember me!
Meantime, to deprecate the fierce disease,
And hasten glad returns of vigorous ease; 30
Milk, mix'd with wine, O promise to bestow,
And sable victims, on the gods below.

ELEGY VI.

LOVER.

Come, Bacchus, come! so may the mystic vine
And verdant ivy round thy temples twine!
My pains, the anguish I endure, remove:
Oft hast thou vanquish'd the fierce pangs of love.
Haste, boy; with old Falernian crown the bowl;
In the gay cordial let me drench my soul.
Hence, gloomy care! I give you to the wind:
The god of fancy frolics in my mind.
My dear companions! favour my design;
Let's drown our senses all in rosy wine! 10

COMPANION.

Those may the fair with practis'd guile abuse,
Who, sourly wise, the gay dispute refuse:

The jolly god can cheerfulness impart,
Enlarge the soul, and pour out all the heart.

LOVER.

But Love the monsters of the wood can tame,
The wildest tigers own the powerful flame:
He bends the stubborn to his awful sway,
And melts insensibility away:
So wide the reign of Love!

COMPANION.

Wine, wine, dear boy!
Can any here in empty goblets joy? 20
No, no; the god can never disapprove,
That those who praise him should a bumper love.
What terrors arm his brow? the goblet drain:
To be too sober is to be profane!
Her son, who mock'd his rites, Agave tore,
And furious scatter'd round the yelling shore.
Such fears be far from us, dread god of wine!
Thy rites we honour, we are wholly thine.
But let the sober wretch thy vengeance prove:

LOVER.

Or her whom all my sufferings cannot move! 30
—What pray'd I rashly for? my madding prayer,
Ye winds, disperse, unratified, in air:
For though, my love! I'm blotted from your soul,
Serenely rise your days, serenely roll!

COMPANION.

The lovesick struggle past, again be gay:
Come crown'd with roses, let's drink down the day!

LOVER.

Ah me! loud-laughing mirth how hard to feign!
When doom'd a victim to love's dreadful pain:

How forc'd the drunken catch, the smiling jest,
When black solicitude annoys the breast! 40

COMPANION.

Complaints, away! the blithsome god of wine
Abhors to hear his genuine votaries whine.

* * * * *

LOVER.

You, Ariadne! on a coast unknown,
The perjur'd Theseus wept, and wept alone;
But learn'd Catullus, in immortal strains,
Has sung his baseness, and has wept your pains.

* * * *

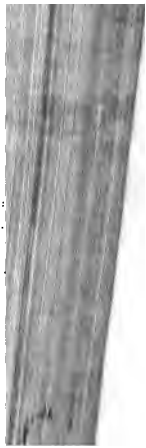
* * * * *

COMPANION.

Thrice happy they, who hear experience call,
And shun the precipice where others fall.
When the fair clasps you to her breast, beware,
Nor trust her, by her eyes although she swear; 50
Not though, to drive suspicion from your breast,
Or love's soft queen, or Juno she attest:
No truth the women know; their looks are lies.

LOVER.

Yet Jove connives at amorous perjuries.
Hence, serious thoughts! then why do I complain?
The fair are licens'd by the gods to feign.
Yet would the guardian-powers of gentle love,
This once indulgent to my wishes prove,
Each day we then should laugh, and talk, and toy;
And pass each night in Hymeneal joy. 60
O let my passion fix thy faithless heart!
For still I love thee, faithless as thou art.



The live-long night,
Not I—

c
Quick, serv

Now Syrian odours
Let rosy garlands on

ELE

To you my tongue eter
My lips the deed with
A fickle libertine I rove
You only please, and l
The numerous beauties th
With you compar'd, are
On me their

›remely pleas'd with you, my heavenly fair!
[n any trackless desert I could dwell;
›m our recess your smiles would banish care,
Your eyes give lustre to the midnight cell. 20

r various converse I should long no more,
The blithe, the moral, witty, and severe;
various arts are her's whom I adore:
She can depress, exalt, instruct, and cheer.

›uld mighty Jove send down from heaven a maid,
With Venus' cestus zon'd, my faith to try;
›, as I truth declare, me Juno aid!)
For you I'd scorn the charmer of the sky.

t hold:—you're mad to vow, unthinking fool!
Her boundless sway you're mad to let her know:
'e from alarms, she'll treat you as a tool— 31
Ah, babbling tongue! from thee what mischiefs flow.

t let her use me with neglect, disdain;
:n all, subservient to her will I'll prove:
iate'er I feel, her slave I'll still remain,
Who shrinks from sorrow cannot be in love!

perial queen of bliss! with fetters bound,
'll sit me down before your holy fane;
u kindly heal the constant lover's wound,
The' inconstant torture with increase of pain.

NOTES

ON

ELEGY I.

ROMULUS, who divided the year into ter
dedicated the first to his father Mars.
first day of this month the vestal virgir
anew the sacred fire, fresh laurels were
in the senate, and at the doors of the hig
house, &c. the *comitia* began, the revén
farmed, and servants not only had the
paid them, (and hence these days we
Mercedoniæ) but, for one night this mor
attended upon at supper by their masters

The poet inquires of the Muses, wha
he should send to Neæra, who, as she wa
sole object of his wishes, so he yet hop
again possessed of her in marriage.

The Muses answer (for with Muretus
lator reads

Gaudeat, ut digna est, versibus illa tuis,

that, as Neæra was a very competent
poetry, so he ought to present her with
formances in that way. Our author,
self-denied, was yet too much of the poe

relish their advice: but as the dignity of those who carry a present enhances the value thereof, he entreats the Muses to take the trouble themselves of delivering into the hands of Neæra his poems; and to assure her, that he shall never forego the pleasing expectation of being one day again united to her in marriage.

Scaliger, in his poetics, calls the beginning of this Elegy, 'Plebeian,' on account of its spondees, *et tantus ejusdem vocalis sonus.*

His own correction, however, is not much better:

Romani festæ Martis, &c.

It is remarkable, that this hypercritic does not find fault with one single line of the two former books.

Ver. 1. Numa Pompilius, in imitation of the Greeks, added January and February to Romulus's calendar, and began the year with January. From the time of Numa to that of Julius Cæsar, the Roman year was lunar, and consisted of three hundred and fifty-five days. But as this fell about eleven days short of the true solar course, tables of intercalation or insertion were invented, to adjust time as nearly as possible to the motions of the sun and moon. The pontifex Maximus and college of priests had the care of inserting these intercalary days; and they, from negligence, superstition, but chiefly from an arbitrary abuse of their power, (by which they could make the year either longer or shorter, as suited their own or friends' interest) did not punctually insert them; insomuch that in Julius's time the winter months

became autumnal; and those
back into summer. This ga
to the Julian correction, or
the exact measure of the s
zodiac, and consisting of th
five days and six hours. Th
ing time continued in Eu
Pope Gregory, by sinking
4th and 15th of October, re
nox to the 21st of October;
fallen upon when the festiv
the council of Nice; and m
three hundred and sixty-five
forty-nine minutes. This '
called, to distinguish it from
most correct calculation of t
thorized every where by lav
almost all the kingdoms of I

Ver. 3. It has been obser
antiquities, that a feast call
celebrated on the calends of
sacrifices were offered up t
ladies, to whom also presen
their friends, in grateful rem
position of the Sabine won
thers and husbands. But
which Tibullus alludes to.
year in ancient times, on t
would have been an idle cir
presents Tibullus speaks of
new year's gifts; the *stre*
which flew about in every c
perors themselves did not
Ovid, indeed, and Suetoniu

calends of January for these expressions of benevolence: but even two such authorities are not sufficient to convict Tibullus, in the judgment of one conversant with his writings, of either writing idly, or falsifying ancient customs. It should seem, then, that the Romans continued to distribute these presents as earnests of their good wishes for their friends, on the calends of March, according to the institution of Romulus; even after Numa had added two months to the year, and placed them at the head of it; that this remained thus, till the calendar took a more settled form, under Julius Cæsar, by whose directions the beginning of the year being certainly fixed to the calends of January; and the emperors being jealous of their authority, even in trifles; it became the court fashion to confine this distribution of new year's gifts to that time only. No wonder then that Ovid, who was a court flatterer, and Suetonius, who wrote when the powers of the emperors had allowed up all law and custom, should mention that observance only which the first Cæsar had established: nor that Tibullus should honour that age which prevailed when his darling liberty perished, and disdained to take notice of a change which was introduced by a tyrant. We know the obstinacy of many of our own countrymen in favour of the 'old style:' but amongst the Romans it had somewhat of virtue in it; it was a generous indignation against the authority which had robbed their country of every valuable privilege. Pliny himself seems to confirm this opinion: and Tiberius, who thought his power undermined by the slightest deviation from the institu-

tion of his predecessors, at the pains of making edict to confine the new year's gifts to the lends of January: *edicto prohibuit—strenarum co mercium, ne ultra calend. Januarias exerceret* The historian indeed assigns a different reason that Tiberius did it for his own ease; as numb who could not get at him the first day, w plaguing him the whole month through: but w occasion for a solemn edict, extended to all people, for the ease of the emperor, when bare notice of his pleasure, supported by a Prætorian guardsmen, would have sufficiently cured it? Might not then the edict remain u record, and the reason of it be forgot at such tance of time; or be thought improbable by historian, when the caprices which usually att the struggles betwixt prerogative and liberty w buried in oblivion? *B*

Ver. 9. The whole beauty of this Elegy is l by Scaliger and Broekhusius's reading

Gaudeat illa meis.

Whatever the wits may allege, wherever *m* and *tuum* contend for pre-eminence, it is a lo machia of real importance.

Ver. 11. To understand the original, it must considered, that the ancients had very few *l quadrati*, or square books, like ours; as they nerally wrote on *membranæ*, or such large sh as resembled our parchment: fastening these, th fore, one to another, they rolled them up, w finished, on a long piece of wood, which was ped at both ends with horn or ivory, and so times decorated with paint. These are whi

poet means by his *cornua*. By *geminæ frontes* are to be understood the two ends of the wood next the *cornua*, where the author's name was inscribed on a label.

As the ancients, therefore, only wrote on one side of their *volumina*, the other was generally stained with yellow or purple: both to preserve them, and make the writing more legible. Add to this, that they wrapped up the folded scroll in a proper envelope. That wherein our poet here was to send his *volumina*, was to be of a saffron colour, *lutea membrana*.

The sheets were smoothed with pumice, and hence *pumex* came metaphorically to signify an elaborate performance. The *stylus* was an instrument, with one end of which they wrote, and with the other erased inaccuracies; hence *invertere stylum* signifies, in classical writers, to correct. But when not words only, but whole sentences were to be changed, they used a sponge; and hence, to sponge out, even in our days, means to obliterate. The ink the ancients wrote with was the juice of the loligo.

Ver. 25. In the original it was,

Sed primum nympham larga donate salute,

Scaliger first changed it into

Sed primum meritam longa, &c.

and afterwards, in his poetics, read

Sed dominam rara primum donate salute,

avoid the word nympha, which, according to *always signifies* the daughter of a god and a

As νυμφη, in Greek, signifies a
some passages might be produ
nympha sometimes meant a wi
mans.

Ver. 35. The beauty of this
is presumed, been sufficiently
literal translation is, 'The pa
shall ravish the hope of this ti
he is dead;' *extincto*. Where i
Tibullus, in this assumed chara
discarded husband, in order to
his fond attachment to her, as
only life, but memory itself, mu
he can quit the pleasing hope of
in marriage to her. Plato's m
at that time a fashionable d
which Virgil has represented,
748, *et seq*.

And as Tibullus, even in the r
shows himself to be master of

thing else but the same waters of oblivion, in which he should lose the memory of every thing he had formerly been acquainted with. *B.*

NOTES ON ELEGY II.

LYGDAMUS having by force been deprived of Neæra, he says in this Elegy that he can no longer support life; and dwells, with such a seeming satisfaction, on the rites which he desires may attend his funeral, that we may suppose the loss greatly affected him.

The beginning of this poem discovers a kind of animated indifference, befitting his situation of mind; for here wit, or too much care about language, would have been extremely improper: because, as Cicero somewhere observes, *quædam etiam negligentia est diligens.*

Although the translator is afraid that this Elegy will afford but small entertainment to the mere English reader, the scholar will not be surprised to be told, that it cost him more trouble to translate than most of the other Elegies.

Ver. 1. *Hard was the first*, &c.] This sentiment is finely expressed by Hammond, El. 9.

> He who could first two gentle hearts unbind,
> And rob a lover of his weeping fair,
> Hard was the man; but harder, in my mind,
> The lover still, who died not of despair.

What follows is an improvement on Tibullus:

> Where is the wit that heightened beauty's charms?
> Where is the face that fed my longing eyes?
> Where is the shape that might have bless'd my arms?
> Where all those hopes relentless fate denies?

fallat?

Ver. 10. This rite, which is altogetl
to English manners, Mr. Hammond l
rather injudiciously, transferred into
Elegy:

> Wilt thou in tears thy lover's corse attend?
> With eyes averted light the solemn fire?
> Till all around the doleful flames ascend,
> Then, slowly sinking, by degrees expire.

If the reader is desirous to know th
which the funeral pile was construc
consult Boxhornius, (Quæst. Rom. p.
a figure explains the method the Ro
distinguish between the ashes of the
and the ashes of the wood and other
which were thrown upon the fire.
of this formerly occasioned mighty
amongst the critics; which might h
vented, had they considered that bu
[illegible] call it) calcination, d

Ver. 15. When a person died at Rome, a branch of cypress was hung over the door of the house, that the pontiff, and others of the sacred college, might not pollute themselves by entering it. The old Commentator on Virgil says, that the bodies of the better sort were kept seven days, burnt on the eighth, and buried on the ninth. By this, the most dreadful of calamities was prevented, that of coming to life on the pile, after it was set on fire. And that the bodies might not putrify by being kept so long, they were washed with proper drenches, and anointed with antiseptic unguents: after this they were splendidly clothed, and some pieces of money put into their mouths.

The body was attended by the male and female relations of the deceased; and sometimes, as Homer mentions, by hired mourners. The attendants were called together by sound of trumpet; and the body, preceded by the statues of the deceased's ancestors, was carried through the forum to the place where it was to be burnt. Trumpets were blown on, at the funerals of the men, during the procession; as were flutes at those of children, &c. The laws of the twelve tables limited the number of musical instruments to twelve. While the pile was erecting, the praises of the deceased were sung in melancholy strains, accompanied with music sad and solemn: and being kindled, the nearest relations flung cypress and perfumes upon it, both to feed the flames and abate the stench, the dirge still proceeding. When the body was burnt, the chief mourners, after washing *their hands in* water, separated the bones *from the ashes;* and pouring new milk, old wine,

and sometimes blood upon them, wrapt them up in fine lawn, and then inurned them; placing sometimes in the urn a bottle of tears (hence on old monuments, *cum lacrymis posui*), but always some perfume, according to the quality of the deceased. When inurned, they conveyed them to a monument; in the building of which, in the times of the old republic, a certain sum was not to be exceeded, without forfeiting an equal sum to the state. These monuments the Greeks sometimes anointed with rich unguents. The funeral ceremony being finished, the relations were entertained with a supper: besides which, antiquaries make also mention of three other kinds of mortuary banquets. The fullest, as well as most ancient account of funeral rites, is that contained in the 23d Iliad.

The *Venus Infera*, or Επιθυμβια, presided over funerals. The Roman undertakers lived in a street called *Libitina*. If the reader is desirous to inform himself of the funeral ceremonies of different nations, he may consult Lucian's excellent discourse Περι πενθους, and the notes in the Basil edition, an. 1563, as also Kirchmannus '*De funeribus*.'

Ver. 21. Vulpius and others, authorized by all the MSS. read

Carbaseis humorem tollere ventis:

and further support their reading by the authority of that witty mimographer Publius Syrus, where the *carbasei venti* signify a transparent covering of fine linen. Vulpius also finds great fault with the common interpretation of this passage:

n frigidius excogitari potuit, (says he) *in linteo ventilari solita, ut exsugeretur uo sparsa erant? Nostra tempore,* (adds ubt very archly) *ab oleribus ita guttas coqui.* And thus in particular he cen-liger: *Nullum præterea idoneum auctoicut, quo sententiam suam tueatur, sed tripode ac lauro consulentibus responsa i credi jubet.* But notwithstanding all Broekhusius understands the passage in sense as Vulpius does, only he reads *elis,* which he supports by two passages ro's oration against Verres; adding, that ch an expression as *carbasei venti* might n the stage, or in satire, yet in serious ons it would be as cold as Varro's ri-. The version includes both meanings.

. The monuments of the more wealthy ted of marble; and in such a one Tibul-Neæra to place the ashes of Lygdamus. are many inscriptions in Gruterus, and einetius, which show, that the Romans mb *domus* (as in the original), with the *eterna* annexed to it.

9. It is certain that the Romans had r monuments erected by some public Broekhusius interprets the *celebri fronte* ginal in this sense. Although the trans-dopted that meaning, he is also of opi-the *celebri fronte* may signify the fore e monument, which was to be rendered its architecture, and especially by the *hich was to* be inscribed on it.

The ancients, as Broekhusius observes,

Τοῖον ἐρως ἐκτεινεν ποοσωπῳ μη ποι
Αλλα ς ας τοδε λεξον, Ασωποι ειχον

NOTES ON ELE(

THIS Elegy contains a fine
philosophical lover; such truly
factoriness of riches or ambiti
diseases of the mind. Of this
was our poet; for a legitimate
scarce stoop to the mean pursuit
but, being enthusiastically enam
finds more rapture in their eas
all the preferments which kings
Mr. Hurd's excellent notes on
Augustus, p. 109). The genu
immortalizes himself, but hands
others a fair example, to lat

life could please; without her, no station, however splendid, could afford him the smallest comfort.

Ver. 3. How little these things are capable of making the possessors of them happy, has long been known; and yet how keenly busy are the great vulgar and the small in the pursuit of them? Had mankind estimated the value of possessions, or the extensiveness of them, by the felicity they confer, and regulated their own conduct accordingly, how many disastrous wars and other calamities would have been prevented?

Ver. 10. Not so my Lord Lyttelton, in his fine eclogue, entitled, 'Possession:'

> When late old age our heads shall silver o'er,
> And our slow pulses dance with joy no more;
> When time no longer will thy beauties spare,
> And only Damon's eye shall think thee fair;
> Then may the gentle hand of welcome death,
> At one soft stroke, deprive us both of breath:
> May we beneath one common stone be laid,
> And the same cypress both our ashes shade!

Ver. 13. Tibullus mentions three kinds of marble; the Phrygian, which was then most in esteem, the Lacedemonian, and the Eubœan. The Romans ran into immense expense in the article of marble pillars; although it appears that the Julian law endeavoured, by taxes, to restrain that luxury; for they, not content with the native colours of the marble, not only painted but stained it. In the 'Memoirs of the Academy of Sciences,' there is an account how the latter process may be performed. Pliny tells us that Mamurra, who commanded Cæsar's artificers (præfectus fabrorum) in

Gaul, was the first who incrusted the
of his house with marble. This M
was a Roman knight, and born at F
whom Catullus lashes in his verses.

Ver. 15. The ancients distinguishe
to Servius, between *nemus*, *lucus*, (the
original) and *sylva;* the first signifyi
plantation of trees; the second th
devoted to religion; and the third a f
et inculta arborum multitudo.) Ro
however, often use *nemus* and *s*
mously.

The inhabitants of Rome were even
sive in this article than they were w
marble itself. Take the following inst
Dometius having objected to Lucius
public debate, that the portico of h
supported by Kymettian pillars, was
latter what price he put upon his ow
being answered, *sexagies sestertia;* (
demanded, how much less it woul
should he cut down the ten little tre
before it? *Tricies sestertia*, replie
To whom Crassus, "Whether am
bought ten columns *centum millibus*
you who value the shade of ten shr
sestertium, the most extravagant mar
adds the sensible miscellany writer f
copy here, all this was nothing when
the luxury of after-times, both in th
and groves. And, indeed, if it is co
a knight's house, in the upper part of
sell for thirty thousand pounds sterli
small extent to such a house must b

sive in a city, which, according to the most moderate calculation, contained as many people as any city at present in Europe.

Ver. 17. Horace has illustrated this with his usual felicity of expression:

> *Non enim gazæ, neque consularis*
> *Summovet lictor miseros tumultus*
> *Mentis, et curas laqueata circum*
> *Tecta volantes.*

> 'Nor wealth nor grandeur can control
> The sickly tumults of the soul;
> Or bid grim Care to stand aloof,
> Which hovers round the vaulted roof.'

The truth is, Virtue is the sole parent of Happiness. See Dr. Johnson's admirable poem, intituled, the 'Vanity of Human Wishes.'

Ver. 34. A critic of no small learning, whom the Dutch editor mentions, supposes that our poet in this passage alludes to the statue of Venus, which Phidias made of gold and ivory for the Elians. In this work of Phidias, the goddess was represented as treading with one of her feet upon a tortoise; by which symbol the unpolite statuary meant to insinuate, that the ladies ought to keep silence, and mind their domestic affairs. Upon this Broekhusius wisely observes, *non omnes sapimus horis omnibus;* and, indeed, if it is considered that Venus was, by the mythologists, supposed to spring from the sea, and often ride in a chair of shell, what occasion was there for making Tibullus, who always thought naturally, allude to so remote an object? But thus it is to play the fool with learning! or, as an excellent poet better expresses it, we have here

Much hard study without sense or breeding,
And all the grave impertinence of reading.
Verbal Criticism.

If Venus had her shell of old, a modern Latin poet, Hadrian Marius, has bestowed a barge on love, in a beautiful poem he calls '*Cymba Amoris*,' on which his brother, Johannes Secundus, thus compliments him:

Ingeniose Mari, ventura in sæcula tecum
Me tua cymbat vehat, non grave pondus ero.
Cymba, renidentem qua mutet Cypria concham,
Quamque columbino præferat ipsa jugo.
Lib. ii. El. 1.

NOTES ON ELEGY IV.

This is one of the finest poems in Tibullus. Our dreams are commonly the imperfect images of our waking thoughts, especially when the mind is under the influence of some violent passion. Thus, in particular, it fares with the genuine inamorato, and such a one at this time was the lover of Neæra. Swallowed up in his affection for that fair one, and distressed at her affected delays to make him happy, he one night solicited sleep: but the drowsy god long resisted his importunities: at last, however, the lover being fatigued with the want thereof, but more with the succession of unpromising forebodings, dropped into a slumber about the morning, but did not long enjoy this pleasing state of insensibility; for, soon after, Apollo appeared, and informed him, that Neæra was about to desert *him* for another. As this news was of a most alarming nature, and could not fail to rouse his

indignation against the sex; Apollo, by artfully adopting his sentiments on that score, paves the way for his recommending patience as his only remedy. Apollo's speech concludes with a message to Neæra, that if she ever expected happiness, she must think of none else for her husband but her former lover. This was a very dextrous way of reclaiming his mistress; and it may with propriety be observed, that if Apollo did not appear to our poet, he certainly inspired the description which Tibullus gives of that god; as we half pardon Neæra her infidelity, in consideration of this beautiful Elegy.

Propertius has a fine vision upon his mistress's proposing to go abroad.

Ver. 6. The Roman haruspices (of whom before, Book ii. El. 6.) were called Tuscan, because their art was founded on the religious practice of Tuscany. The first sixteen lines of this Elegy are an introduction to the vision: reason and philosophy seemed to persuade our lover, that dreams were not to be minded; but superstition, and those fears which are so natural to love, won him over to the other side. He therefore entreats Lucina, that as he was not conscious of having acted any otherwise than as became a man of probity, she would be pleased (*ut velit*) to render all his fears groundless.

Ver. 9. The oblations mentioned in the text are the holy cake (*farre pio*) and salt (*et saliente sale.*) This the Romans also learn from the Tuscans, for whose application to haruspicy, &c. Cicero assigns some extraordinary reasons. Etrusci *autem* (says that incomparable writer and good

conceptu et satu ; portentoru
pretes extiterunt.

Ver. 13. Some interpret
to be the Lucina of the
certainly meant Juno Luci
light and of matrimony. F
the appellation Lucina from
(with whom Ovid also, in
agrees,) thinks that Juno w
lucus. Both etymologies,
out to be the same. *Nam lu*
dici a luce luminum religi
suspensorum satis constat.

Ver. 17. Tibullus is the
who bestows on Night a
Marino is the only one an
has imitated him. This he
fixed to a wretched past
'Filli de Sciro,' composed

truly prophetic which appeared in the morn-
Certiora et colatiora (says Tertullian) *de anima*
ari affirmant sub extremis noctibus; or, as
expresses it in his epistle of Hero to Leander,

....sub Auroram, jam dormitante lucerna,
omnia quo cerni tempore vera solent.

Pope begins his intellectual vision of the
ple of Fame' at the same time:

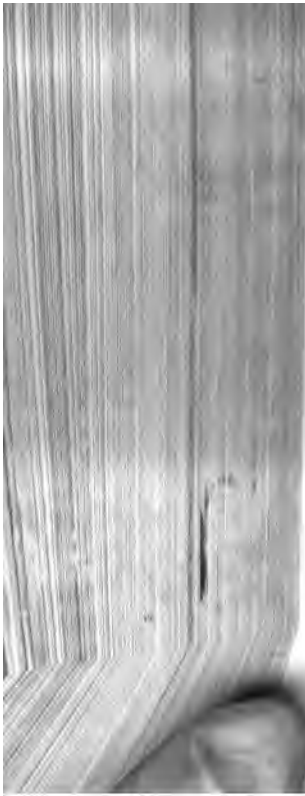
That time the morn mysterious visions brings,
While purer slumbers spread their golden wings.

r. 25. This is not a version of the hexameter
pentameter, which make the twenty-fifth and
ty-sixth lines of the original in all the editions
translator ever saw: for, as Vulpius well ob-
s, these lines,

Non illo quidquam formosius ulla priorum
Ætas humanum nec videt illud opus,

ot be applied to the beauties of Apollo.
(says he) *latet malignum ulcus, quod Chiroadis*
io indigeat: ego lubens depono, et peritiori
i committo. Broekhusius passes them over
out any remark; although he must have seen
absurdity of the passage. But are we to think
Tibullus wrote nonsense? By no means.
e the lines after the thirty-eighth (in the origi-
and you will find they exactly correspond
that station; and that there is no occasion to
ge the *videt* in the pentameter, into *fuit*; as
lles Statius proposes.

er. 27. The *myrtea coma* which Tibullus be-
on Apollo, Ovid thus explains;



' Ssor of a black,
They were, but o

But as the paint
ns) drew Apollo
gave him yellow o
lus make the go
hair, say some cri

Dic et argutæ p
Myrteum no

For so Porphyri
authority of seve
fore, add they, wa
mistress. But thi
solid, for though
crinis, it by no
Neæra had hair o
any consequence.
to powder his hai
fond, with gold-du

Ver. 29. The w
a favourite resemb
the sun, however,
to have been the
however, has a
which the reader

In bianca e vaga
C'hai tanti specc
Mira questo can
A lei mena i tuo
Le tue dolci rug
Specchiati con

But, besides this general resemblance, there is a further propriety in Tibullus's comparing Apollo to Diana, as she was his sister.

Ver. 30. As poetry is a great assistant to painting and statuary, those who have excelled in these arts have always particularly cultivated the muses. Thus Phidias obtained the idea of his Olympian Jove from the Iliad of Homer, and probably was indebted to Pindar's first Pythian ode for placing an eagle on the sceptre of the same god. On the other hand, again, painting has been of use to poetry; thus, in this century, an excellent Italian poem was composed from the drawings of the famous Bolognian painter Spagnoletto.

Ver. 31. This is one of the strokes which seems to me, says the author of the Polymetis, to have been borrowed from some painting in Rome, in which the mixture of colours here mentioned to be blended together, was remarkably well executed. Pliny, in speaking of the best pieces by Echion there, instances in one on this subject; *nova nupta, verecundia notabilis*, (lib. xxxv. 10.) The famous picture of the Aldobrandine palace in Rome is on the same subject; and the air of the new bride in it is remarkably modest. As that is so good, though done when the art of painting was extremely fallen at Rome, it was very probably copied from some celebrated picture there, and possibly from that piece of Echion's. The colours are all so faded in it (as one may well expect, after the course of almost seventeen hundred years,) that we can see nothing of the beautiful blush, that was probably on the face of the bride. *Dialogue 8.*

Ver. 32. The word *deducta*, in the original, a peculiar beauty; being only applied to modest; in opposition to *producta*, a term used women of the town.

Ver. 33. Charmed with the beauties of his visio Tibullus here, contrary to custom, multiplies illustrations: the lily and the amaranth furnish the ancients with favourite allusions; but, as t finest similies, by repetition, become unaffecting, the moderns labour under great difficulties in this respect. It is true, they have exchanged the amaranth for the rose; but that has been now so long employed, that it is grown stale, and the poets of this age may exclaim with the old grammarians, *pereant isti, qui, ante nos, nostra dixerunt*. It is a pity that Tibullus, who was so excellent an artist, did not leave more pictures of beauty behind him.

Although Ovid and others paint Apollo in much the same colours as our poet does, we are not, therefore, to suppose that they copied from one another. The figure, features, dress, &c. of the heathen gods, were as well known to the ancients, from statues, paintings, &c. of them formed according to a common standard, as St. Peter is now a-days to any Roman Catholic!

Ver. 36. Broekhusius makes our poet indebted to the great Sicilian shepherd, (Idyll. vii.) for this simile. But why need we suppose this? It is only such as grows on the poetical common of Nature; and what no traveller, however little inspired, could fail to pluck as he passed.

Ver. 37. The word, in the original, is *palla*; the name of a robe, with which not only Apollo, but the poets and musicians of old, were vested.

Valerius Flaccus clothes his bard Mopsus with a white *palla:* but the more common colour of it was purple, *Tyrio bis murice tincta.*

Ver. 39. Who the inventor of the lyre was, is uncertain: some attribute it to Apollo, and others to Mercury. Diodorus informs us, that this instrument, in conformity to the Seasons, assumed at first four strings; but soon after it mounted seven, in imitation of the Planets; and hence Pindar's epithet, when he calls it 'seven-tongued.' It was at first made of gold, silver, or ivory, ornamented with precious stones; but, in the Augustan age, the shell of the sea-tortoise coming into very high estimation, the body of the lyre was principally composed of it, yet still adorned with gold, silver, &c. Hence Horace says,

> *O mutis quoque piscibus*
> *Donatura cygni, si libeat, sonum.*

> Goddess of the sweet-sounding lute,
> Which thy harmonious touch obeys;
> Who canst the finny race, though mute,
> To Cygnets' dying accents raise.
>
> *Francis, Book* iv. *Od.* 3.

The lyre was played upon with a *plectrum* of ivory. See a curious dissertation on this subject, presented by Mr. Molyneux to the Royal Society.

Ver. 50. In this passage Bacchus is deprived of the power of prescience; and yet we know that many of the ancients regarded him as a prophetical deity. Thus Pausanias tells us, that Bacchus had an oracle in Thrace. But especially (book x. chap 33.) a cave (ἄδυτον) at Optintea, corruptly called Amphiclea, in which were performed his

[illegible]

of Apollo, to be productive of perfect happiness to you, Neæra; presume not to wish for another lover; *felix hoc conjugio desine alium virum velle.*

Ver. 106. These were the strongest poetical emblems of barbarism and infidel ferocity. The thought is originally Homer's, (Il. xvi. ver. 34.) but adopted by Catullus and Virgil, travestied by Giambattista Lalli, often used by Ovid, and parodied by Boileau in his admirable Lutrin:

Non ton pere a Paris ne fut pas Boulanger, &c.

In the famous interview of Glaucus and Diomed, Glaucus thus describes Chimæra:

First dire Chimæra's conquest was enjoin'd;
A mingled monster, of no mortal kind;
Behind, a dragon's fiery tail was spread;
A goat's rough body bore a lion's head:
Her pitchy nostrils flaky flames expire,
Her gaping throat emits infernal fire. *Pope.*

Verses nothing inferior to the original.

Ver. 108. This was an artful method of still further interesting Neæra's family in favour of her lover.

NOTES ON ELEGY V.

Some critics are of opinion, that this Elegy was written by Tibullus when very young, and disengaged from any amorous attachment; as in it he makes no mention of any of his former mistresses. And indeed it must be confessed, that their conjectures are not always so well founded: for had *his heart been* engaged, his sickness, which make

the subject of the poem, would have supplied
with as many pathetic thoughts as it did wher
was left behind in the island of Corfu. But
this as it will, the Elegy itself is valuable, for b
the only one wherein our poet gives us any h
of his own person; which, as it really was amia
is no small proof of his modesty.

It is addressed to some of his friends, who v
then at the hot baths of Tuscany; where, pr
bly, our poet was to have been of the party,
not a violent fever prevented him. How
desirous the commentators may show themse
to discover the names of the poet's friends,
discovery is now impossible; but if we are igno
of this, the poem itself informs us, that Tibu
composed it on the fifteenth day of his disor
which he entreats Persephone speedily to brin
a happy crisis, as he was then young, and by
conduct had never merited any chastisement f
heaven.

Ver. 1. Critics have in vain endeavoured to
termine which of the Tuscan baths are here me
Schoppius believes them to have been the Cla
but these were cold, as we learn from Hor
Ep. 15, lib. i. whereas those, at which Tibull
friends appear to have been, were warm.

Ver. 4. Baia was the most remarkable w
bath in Italy. The name of it came in time
stand for *thermæ* in general.

Ver. 9. The mysteries here meant, were th
of Ceres, the most revered of any in ancient tim
As it was piacular to divulge them, the reader m
not expect to find them described with the sa
exactness as the other religious ceremonie

ism. But what is known of certainty of
shall here briefly be collected.

Eleusinian mysteries (for so they were also
) were divided into the greater and the lesser,
elebrated at Athens, at stated seasons, with
pomp of machinery and solemn shows.
drew together a vast concourse of people
all nations; and many earnestly desired to
tiated; but that favour was bestowed upon
out those of the first rank and figure. The
nce with which Cicero speaks of them, and
nts he drops of their use and end, seem to
n Dr. Warburton's conjecture about them,
at they were intended to inculcate God's
and the immortality of the soul. The shows
pposed to have represented Heaven, Hell,
m, and whatever concerned a future state.
oets often alluded to them; and we find
, at the request of Chilias, a famous poet,
ting Atticus to send him from Athens a
of them. This intimates, that these shows
ccasionally varied; and Dr. Middleton con-
s, that the detail here desired from Atticus
tended by the poet as episodes to some of
etical performances. Is Virgil's sixth Æneid
esentation of this kind? The supposition is
ingenious; and Dr. Warburton has sup-
it with no less fancy than learning.

autious were the Athenians, in Cicero's time,
ating the solemnity of these mysteries, that
nous orator Crassus, coming to Athens two
ter the procession was over, could not pre-
the *magistrates* to re-exhibit the shows;
h he was one of the first senators of Rome.

Whoever divulged the Ele
expelled the society of hum
as a monster unworthy th
life. It was esteemed dang
him, lest Jupiter, in his w
distinction between the in
Thus Horace,

——*vetabo, qui Cereris*
Vulgarit arcanæ, sub is
Sit trabibus, fragilemque
Solvat phaselum. F

'He who can friendship's sec
Or Ceres' hallow'd rites re
The wretch with me shall ne
With me shall never hoist

The Greeks, according
punished with death those v
also to whom the mysteries
the Athenians for two year
attempts against Sicily, Al
advised, but conducted tha
that superstitious people c
mysteries of Ceres.

Numenius, the celebrate
published an account of th
desses, in the wanton dress
to him. The philosopher,
the reason, was told by t
Ab se, ipso adyto pudicitia
adeuntibus prostitutas: 'th
them from the shrine of ch
their charms to every c
Scip. cap. 2.

.0. Nothing tends so much to soften the
of death, as the consciousness of a well-
e. Upon a death-bed, every object appears
nuine colours; as the mind then often has
st perception of right and wrong.

13.

en both the consuls fell, ah fatal morn!
al to Roman freedom! I was born.

end of the year U. C. 709, the famous
ntony, under the specious pretext of re-
the murder of Cæsar, left Rome. Decimus
whose name, next to that of Marcus Brutus,
ons of liberty will ever reverence for his
share in the death of Julius,) was to feel
t effects of his bloody rage. Although
d cheerfully declared in favour of Brutus,
levied a considerable force; yet was that
at the approach of Antony, obliged to
himself into Modena. As Antony knew
rsion of the better and wiser senators to
duct; how devoted the veterans were to
tical, though young enemy, Octavius; and
ies that were vigorously carrying on by
of the senate, to support the consuls elect,
and Pansa; he easily saw that no time
be lost in the reduction of that city.
ingly, he invested it with a formidable body
ps, posted to so great advantage, that even
ctavius and the consul Hirtius arrived with
an army, the place too defending itself
less art than courage; he reduced the
d to very great straits, and seldom was
in his rencounters with the consular army.

with four legions, was to join
chiefs; he resolved to attack hi
with two legions, two Prætorian
of the Evocati. It is scarce to
the plan would have succeeded, a
made up of raw levies, had not E
the night detached the martial
Prætorian cohorts to cover the
camp. By the eagerness of tha
which run forward to attack An
obliged to follow after with two of
and a brisk engagement was f
Franco, in which Pansa was m
and the victory, by the retreat
inclined to Antony. His joy, how
for Hirtius, hearing of the enga
out with twenty veteran cohort
entirely routed and put to flight
in the very plain so lately the sc
Antony, though now obliged to lie

ere gained on either side; both armies fought
he Romans; till D. Brutus, taking the opportu-
ity, sallied out of the town at the head of his
arrison, and helped greatly to determine the vic-
ory on the side of the republic. Hirtius pushed
is advantages with great spirit, drove all before
im to the middle of the enemy's camp, where he
as unfortunately killed, near the general's tent.
his probably would have turned the fortune of
he day, had not Octavius made good the attempt,
y keeping possession of Antony's camp; while
nt general, after the destruction of his best
oops, fled precipitately, with his horse, towards
he Alps. The other consul died the day after,
f his wounds, at Bologna. This was the greatest
ss the republic could possibly sustain at that
me; as the death of the two consuls placed
ctavius above all control, left him sole master
f their armies, especially the veterans; and first
spired him with the design of succeeding to his
ncle's power, as well as to his estate. That with
nferior martial virtues, the successor of Julius
as equally successful; and that after the most
loody proscriptions of the best families of the
mpire, he reigned quietly, nay gloriously, are
articulars which our present purpose calls not
pon us to explain: we only beg leave to remark,
hat if the two lines which gave rise to this note, are
enuine, Tibullus must have been born A. U. C.
10, some time between the 14th and 15th of
April, and perhaps on the very same day with
Ovid. This was the opinion of Petrus Crinitus
nd Lelio Giraldi, and of every biographer till the
ime *of Josephus* Scaliger. That great scholar

on which he, and those of his pa
opinion, and the objections whic
against them, are as follow.

In the first place, it appears f
Elegy of the first book, that ou
attended Messala to the war of A
he was also rewarded with milit
his behaviour at that time. N
that the reduction of that provi
plished A. U. C. 725; of course,
born 710, he must have had thos
cessful bravery conferred on him w
fifteen years of age; but the Ro
on the *toga virilis* at soonest till t
of their age; therefore, say they,
not, if no older, serve with. Mess
ment, however, is more specious t
is certain that some Roman youth
gown conferred on them before
year: and experience shows us, t

ow, argues Dousa, as Horace was but about rty when this ode was wrote, Tibullus could only about fifteen; and how could one at those years ite mournful elegies? Or how could Glycera ll prefer one younger than himself? To obviate is objection, Dacier explains junior by a new ser. But, there is no occasion for this strained terpretation; for it will afterwards be proved, at younger folks have written, and with applause o, poems of a more difficult nature than elegy; d he must know little of life, who has not obrved some women, even in our cold climate, efer a lover of fourteen even to one of twenty; d Julius Cæsar divorced Cossutia in the sixenth year of his age. But not to insist on these guments; the critics may be defied to prove orace's age, when the thirty-third ode of his first ok was written: for though that poet was just rty when some of the odes of the second book sre composed, we know that his odes are not aced in the order they were written: hence ere is no necessity of alleging with some critics, at this ode was written to our poet's father.

But, says Vulpius, Horace, when upwards of rty (*octo lustra prætergressum*), used to consult ibullus upon his satire, as appears from the followg line,

Albi, nostrorum sermonum candide judes.
Epist. iv. Lib. 1.

'Albius, in whom my satires find
A candid critic, and a kind.' *Francis.*

ow this, adds the Italian editor, is not to be supsed; as Tibullus at that time must, if born in

Wycherley's poems,
upwards of fifty; and
Criticism' at twenty.
sequence; the critics
time when the fourth
written: thus Sanadon
the year 720, when
Tibullus thirty years
precise time of it cann
the commentators have
an epistle to Lollius, w
Augustus in the Cantab
was only sixteen years

Again, says Broekhu
sick at Phæacia, in h
Syria. Now it is cer
went thither with an
A. U. C. 724; theref
could only then be fo

roduction of youths not much older. L. Valerius Prudens gained the prize of poetry, and was crowned, in the reign of Domitian, when only thirteen years old; Johannes Secundus was not twenty-five years old when he died; and there is good reason for asserting, that Cardinal Rovera, when only ten years of age, published at Pavia a collection of his own poems; nay, it is a fact, that Cowley printed a volume of poems, all which were written before his fifteenth year.

Well; but, says Vulpius, it is not to be believed, that Ovid, who was so studious of the memory of Tibullus, and so minutely exact in other things of less moment, would have passed by an event which did such honour to his own birth, had Tibullus and he been born at the same time. To this it may be answered, that he had but a short acquaintance with our poet, as he himself informs us,

> ——— *nec avara Tibullo*
> *Tempus amicitiæ fata dedere meæ.*

It may, however, be objected, say Dousa and others, that Domitius Marsus calls Tibullus a youth when he died:

> *Te quoque Virgilio comitem non æqua, Tibulle,*
> *Mors juvenem compos misit ad Elysios.*

Now as Marsus lived at that time, Tibullus must have died when twenty-four or twenty-five years of age, and therefore must have been born A. U. C. 710.

To this it may be opposed, that by the laws of Servius Tullus, the Romans considered every citizen as a *juvenis* till his forty-sixth year. After that time indeed they called them seniores; and

therefore, as Tibullus died, Marsus might ca he might, according to but then, it may be c not say that Tibullus Virgil, (*i. e.* in his fort he was the first poet therefore he must ei class of *juvenis;* or bo then only twenty-five

But had our author not have omitted that have greatly added t Elegy on his death; e poem, he mentions th by the by, was upwa contrary to the commo

Obvius huic venies, he
Tempora, cum Calv

This argument, inde same poet affords som greater weight to pro be born in 710. In th our poet was eminent fo when Augustus Cæsar

——*jam te pri*

that is, when Cæsar having had the glorio *pater patriæ* bestowed senate, A. U. C. 727. seventeen be known a has in part been an

hat Heinsius reads *natus*, it rather is an argument a support of Tibullus's being born in 710: as Octavius Cæsar and Pedius succeeded Hirtius and Pansa in the consulate. It must here, at the same ime, be confessed that Cæsar could not be styled *rinceps*, far less *princeps senatus*, for being made onsul: yet could even this be granted, Heinsius's eading is supported by MS. authority.

But the argument to which the least objection an be made, is that which follows; and Ovid furnishes it. It runs thus:

Virgilium vidi tantum; nec avara Tibullo
Tempus amicitiæ fata dedere meæ:
Successor fuit hic tibi, Galle; Propertius illi;
Quartus ab his serie temporis ipse fui.

Trist. Lib. iv. el. 10.

That is, 'I only saw Virgil, and the cruel fates did not long indulge me with the friendship of Tibullus. He (*viz.* Tibullus), was thy successor, Gallus; Propertius followed Gallus; and, in order of time, I msyelf was the fourth.' Now, as Gallus was born A. U. C. 681; and Propertius, by his own confession, did not put on the *toga virilis* till after the division of the municipal lands among the veterans, A. U. C. 711, when he was at least fifteen; Tibullus must have been born between the year 681 and the year 696, that is, about the year 690, one year after Horace. But why might he not be five years younger, as well as one year? And indeed, as this corresponds more with Marcus's epigram, it seems as likely that Tibullus was born 695. Some, indeed, object to the quotation from Ovid, as if that poet meant poetical fame, or the order in which the poets he there mentions

were known to the world by their writings: and indeed, were it not for the former passage from Ovid, such a suggestion might invalidate the argument upon which Dousa chiefly builds his opinion.

But (add Dousa, and the rest who espouse his opinion), what if we can prove from Tibullus himself, that he was not born A. U. C. 710? Had he been so young when sick at Corfu, would he not, in a particular manner, have mentioned it? And would not a youth of twenty-five years have expressed himself differently in the poem before us from

Et nondum cani nigros læsere capillos,
Nec venit tardo curva senecta pedè.

Besides, in his panegyric, which we know was written 722 (*vide* l. 121, &c.) he has the following lines:

——— *nam cura novatur,*
Cum memor ante actos semper dolor admonet annos—

which could not be proper from a boy of twelve years of age. Nay, that poem itself, though inferior in every respect to his elegiac compositions, is yet too great a work for one so young. And if to this we add, that in this poem he talks of the old warrior of Arupinum, and of his having attended Messala in his Pannonian expedition; and if we consider, that this expedition took place A. U. C. 718 or 719, it must appear that 710 could not be the year of Tibullus's birth, and that, therefore, the

Cum cecidit fato consul uterque pari

is spurious, and foisted in by some librarian from

Nay, Vulpius, not content with putting a
of reprobation on that line, even suspects
llowing one; as it is, according to him, not
anguid, but interrupts the sentence, which
plete without it.
wever immaterial these remarks may appear
generality, the translator hopes, that the
al reader will pardon their length, as they
be found of some service to future biogra-

. 15. *Apples unripe, what folly 'tis to pull?*]
entiment would answer in pastoral: and were
what every man might have thought, it might
d that Ovid had almost transcribed it:

uid plenam fraudas vitem crescentibus uvis?
Pomaque crudeli vellis acerba manu?
El. xiv. Lib. 2.

olle cupidinem immitis uvæ of Horace, is al-
the same: but as the lyric bard in the ode
he uses these expressions describes Lalage
oung frisking heifer, and her lover as a bull,
etaphor is not so happily exact.
. 17. This and the foregoing thought are
ed by Mr. Hammond: whose whole fourth
is an improvement upon our author. In the
al, the poet joins two adjectives to one noun,
Servius, in his notes on Virgil, blames as a
n writing; and yet not only instances of this
be produced from the ancient Roman au-
but also from Lucretius, Cicero, Ovid, and
.
. 21. That man should be so solicitous for

Romans: an exercise which [illegible]
people, found serviceable to then
counts; and which Britons, both o
and as a naval people, would do
more: for as the poet of the Seaso

> This is the purest exercise for health,
> The kind refresher of the summer he

Ver. 28. Tibullus was as warm i
as in his love; and certainly, if th
is ever allowable, the wishing to l
after death, by one's friends, is
The

> *Oblitus meorum, obliviscendus et*
>
> 'The world forgetting, by the world

of some authors, is too misanth
love of fame being natural to man
from whence have sprung most
tions which have astonished or
[illegible] the translator cannot join

Black cattle were the only victims sacrificed to the *dii inferni*. The ancients, say the critics, generally offered to their gods those beasts which they were supposed to hold in the greatest abhorrence. When they sacrificed to the infernal powers, they turned their palms downwards. There are two or three instances in the legendary part of the Roman story, of the ceasing of plagues at Rome, upon immolating on the altars of Pluto and Proserpine. Pluto's altars at Tarentum were chiefly remarkable for miracles of this kind. These sacrifices, which in time gave rise to the secular games, (the jubilee of Paganism) were performed in the evening; as those to the celestial powers were in the morning. The priests were sprinkled with water, when offerings were made to the infernal deities. See the old Scholiast on the fourth Isthmian ode of Pindar. And it is certain from Homer, (Iliad ix. line 566,) that those who addressed these powers fell on their knees when they prayed to them.

NOTES ON ELEGY VI.

We have seen with what cruelty Neæra had treated her lover: all his endeavours to fix her solely his, having proved hitherto ineffectual. But his misery being now extreme, some remedy must be attempted; and wine, by the joint approbation of antiquity, being esteemed the certain antidote of affliction, his friends strongly recommended his making an experiment of its virtues.

He follows their advice; and begins the present Elegy with an address to the god of wine, in full confidence of his being able to free him from his amorous inquietude.

This poem, which is one continued struggle between the powers of love and wine, but in which the latter triumphs over the former, the translator has thrown into a dialogue between the lover and one of his boon companions. This gives it a more spirited air, but does not entirely remove all its obscurities; and hence the translator has been led to believe, that it is imperfect; unless, with some judicious critics, it is supposed, that as the author was agitated with a diversity of passions at the time of his composing it, so the hyperbaton and disorderly connection was the result of judicious choice, and not the fault of imperfection.

In some editions this Elegy is improperly split into two.

Ver. 1. —*so may the mystic vine.*] Why mystic? Because those who were initiated in the mysteries of Ceres and Bacchus carried *thyrsi*, round which were twisted vine branches; or, because those who assisted at the orgies of Bacchus wore vine garlands. See a description of these frantic ceremonies in the sixth book of Ovid's Metamorphoses, ver. 587.

Ver. 2. Bacchus wore grapes on his horns: (See notes on the first Elegy of the second book;) and ivy round his temples.

Cur hedera cincta est? hedera est gratissima Bacchi:
Hoc quoque cur ita sit, dicere nulla mora est.
Nysiades Nymphæ, puerum quærente noverca,
Hanc frondem cunis apposuere novis.

Ovid. Fast. lib. iii. v. [illegible]

onstantius Cæsar, in the eleventh book of
eopon,' says, that Bacchus loved the ivy be-
ıis favourite boy Cissus was metamorphosed
ıat plant. *Broekh.*

true reason, however, seems to have been,
e ancients thought ivy-chaplets had a power
venting intoxication.

se who conquered in poetical contests, had,
a wreath of ivy bestowed upon them. An-
Alciatus gives the following reason for it:

' quaquam arescens hedera est arbuscula, Cisso
e puero Bacchum dona dedisse ferunt :
bunda, procax, auratis, fulva corymbis,
'erius viridis, cætera pallor habet.
aptis vates cingunt sua tempora sertis ;
'escunt studiis, laus diuturna viret.

Emb. 204.

. 15. The two great Italian pastoral poets
nlarged upon this thought in their tragi-
ies.

Van le tigre in amore
Ama il leon superbo, &c.

Amynt.

Rugge il leon al bosco
Ne quel rugito è d'ira
Cosi d'amor sospira, &c.

Past. Fido.

. 21. When the gods appeared in anger to
s, they were supposed to become much
han usual. Thus Ceres, when she appeared
sychton, who had violated her sacred grove,
deed on the ground, but with her head she
d the skies.

Δαμαίης δ' αφαλον, &c.
Callim. Hymn. in Cerer. ver. 58.

Ver. 23. Penthus, King of Thebes, was torn in pieces by his mother and the other Mænades, for having ridiculed the newly-introduced orgies of Bacchus. See Ovid, Met. lib. iii. and Theocritus, Idyll. xxvi. See also the Βακχαι of Euripides.

Ver. 29. This is a fine instance of amorous irresolution; and the prayer the poet puts up to Heaven for the happiness of his inconstant fair, makes us compassionate him more, than if he had broke out into the most direful execrations.

Tasso has given us a no less beautiful instance of this passionate figure in his Gierusalem. Liberat. Canto xx. where Armida, being abandoned by Rinaldo, breathes fury and revenge: and, pursuing him through the ranks of the battle, aims an arrow at his heart; but scarce had the shaft left the bow, when returning love compelled her to wish it might miss its aim:

Lo stral volò; ma con lo stral, un voto
Subito uscì, che vada il copo a voto.

'Swift flies the shaft, as swiftly flies her prayer,
That all its vehemence be spent in air.'

Spenc.

Such sudden changes of passion give a vast energy to poetical compositions. They are frequent in the elegiac poets: but no instance of this kind ever afforded the translator more pleasure than the following of Lotichius, who, desiring his deceased mistress's shade often to appear to him, suddenly checks himself:

Quid precor imprudens? non fas ita velle priumve
Otia sint cineri, sit sopor usque tuo.
Et tumulum myrti virides, et amaricus ornet;
Et sedeat custos ad tua busta Venus.

B. iii. El. 3.

Ver. 37. This double passion is aptly termed
issimulation by Mr. Spence, in his ingenious
Observations on Pope's Odyssey.' Such figures
e viewed in a juster light, when we look upon
iem as naturally expressive of what we feel within
s, than when we regard them only as the artful
achineries of writing.

Ver. 43. Catullus is here called 'learned;' and
ntiquity, with one consent, bestows upon him
at distinguished epithet. He certainly under-
tood the Greek language, and translated, with
ome applause, Callimachus's beautiful poem on
erenice's hair: but his version from Sappho is
ery indifferent. Yet these perhaps obtained him
he reputation of learning: or perhaps it arose
rom his frequent use of cramp words. Men are
ften called learned, even now-a-days, for no bet-
er reasons. The translator, however, is not of
pinion, that he merited that distinction; so much,
t least, as some of his Roman predecessors. Nay,
re not the best critics now agreed, that had all
is poems perished, the world would have been
t no very great loss, except for the piece here
lluded to, his 'Epithalamium on Peleus and
Thetis,' and one or two more?

The most remarkable part of Catullus's charac-
er is, the freedom with which, in his writings, he
ttacked Julius Cæsar, at a time when he was the
overeign-master of the world. That great, but

the poet satirise after such an ac
sion? Something of the same kind
of that most consummate of poli
who more than paved the way for hi
of the East. See Dr. Leland's exc
Life of that monarch.

In the poem which Tibullus here
there is an exquisite stroke of nat
adne runs into the sea, as if to reac
was sailing off:

Tum tremuli salis adversas percurr
Mollia nundatæ tollentem tegmina s

Ovid has written on the same subj
is more real beauty in the patheti
and frantic behaviour of Catullus's
in the witty, but unaffected epistle

There appears no connection bet
of Ariadne, and what either goes be
it. But if the translator durst v
transposition, he would join (Thri

Ver. 50. The common editions read

Junonemque suam, perque suam venerem.

But Broekhusius is of opinion, that Tibullus wrote

Junonemque suam, per Veneremque suam;

and produces several instances of his using the *que* in that manner. He closes his quotations on that subject with the following sentence, which is in the true spirit of a verbal critic: '*Hæc palæmonibus nostris exilia videbuntur, neque satis digna in quibus otium ponatur: mihi vero, quæ mea est humilitas, nihil exile habetur, quod faciat ad inlustrationem sermonis Latini.*'

Ver. 51. Female infidelity has been a common topic of invective with the wits of all ages; and yet, had they looked into their own conduct with the same virulent penetration, they would have found that the lion made a just observation to the man, who vauntingly showed him a picture wherein one of the lion-kind was represented as conquered by a man, when that monarch of the woods said, 'We lions are not painters.'

Ver. 52. Plato assigns a whimsical reason for Jupiter's good-nature in this affair; 'the pleasures' says he, 'are infants, incapable of understanding and judgment, and therefore not liable to punishment for perjury, or breach of promise.'

Ver. 59. *Nobis merenti* in the original, as Broekhusius observes, is an elegant Græcism *(archaismus)*, which Terence and the most correct Roman poets have admitted. There are many such Græcisms in both Milton and Shakspeare; the former, no doubt, thought the joining a singular

the only turn on words [illegible]
When sparingly admitted, such turns a
beauties. Mr. Dryden makes Virgi
of this elegance in composition: that
ever, is mistaken, as Homer has a
words, Il. 20, where Hector says, that
he will attack Achilles:

> και ει πυρι χειρας εοικεν
> Ει πυρι χειρας εοικε· μενος αιθωνι σιδηρω.
> Not from yon boaster shall your chief reti
> Not though his heart were steel, his hands
> That fire, that steel, your Hector should wi
> And brave the vengeful heart, and dreadfu

So very attentive was Mr. Pope no
of the beauties of his original. And
den (Dedicat. to Juvenal) had looke
have found that Catullus used this char
before Virgil, in his Carm. Nupt. 6
indeed be owned, that Virgil and
frequently use turns, both on words a
[illegible] Milton wholly destitute of

D'Ursey, who was the first that gave the French an idea of pastoral romance, has copied this thought of our author; and, indeed, it better suited such languid unnatural compositions as the 'Astrea,' than the serious sensibility of the elegiac muse.

Ver. 12. Cowley has imitated this; or, rather, such conceits were in his way:

> How happy here, should I
> And one dear she, live, and embracing die;
> She who is all the world, and can exclude
> From deserts, solitude.
> I should have then this only fear,
> Lest men, when they my pleasure see,
> Should hither throng to live like me,
> And so make a city here.

How much more truly does Prior represent the contentment which lovers feel in one another's company?

> My conqueror now, my lovely Abra held
> My freedom in her chains; my heart was fill'd
> With her; with her alone, in her alone
> It sought its peace and joy; while she was gone,
> It sigh'd and griev'd, impatient of her stay;
> Return'd, she chas'd those sighs, that grief away;
> Her absence made the night, her presence made the day.

The pastoral writers often ascribe still greater force to the charms of their Galateas and Phyllises, perhaps very impertinently.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Some of the best modern commentators conte that the little poems which compose this fo book, are not the work of Tibullus. Their c arguments are derived from the language sentiment; in both which, it is said (and v more justice than is common on such occasio that they bear no resemblance to our poet's p ductions.

But if the following little pieces are not composition of Tibullus, to whom shall we imp them? Shall we, with Caspar Barthius and Br husius, ascribe them to Sulpicia, the wife of C nus, who flourished in the reign of Domiti This opinion is by no means improbable; for know from Martial and Sidonius Apolinaris, Sulpicia was eminent in those days for her poe *Vide* Mart. lib. x. epig. 35.

But to this proof it is objected by Vulp that as the following pieces are of a strain diffe from those celebrated by Martial, so they c not be written by the wife of Calenus, but Tibullus's; and that the Sulpicia they praise, the daughter of Servius Sulpicius, the fam lawyer, some of whose epistles to Cicero are extant. For, she who is called Sulpicia in

book, (adds he) certainly lived in the reig
Augustus; as Horace himself mentions Cerint
and Messala is named in the eighth poem.
this it may be answered, that it cannot be pro
that Sulpicia had never been in love before
married Calenus; or had never composed a
other poems beside those of the conjugal kin
so much extolled by Martial. Nay, have we n
her own testimony, that she wrote some thousan
of pieces?

Cetera quin etiam, quot denique millia lusi!

And we know from some of Sulpicia's lines, pre-
served by the old Scholiast on Juvenal, that she
sometimes wrote in a manner the very reverse of
that which the epigrammatist celebrates: and of
course she may still be the author of these poems.
Nor does it follow from Horace's having made
mention of one Cerinthus (lib. i. sat. 2. line 81.)
who was fond of a rich mistress, that therefore this
nistress was Sulpicia; unless it could be proved,
at Cerinthus never loved any but Sulpicia; and
at there never was a person of the name of
erinthus, but in the age of Augustus. Again,
ough Messala is mentioned in the eighth poem
this book, it cannot thence be inferred, that this
our poet's patron; unless it could be proved
the name Messala (which is not true) expired
that illustrious Roman. Therefore the fol-
ng poems may still be the offspring of Martial's
icia.

t against this opinion it is further urged by
us, that Quintilian (lib. i. cap. 11.) plainly
s to,

Illam quidquid agit, quoque vestigia movet
Componit, furtim subsequiturque decor,

in the following sentence: *Neque enim gestum oratoris* componi *ad similitudinem saltationis volo, sed subesse aliquid ex hac exercitatione puerili, unde nos non id agentes,* furtim decor *ille discentibus traditus prosequatur.* But that eloquent rhetorician, says Vulpius, would have been ashamed to use the words of a woman, who was then alive; and therefore it is more probable, that he borrowed his illustration from Tibullus, a poet of an established reputation.

We cannot see any reason, however, why Quintilian should be more ashamed to borrow from a contemporary poetess (if her words suited his purpose), than from a dead poet, let his character be ever so great. Nay, the great rhetorician, we apprehend, would rather have chosen to have expressed himself in the words of a woman, who was honoured with the epithet of 'learned,' which was Sulpicia's case; than to have used the language of Tibullus or any other person, when treating of a subject (*viz.* decency of gesture) wherein the fair sex must be allowed to be the most competent judges. But why might not Quintilian stumble upon *componit* and *furtim decor* without having ever read this poem? Can any reason be assigned to the contrary? Or, rather, did not his subject naturally lead him to express his sentiments of oratorial gesture in these very words?

Some critics, however, whom the translator has consulted, and who acknowledge the futility of Vulpius's arguments, are yet of opinion, that the *first,* third, and fifth poems of this book cannot be

Sulpicia's writing, but must be the works of rinthus, or some poet; as Sulpicia, they say, ıld not with any grace write the encominm on : own person; nor can the poem on her birth- ; be, with any more propriety, ascribed to her; l it is evident, they think, that the fifth poem is : composition of a common friend.

Now granting this, every difficulty is not yet mounted: the twelfth poem, according to some ıers, cannot be Sulpicia's, for from the following es,

Nunc licet, e cœlo, mittatur amica Tibullo;
Mittetur frustra deficietque Venus—

s, they assert, plainly the composition of Tibul- . *Tibulli carmen arbitror* (says Broekhusius) *a dictione ita persuadente et numeris ad Albianum racterem artificiose conformatis;* adding, that it ı certainly slipped out of its place, and must ong to the third book; as the old critics inform that Tibullus wrote no more than three books elegies.

Although we have so far admitted this opinion, to place that poem at the end of the third book, : that our poet certainly wrote more elegies n we have of his at present, is obvious; both m his works themselves, and from Horace: nor ı the translator help being of opinion, that never similar the metrical composition in the elfth poem may be to that of Tibullus, yet the de of thinking is very different from his; and, refore, if Tibullus is the author, he either in s piece imitated Ovid, or the piece itself was itten by some body else; perhaps in the age of

Domitian, who was so fond of Tibullus, as to be willing to usher his own productions into the world under the sanction of his name.

But if the fourth book was composed by Sulpicia, how comes it (objects Vulpius) to be found in all the ancient MSS. of Tibullus? To this it may be answered, that the old librarians used commonly, in order to enhance the price of their MSS. to join to an author, who had not left many works behind him, any writer who composed in what they thought a similar taste. By this means, a satire, which our Sulpicia certainly wrote, was long ascribed by some to Juvenal, and by others to Ausonius, from having been found in the MS. works of those two poets; till some critics of more understanding [1] proved to the learned, neither Juvenal, nor Ausonius, but Martial's Sulpicia wrote it.

Such are the arguments by which the commentators support their different opinions. The reader must determine for himself. But if the translator might be permitted to pronounce on the subject, he would say, that if any weight might be laid on difference of style, and especially of thought, the following poems cannot be the work of Tibullus:—but whether Martial's Sulpicia, or who else wrote them, is not in his power to determine. But as Sulpicia is the only person to whom the critics attribute them, the translator, not knowing any one else who can show a preferable claim, has retained her name in the title-page.

Notwithstanding, however, it cannot be abso-

[1] Scaliger, &c.

lutely ascertained (and how can controversies of this sort be absolutely ascertained?) who was the person to whose happy talent we owe the following poems; every reader of taste will allow, that they abound with striking beauties; and that, upon the whole, those critics do no great injury to Tibullus, who still ascribe them to that poet.

As Sulpicia and Cerinthus perfectly understood one another, we must not expect in their poems those sallies and transitions of passion, that frantic and despondent air, so observable in Tibullus: for these are the natural emanations of a heated fancy and a distracted heart. But the poems before us abound in what the moderns denominate gallant flattery. Most of them show the poet and happy lover. They give us little anecdotes of their passion, and make us regret we have no more.

O! without me ne'er taste the j
But a chaste hunter in my absence
And O! my boars the wanton fair
Who would Cerinthus to their arm
Yet, yet I dread.—Be sports your
But you, all passion! to my arms r

POEM III.

Come, Phœbus! with your loosely
O soothe her torture, and restore t
Come, quickly come! we supplica
Such charms your happy skill ne'er
Let not her frame, consumptive, p
Her eyes grow languid, and her bl
Propitious come! and with you b
Each pain-subduing herb, and soot
Or real ills, or whate'er ills we fea
To ocean's furthest verge let torre
O! rack no more, with harsh, unk
The youth, who ceaseless for her s
'Twixt love and rage his tortur'd s
And now he prays, now treats the
Take heart, fond youth! you l
pray'd;
Still persevere to love the' enchant
Sulpicia is your own! for you she
And slights all other conquests of
Dry then your tears; your tears w
Did she on others her esteem best
O come! what honour will be y
At once two lovers from the dolefi

Then both will, emulous, exalt your skil.
With grateful tablets, both your temples
Both heap with spicy gums your sacred fi
Both sing your praises to the' harmonious
Your brother gods will prize your healing
Lament their attributes, and envy yours.

POEM IV.

On my account, to grief a ceaseless prey,
Dost thou a sympathetic anguish prove?
I would not wish to live another day,
If my recovery did not charm my love:
For what were life, and health, and bloom to
Were they displeasing, beauteous youth! to t

POEM V.

ITH feasts I'll ever grace the sacred morn,
hen my Cerinthus, lovely youth, was born.
birth, to you the' unerring sisters sung
bounded empire o'er the gay and young:
: I, chief I, (if you my love repay),
h rapture own your ever-pleasing sway.
I conjure you, by your charming eyes,
re love's soft god in wanton ambush lies:
by your genius, and the joys we stole,
e sweet remembrance still enchants my s
natal genius! grant my heart's desire,
ll I heap with costly gums your fire.
ever fancy paints me to the boy,
breast pant with an impatient joy:
the libertine for others sigh,
love forbid) O love! your aid deny.

Nor, love! be partial, let us both confess
The pleasing pain; or make my passion less.
But O! much rather 'tis my soul's desire,
That both may feel an equal, endless fire. 20
In secret my Cerinthus begs the same,
But the youth blushes to confess his flame:
Assent, thou god! to whom his heart is known,
Whether he public ask, or secret own.

POEM VI.

ACCEPT, O natal queen! with placent air,
The incense offer'd by the learned fair.
She's rob'd in cheerful pomp, O power divine!
She's rob'd to decorate your matron-shrine:—
Such her pretence; but well her lover knows
Whence her gay look, and whence her finery flows.
Thou, who dost o'er the nuptial bed preside,
Oh! let not envious night their joys divide,
But make the bridegroom amorous as the bride!
So shall they tally, matchless lovely pair!
A youth all transport, and a melting fair! 10
Then let no spies their secret haunts explore,
Teach them thy wiles, O love! and guard the door.
Assent, chaste queen! in purple pomp appear;
Thrice wine is pour'd, and cakes await you, here.
Her mother tells her for what boon to pray;
Her heart denies it, though her lips obey.
She burns, that altar as the flames devour;
She burns, and slights the safety in her power. 19
So may the boy, whose chains you proudly wear,
Through youth the soft indulgent anguish bear;
And when old age has chill'd his every vein,
The dear remembrance may he still retain!

POEM VII.

At last the natal odious morn draws nigh,
  When to your cold, cold villa I must go;
There, far, too far from my Cerinthus sigh:
  Oh why, Messala! will you plague me so?

Let studious mortals prize the silvan scene;
  And ancient maidens hide them in the shade;
Green trees perpetually give me the spleen;
  For crowds, for joy, for Rome, Sulpicia's made;

Your too officious kindness gives me pain.
  How fall the hailstones! hark! how howls the wind! 10
Then know, to grace your birth-day should I deign,
  My soul, my all, I leave at Rome behind.

POEM VIII.

At last the fair's determin'd not to go:
  My lord! you know the whimsies of the sex.
Then let us gay carouse, let odours flow;
  Your mind no longer with her absence vex.
For oh! consider, time incessant flies;
But every day's a birth-day to the wise!

POEM IX.

That I, descended of Patrician race,
With charms of fortune, and with charms of face,
Am so indifferent grown to you of late,
So little car'd for, now excites no hate.

Rare taste, and worthy of a poet's brain;
To prey on garbage, and a slave adore!
In such to find out charms a bard must feign
Beyond what fiction ever feign'd of yore.
Her friends may think Sulpicia is disgrac'd;
No! no! she honours your transcendent tast

POEM X.

If from the bottom of my lovesick heart,
Of last night's coyness I do not repent;
May I no more your tender anguish hear,
No longer see you shed the' impassion'd tear
You grasp'd my knees, and yet to let you p
O night more happy with Cerinthus spent!
My flame with coyness to conceal I thought,
But this concealment was too dearly bought.

POEM XI.

Fame says, my mistress loves another swain
Would I were deaf, when Fame repeats the w
All crimes to her imputed, give me pain,
Not change my love: Fame, stop your saucy to

POEM XII.

Let other maids, whose eyes less prosperous
Publish my weakness, and condemn my love
Exult, my heart! at last the queen of joy,
Won by the music of her votary's strain
Leads to the couch of bliss herself the bo
And bids enjoyment thrill in every vein

night entranc'd in ecstasy we lay,
chid the quick, too quick return of day!
stop my hand! beware what loose you scrawl,
into curious hands the billet fall. 10
–the remembrance charms!—begone, grimace!
rons! be yours formality of face.
w, with a youth of worth, the night I spent,
cannot, cannot, for my soul repent!

NOTES

ON

SULPICIA'S POEMS.

POEM I.

Ver. 4. One of the critics has observed upon this passage, that Venus must either have had great confidence in her own charms; or have been little solicitous what became of her paramour Mars, to indulge him in this interview.

Ver. 6. When Euryclea, in the Odyssey (lib. xix.) discovers Ulysses (whom she was bathing) by the scar in his leg, her joyful surprise is finely imagined, by her being ready to faint, and her dropping the jar of water. Nor less beautiful is the surprise testified by Paris, when by chance he beheld the fair bosom of Helen:

Dum stupeo visis (nam pocula forte tenebam)
Tortilis e digitis excidit ansa meis.
Ep. Her. lin. 251.

Menage, in his Bird-Catcher and Adonis, gives a no less fine instance of astonishment; but Milton has surpassed them all, in the picture he has drawn of Adam's consternation and horror, upon being

told by Eve that she had eaten of the forbidden fruit; which is a beautiful contrast to the joy which she showed in narrating the fact:

Thus Eve, with countenance blithe, her story told;
But in her cheek distemper flushing glow'd.
On the' other side, Adam, soon as he heard
The fatal trespass done by Eve, amaz'd,
Astonied stood, and blank; while horror dull
Ran through his veins, and all his joints relax'd;
From his slack hand the garland, wreath'd for Eve,
Down drop'd, and all the faded roses shed:
Speechless he stood, and pale; till thus at length
First to himself he inward silence broke.

Book ix. *l.* 886.

What the author of this poem ascribes to the power of beauty, Pindar ascribes (perhaps no less truly) to the force of harmony.

Χρυσεα φορμιγξ Απολλων, &c. *Pyth. Od.* i.

which the late Mr. West has thus poetically rendered:

Hail, golden lyre! whose heaven-invented string
To Phœbus and the black-hair'd Nine belongs,
Who, in sweet chorus, round their tuneful king
Mix with thy sounding chords their sacred songs.
The dance, gay queen of pleasure! thee attends;
Thy jocund strains her listening feet inspire:
And each melodious tongue its voice suspends,
Till thou, great leader of the heavenly choir!
With wanton art preluding, giv'st the sign—
Swells the full concert then with harmony divine.

DECADE II.

Then, of their streaming lightnings all disarm'd,
The smouldering thunderbolts of Jove expire:
Then, by the music of thy numbers charm'd,
The birds' fierce monarch drops his vengeful ire;

Perch'd on the sceptre of the' Olympian king,
The thrilling darts of harmony he feels;
And indolently hangs his rapid wing,
While gentle sleep his closing eye-lid seals;
And o'er his heaving limbs in loose array,
To every balmy gale, the ruffling feathers play.

But what gave rise to this quotation foll
Decade III.

Ev'n Mars, stern god of violence and war,
Soothes with thy lulling strains his furious breast,
And, driving from his heart each bloody care,
His pointed lance consigns to peaceful rest.

Which image, as well as that of the eagle,
thus imitated by two excellent poets of our o
days.

Oh! sovereign of the willing soul,
Parent of sweet and solemn-breathing airs,
Enchanting shell! the sullen cares
And frantic passions hear thy soft control.
On Thracia's hills the lord of war
Has curb'd the fury of his car,
And drop'd his thirsty lance at thy command.
Perching on the scepter'd hand
Of Jove, thy magic lulls the feather'd king
With ruffled plumes and flagging wing;
Quench'd in dark clouds of slumber lie
The terror of his beak, and lightning of his eye.

Ode by Gra

What follows, is from Dr. Akenside's Hymn
the Naiads:

With emulation all the sounding choir,
And bright Apollo, leader of the song,
Their voices through the liquid air exalt,
And sweep their lofty wings: those awful strings,
That charm the mind of gods; that fill the courts
Of wide Olympus with oblivion sweet
Of evils, with immortal rest from cares;

Assuage the terrors of the throne of Jove;
And quench the formidable thunderbolt
Of unrelenting fire, with slacken'd wings,
While now the solemn concert breathes around,
Incumbent o'er the sceptre of his lord
Sleeps the stern eagle, by the number'd notes
Possess'd, and satiate with the melting tone;
Sovereign of birds. The furious god of war,
His darts forgetting, and the rapid wheels
That bear him vengeful o'er the' embattled plain,
Relents, and soothes his own fierce heart to ease.

Dodsley's Collect. vol. vi.

While such imitations make it doubtful to whom the palm of preference should be given, all complaints of decay of poetical genius among us must be imputed either to ignorance or malice.

Ver. 8. Andreas Schottus makes our authoress indebted to Euripides for this thought; and yet what he quotes from that excellent tragic poet has little or no reference to the text. Broekhusius has collected most of the passages from the ancient and modern (Latin) poets, where love is either said to lurk in the eye, or bask in the cheek of a fine woman; but gives justly the preference to the text. Thoughts of this kind, however, are now-a-days too threadbare even to please a chambermaid.

Ver. 9. Cardinal Bembow and Count Castiglione have both imitated this passage. The latter inserted his imitation in a poem he addressed to his wife Elizabeth Gonzaga, on her singing, and is as follows:

Quidquid agit, certant pariter componere furtim
Et Decor et charitis, et pudor ingenuus.

Elizabeth had a fine genius for poetry.

Ver. 15. *Comæ, απο της κοσμειν, dicuntur Capilli aliqua cura compositi: teste Festo.* And Servius adds, that *coma* belongs to women's, as *cæsariis* does to men's hair: but this distinction is too refined; Tibullus himself applies *coma* to the hair of a boy. *Vide* Book i. El. 10.

Ver. 17. Lord Lansdown has some thoughts analogous to these of our poetess.

> When Myra walks, so charming is her mien,
> In every motion every grace is seen.

Ovid's Vertumnus is a masterpiece. See Metamorphosis, lib. 14.

Ver. 21. This and the remainder of the poem are also imitated by Castiglione: and though he hath well performed, yet Francius, who has also adopted the sentiments of our author, hath surpassed the count in a poem addressed to that great scholar, but middling poet, Mons. Menage.

Ver. 23. It was so commonly believed, in the time of Augustus, that Arabia, besides spices, contained immense quantities of gold, that the emperor marched thither a considerable army, (A. U. C. 729.) which perished by sickness. A like fate attend every army, which invades any country on such an account!

POEM II.

Ver. 3. The Cerinthus whom Horace mentions was a beautiful slave from Chalcis; and under *this* name, applied only to the handsome, Sulpicia

probably veiled her regard for some young person of fashion.

Ver. 4. Mr. Gay, in his fine ballad, entitled William and Susan, has the following pretty, if not true thought,

> Love will ward off the bullets as they fly,
> Lest precious drops should fall from Susan's eye.

Ver. 11. However disagreeable field-sports were to the amiable Sulpicia, yet to have the pleasure of Cerinthus's company, she was willing to undergo all the fatigues and dangers of boar-hunting. Such is the nature of love!

Had Guarini our Sulpicia in his mind, when he made Dorinda thus address Sylvio?

> *Te seguiro compagna*
> *Del tuo fido, Melampo assai piu fida:*
> *E quando sarai stanco*
> *T' auschiugerò la fronte:*
> *E sovra questo fianco,*
> *Che per ti mai non posa, havrai riposo.*

It is thus that Prior describes the disguises which Henry assumed, in order to obtain the affection of the beautiful Emma:

> When Emma hunts, in huntsman's habit dress'd,
> Henry on foot pursues the bounding beast;
> In his right hand his beachen pole he bears,
> And graceful at his side his horn he wears, &c.

POEM III.

Ver. 1. Would not a long enumeration of the epithets of Apollo have been extremely improper here? and does not his immediate call for assistance *show the* greatness of the writer's concern?

When Laura was at the point of death, how very coldly does Petrarch place her next to Jupiter, instead of breaking forth into passionate exclamations! and how poorly consolatory is his vision! Prim. Part. Canzon. 12, 13, 14, &c.

Ver. 9. Hence Apollo, from the Greeks, had the appellation of Θεος αλεξικακος (*deus malorum depulsor*) bestowed on him; as the Latins called him *Averruncus*.

Ver. 10. All expiations and *purgamenta* were, by the ancients, performed either on the brink of a river, or on the sea-shore. This practice continued long after the introduction of Christianity; for we are informed by Petrarch, that he saw the women of Cologne, with garlands on their heads, wash their arms in the Rhine, while they muttered some foreign charm. The poet, wondering both at the crowd and the action, inquired the reason; and was told, that it was a very ancient rite, the common people believing that all the calamities of the ensuing year were prevented by the solemn ablution of that day. *Vide* lib. i. Ep. 4.

Petrarch flourished in the fourteenth century, and was no less eminent for his Latin (insomuch that he obtained the appellation of 'the restorer' of that language), than for his Italian compositions. In propriety, exactness, elegance, and melody, he surpassed all his poetic predecessors; and so much was he esteemed, that a man, for having shot, out of wantonness, at his statue in Padua, and broke its nose, was hanged by the Venetians. Vindelino Spira published the first edition of his 'Rime,' at Venice, A. D. 1470.

Ver. 18. Some editions read sedula; and indeed

the epithet is more consonant to the interpretat which Broekhusius and the translator have gi of the passage. Vulpius explains the *credula tu* to be those, who, either about Sulpicia's bed, in the temples of the gods, put up petitions her recovery.

Ver. 27. This is an elegant compliment on professors of medicine.

POEM V.

Ver. 19. In this manner he prayed, lest an the auditors should envy him, say the comme tors; or lest a fascinating tongue *(lingua fasc trix)* should prevent the completion of his pray None (add they) chose in an audible voice to open their real wants to the gods, lest the standers should overhear them; and therefore those, who desired of the gods what was extr gant, or what was immodest, or in short what did not choose to own, either muttered their v or whispered them in the ear of their deity. thus the ancients, as Seneca expresses it, told to God, which they were ashamed a mortal sh be made privy to. *Quanta dementia est homin turpissima vota Diis insusurrant: si quis admo aurem contiscescent; et quod scire hominem no Deo narrant.* Ep. 10. See this impiety seve treated by Persius, in his second satire.

POEM VI.

Ver. 2. Sulpicia has a good title to that for, in the following line, she said no mor poetical endowments, than she modestly n

Primaque Romanos docui contendere Orai

That the Romans should have produced poetess before Sulpicia, to put them mo a level with the Greeks, is matter of r astonishment; since, as Cato observed, the governed the world, but the women gove Romans. How many fair poetesses has thi produced? and, in particular, how mai Britain at present boast of, whose writin in prose and verse, may be compared, r their advantage, with all the female proc of antiquity?

Besides Sulpicia, the poets mention Pe Theophila. Perilla lived in the August and is praised by Ovid, Trist. lib. iii. el. other was a cotemporary of Martial's, w brates her, lib. 7. ep. 68. Their works, they published any, are now lost. But w Virgilian canto on the life of our Saviour, in the reign of Theodosius and Hono Proba Falconia. This poetess, who was to a person of proconsular dignity, is acc some of having betrayed Rome into the l Alaric the Goth; but Cæsar Baronius h cleared her from that disloyal imputation.

Juvenal, Boileau, and others, have expr their writings, a vast aversion to learned

nd indeed were all of the sex, who have learning, o be such as they represent them, the translator vould heartily join with the satirists: but how can e do it, whilst he has the honour to know some adies, who possess as great a fund of erudition, as nost men are enriched with, and who, nevertheeas, are entirely free from all those disagreeable concomitants, with which those poets have loaded heir learned women? In short, when we consider n what manner the welfare of society depends upon the fair-sex, we cannot but own, that their understandings ought to be cultivated with much assiduity: a fine woman, with a good heart, and an improved head, is the loveliest object in the creation.

Ver. 9. The word *componere*, in the original, is a metaphor taken from gladiators; who were then said *componi*, when they fought together, and were well matched. *Vulpius.*

Ver. 13. —— *in purple pomp appear.*] That is, 'in a *palla* of purple;' which not only Apollo and his votaries, with Osiris, wore; but in which also Bacchus, Mercury, Pallas, Night, the Furies, Discord, and even rivers, were habited. *Adeo semper,* (says Macrobius) *ita se et sciri et coli numina maluerunt, qualiter in vulgus antiquitas fabulata est; quæ et imagines et simulacra formarum talium prorsus alienis, et ætates tam incrementi quam diminutionis ignaris, et amictus ornatusque varios corpus non habentibus adsignavit.* Broekh.

Ver. 16. Vulpius retains the old reading,

jam sua mente rogat,

and explains it, as if Sulpicia were now *sui juris*

Ver. 17. Menage observes of the
passage, that an active should not f
verb; and therefore contends that t
be *urantur:* and yet we know th
practice is warranted by some of th
of the Augustan age; and, if the t
mistaken, that learned grammarian
his Latin poems, fallen into the m
sion which he here condemns in Su

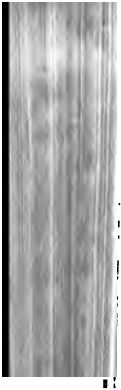
POEM VII.

Ver. 2. The villa, mentioned in
Eretum, now *Monte Ritondo.* I
upon a high hill, not far from th
Tiber, and was therefore cool, ev
of summer. Cluverius places it at
fourteen miles from Rome; but H
Annot. Geogr. on the authority

h he had undertaken at the request of the ıls Hirtius and Pansa, and of the senate: but they seem to forget that Servius was a *præno-* common to all the males of the Sulpician y, and therefore not distinguishingly charac- ic of any one of them. Those who suppose Tibullus wrote these poems, and believe he ɔorn in 710, make him a poet before his birth; ıys Broekhusius, Sulpicia speaks of her parents both were alive. Although the translator is ıaded that the pieces in this book are not llus's, yet he can see nothing in the poem to ɔrt this assertion. Sure Sulpicia might call lf the daughter of Servius Sulpicius, notwith- ing her father's death; and the two last lines ɛ original may be applied to her nearest rela- or guardians, with as much propriety as to arents.

FINIS.

tingham and Rowland, Printers, Goswell Street, London.



[redacted]